★ July 29, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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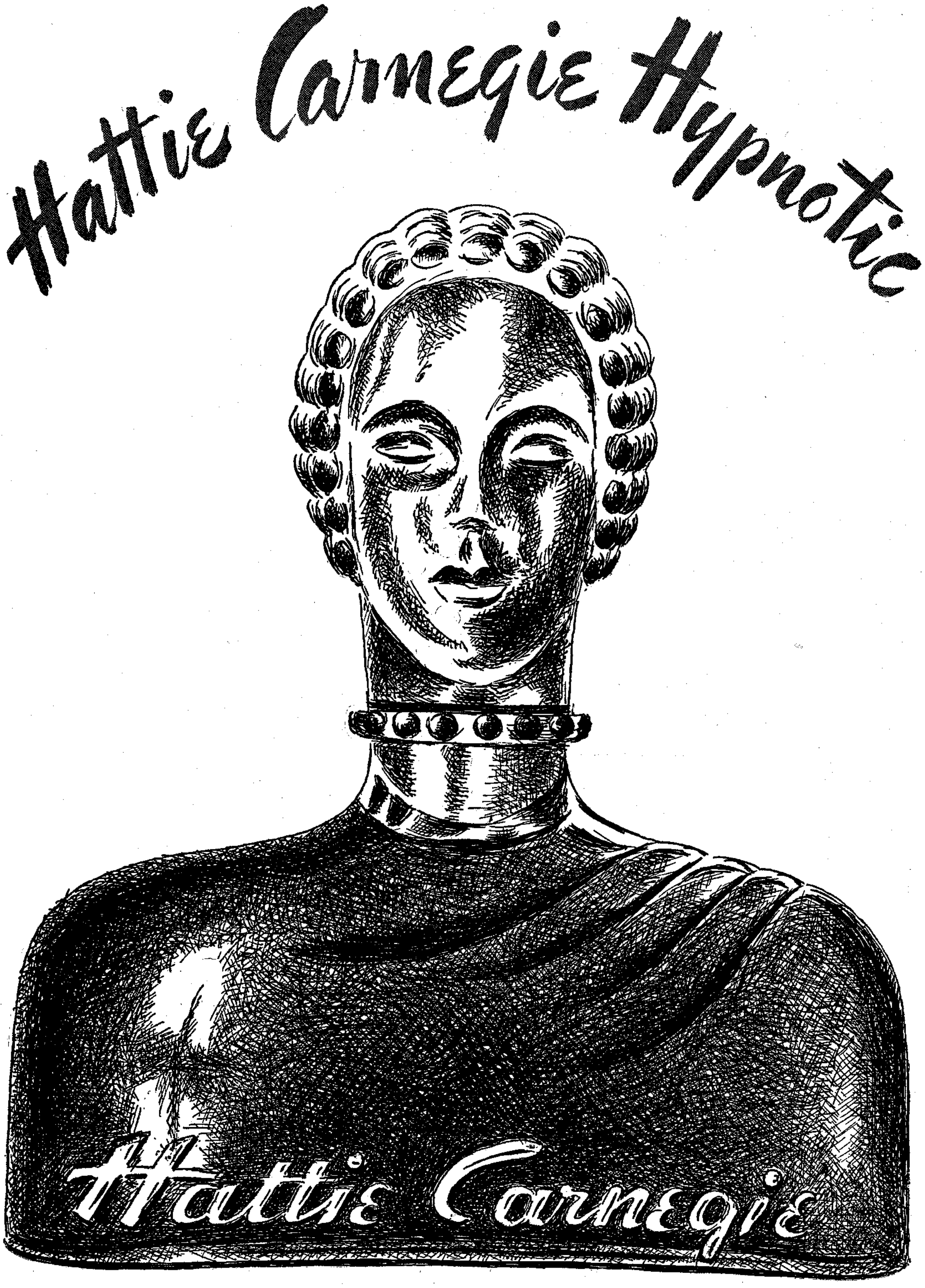
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year, by the author of "Rope's End." Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast includes Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 29.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing but is certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Claudia Morgan, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Fri. Eves. at 9; other Eves., except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

School for Brides—A farce by Frank Gill, Jr., and George Carleton Brown, with Roscoe Karns. Opens Tues., Aug. 1. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:45.)

Catherine Was Great—A play written by and starring Mae West. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Wed., Aug. 2. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Tickets on opening night available only to purchasers of War Bonds.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra supplying polite dance music to a polite audience.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Burl Ives, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This prehistoric cellar has jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Never a quiet moment. Bert Wheeler supplies the humor, of a sort, for a rather ramshackle show, and there are Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Back from its vacation with a slightly new coat of tan. After dinner, the sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras for dancing.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the stately Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Fred Miller's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's band plays for dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof; after the theatre, there's a trio of acrobats as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): the sombre décor here is relieved by the bright performances of Eddie Mayehoff, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross, the pianist. Closes Sat., July 29. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in. Closes Sun., July 30.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a haphazard show full of luxurious young ladies, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and rather elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra plays for dinner, and alternates with Louis Prima's band at the supper hour. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra (to be replaced by Johnny Long's on Mon., July 31), and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Eddie Condon, and other talented noisemakers. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): the band is headed by Max Kaminsky's forthright trumpet; in between times, James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith play piano. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a hole in the ground, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Oscar Pettiford's band and Hot Lips Page's new quintet, which includes Cozy Cole and Don Byas. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, plus Red Norvo's band, for more than good measure. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): gaudy piano playing by Art Tatum, plus Tatum's trio and another band to fill in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala and Adele Girard are the high and hot spots of the band here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODER**

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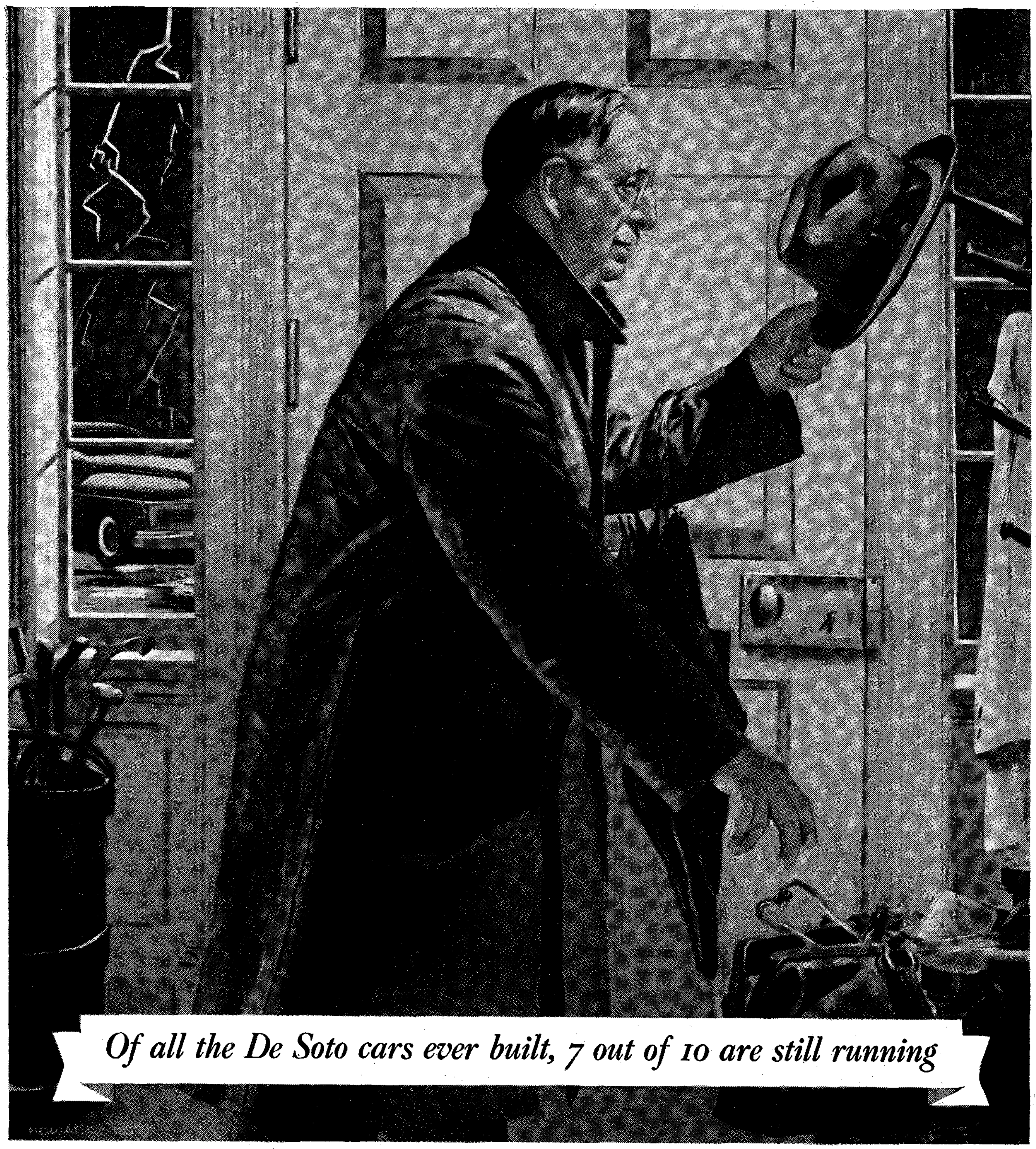
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is crowded weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVE. HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of one of the artist's nephews (through Sept. 24); also, paintings and drawings done in New Guinea by American and Australian service men (through Aug. 7). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Chinese—Contemporary woodcuts recently brought here from China; sponsored by the China Aid Council and the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 28.

Thomas Eakins—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., July 31.

European—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

French—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 15. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Groups—At the **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Aug. 31. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 4. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: pictures by Chagall, Dali, Hélion, Miró, and other moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Peter Hurd, Andrew Wyeth, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 53 E. 57: sculpture and painting by modern European and American artists. Weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., July 31. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9. . . **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 18.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Enrique Moret—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., July 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Louis Schanker—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 28.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic Symphony—Conductors: Alexander Smallens, Thurs. and Fri., July 27-28 and Aug. 3-4, and Sun., July 30; W/O Thor Johnson, Sat., July 29; Fabien Sevitzky, Mon. through Wed., July 31-Aug. 2; Loren Maazel, Sat., Aug. 5. Soloists: Josef Hofmann, piano, July 27; S1/c Arthur Whittemore and S1/c Jack Lowe, piano duet, and Sgt. Eugene List, piano, July 29; Josef Lhevinne, piano, July 31; Jascha Heifetz, violin, Aug. 3. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. *Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium"* leave Washington Square nightly, beginning at 6:44 P.M., at twelve-minute intervals.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

Juilliard Concerts—Britt Trio, chamber music, Thurs., July 27; Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Tues., Aug. 1; Mack Harrell, baritone, Wed., Aug. 2; Alton Jones, piano, Thurs., Aug. 3. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. *No tickets necessary.*)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . Naumburg Orchestra, Josef Stopak conducting, Mon., July 31, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Program of American music, presented by the Hall Johnson Choir, the American Folk Dance Group, and the Teachers College Chorus, under the auspices of the League of *Composers and the Common Council for American* Unity, Tues., Aug. 1, at 9 P.M.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., July 27, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sat., July 29 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Sun., July 30 (doubleheader), at 2:00 P.M., Mon., July 31, at 8:45 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4-5, at 8:45 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs., July 27, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., July 28, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sat. and Sun., July 29-30 (doubleheaders), at 2:05 P.M., Mon., July 31, at 8:45 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri., Aug. 4, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 5, at 2:30 P.M.

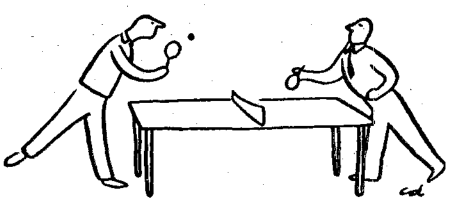
Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Lee Q. Murray vs. Turkey Thompson, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 28. . . . Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 4. Admission by purchase of War Bonds only. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; *main bouts at* 10 P.M.)

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, daily at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., July 29. (The Butler, July 29.). . . . Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Mon., July 31. (Flash Stakes, July 31; Test Stakes, Aug. 2; United States Hotel Stakes and Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Aug. 5.) Frequent trains leave *Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30* A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Yachting—Larchmont Y. C. Race Week, through Sun., July 30; Bay Shore Y. C. Race Week, Great South Bay, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 2-5; Marblehead Race Week, starting Sat., Aug. 5.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.,** 5 Ave. at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 4. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES,** 457 Madison, at 51: photographs showing Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.



Chessmen—The Gustavus A. Pfeiffer collection of unusual chess sets from all over the world, dating from the ninth century to the present: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 17.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., July 30, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Josef Hofmann, piano, Mon., July 31, at 9 P.M., WEAF. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 28 and Aug. 4, and Wed., Aug. 2, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., July 29 and Aug. 5, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: The Butler, Sat., July 29, at 4:15 P.M.; Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Sat., Aug. 5, at 4:30 P.M.; WEAF, WOR.

News Commentators—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Attack!—The Army's film of the New Britain campaign, another in its series of splendid documentaries. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., July 27. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., Aug. 2.)

Christmas Holiday—Deanna Durbin, playing a very grownup rôle, and Gene Kelly in an able adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a girl who marries a criminal type. With Richard Whorf, Dean Harens, and Gale Sondergaard. (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Tues., Aug. 1.)

Cover Girl—A long but agreeable musical with Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., July 31-Aug. 2.)

Dragon Seed—Lavish but honest tribute to China's courage in war, with Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and Akim Tamiroff performing stoutly in fancy dress. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

48 Hours—An ingenious piece of British self-torture about what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in an English village. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and others. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Wed., Aug. 2.)

Gaslight—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street," the one about the man who persuades his wife that she's going crazy. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 28-31. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., July 30-Aug. 1. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Aug. 1.)

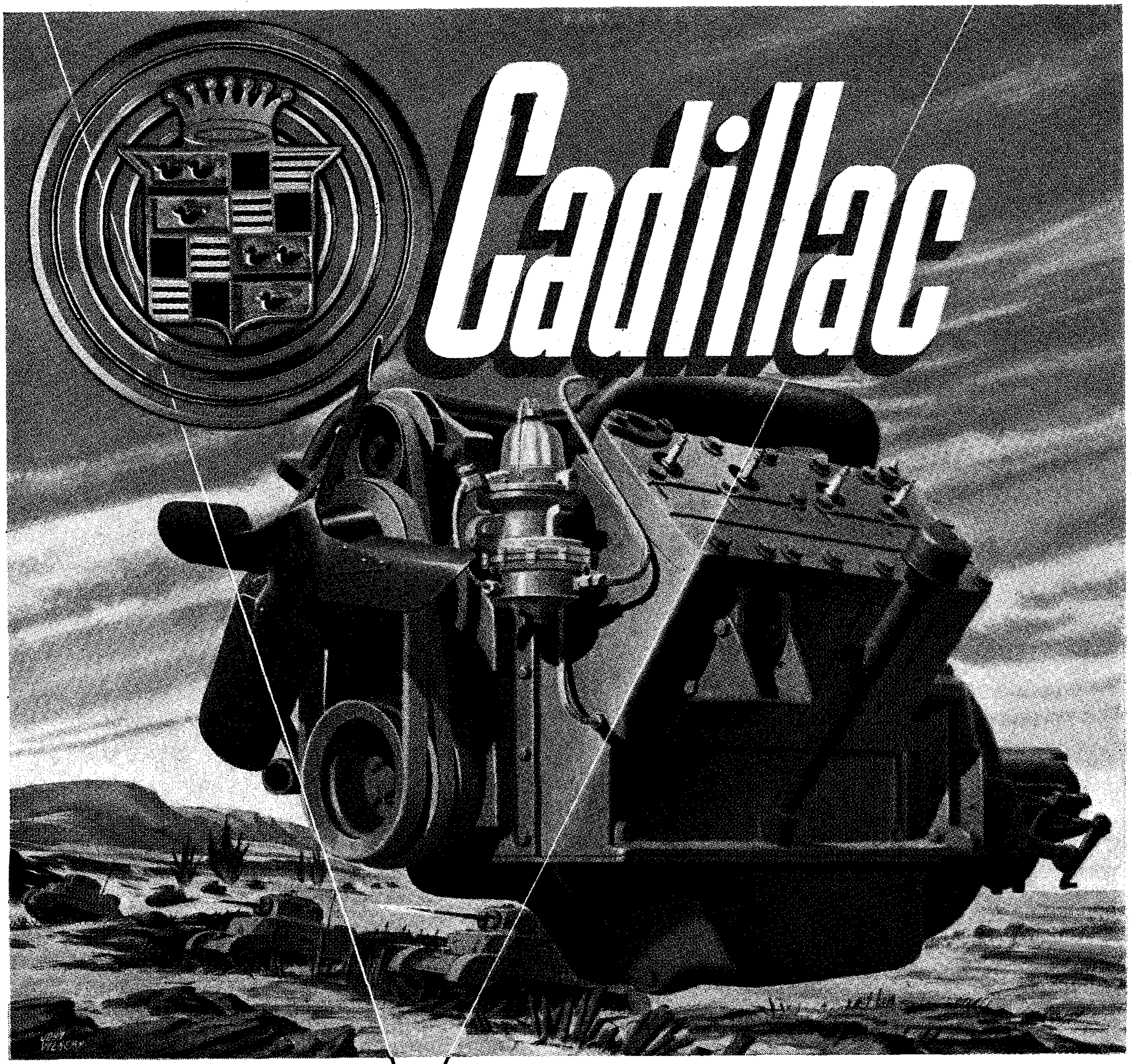
Going My Way—Quiet adventures in a Catholic parish in New York, with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as members of the clergy. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Aug. 2.)

The Hairy Ape—Not the way Eugene O'Neill tells it but still a pretty good story. William Bendix as the coal heaver, and Susan Hayward as the girl who calls him an ape. (Globe, B'way at 46; Thurs., July 27.)

It Happened Tomorrow—A rather neat fantasy about a man who knows what's coming twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Aug. 2. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., July 29-Aug. 1. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Aug. 1-5.)

Lady in the Dark—Ginger Rogers has even fancier dreams than Gertrude Lawrence did. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Mischa Auer. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., July 28-31.)

Mr. Skeffington—A long, uneven one about a man



"In training" for twenty-seven years!

When the Japs tried to knock us out at Pearl Harbor—here is one piece of equipment that was ready and waiting for adaptation by the U. S. Army.

It is the Cadillac V-type, eight-cylinder engine, now being used by U. S. Army Ordnance to power its M-5 Light Tank and its tremendous M-8 Howitzer Motor Carriage.

Cadillac V-type engines had gone through twenty-seven years of intensive "training" *before* Pearl Harbor. There was no question about how they would perform—because they had already passed every civilian test to which a power plant of their type could be subjected. There was no question, either, about how they could "take it."

Adapted by the Army, in combination with Cadillac's Hydra-Matic Transmission, these great V-type engines are giving to tanks a degree of mobility—and maneuverability—wholly new in mechanized warfare.

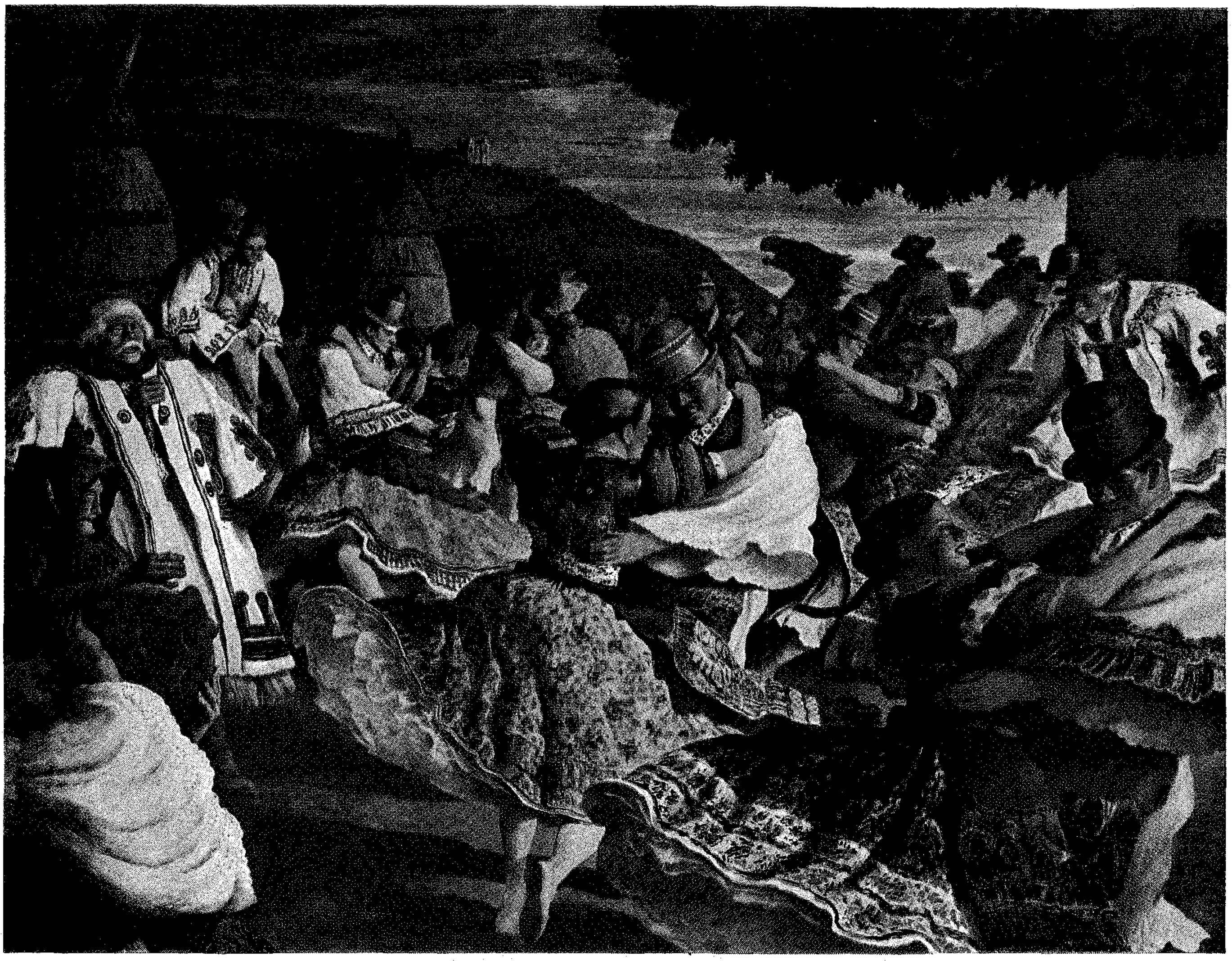
Naturally, these power plants are even better today than when they went into the war; for, with the co-operation of army technicians, our engine research is going consistently ahead—at a faster pace than ever.

Since 1939, Cadillac has also been producing super-precision assemblies for the Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS



Village Festival

An interpretation of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1," painted by Robert Riggs for the Capehart Collection. Merrymaking villagers are celebrating the harvest with a whirling "Czardas." Mr. Riggs, a noted American artist, is represented in many of the leading museums.

Fast-falling shadow . . . and fast-twirling figures of the village dance. Festive laughter fills the twilight, and, through it all, the singing rhapsody of the music!

How fortunate are those to whom the blessing of good music is a familiar experience. That good fortune is a double felicity when the Capehart or the Farnsworth is music's medium . . . for theirs is a supreme interpretation of the full richness of the world's great compositions.

War's needs now demand vital Radar and electronic instruments produced by the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation. With the return of peace, however, you will welcome a new Capehart or new Farnsworth into your own home.

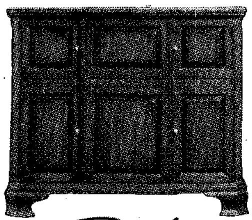
Many of these matchless radios and phonograph-radios will bring the glorious reception to be found with FM. And one day, with television, others will open windows to a whole new world.

Your choice can range tomorrow across a wide array of cabinet styles and sizes. And you may be confident that in each field your Capehart or Farnsworth will express a quality finest at its cost. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

· · ·

Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS



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N. W. AYER & SON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

and his skittish wife. You've got to like Bette Davis, but many do. She's the wife and Claude Rains is the man. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—Basic training without tears. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., July 28-Aug. 1. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 30-Aug. 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 2-5.)

Since You Went Away—Tears and laughter on the home front. An abundant cast, led by Claudette Colbert, moves tenderly from cliché to cliché for the best part of three hours. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

The Song of Bernadette—A nicely handled adaptation of Franz Werfel's book. The rôle of the girl who saw the visions at Lourdes is played by Jennifer Jones, and she is supported by Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., July 27. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., July 31. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 1-3.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—Fictionized account of the Navy doctor's heroism on Java, handicapped by too much fiction but exciting at times. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 1-3.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 27.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., July 28-29.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Aug. 4.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Hold Back the Dawn (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 1-3.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. With Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 27. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 1-3.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 27.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 27. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 28-30.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 28-31.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 27.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., July 28-29.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., July 30-31.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney first full-length cartoon. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., July 29-31. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., July 30-Aug. 1. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 1-2.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 1-3.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., JULY 30: "The Negro Soldier," produced by the War Department. . . . FROM MON., JULY 31: "December 7th," "The Life and Death of U.S.S. Hornet," and "The Battle for the Beaches," produced by the Navy Department.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

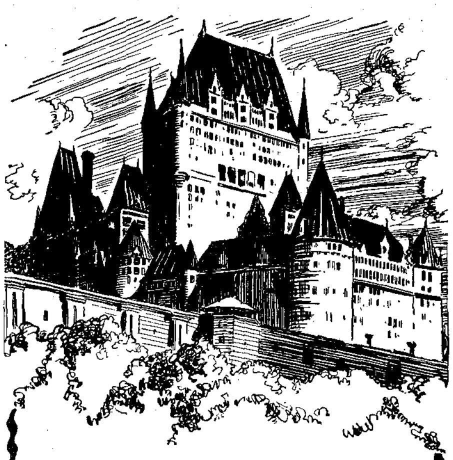
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7390): men to take a short training course and then serve eight hours a week, during the late afternoon and evening, in the City Patrol Corps; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to take a short training course and then work several hours a week in canteens for war workers (PL 3-6487). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day or evening, as ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers, especially women, for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (the big need right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Association's warehouse at 420 E. 54. . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50 (PL 3-4571), needs French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A. W. V. S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park Ave., at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired and used by convalescent soldiers. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38 (LE 2-0886). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds (especially drums) are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave., at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538).

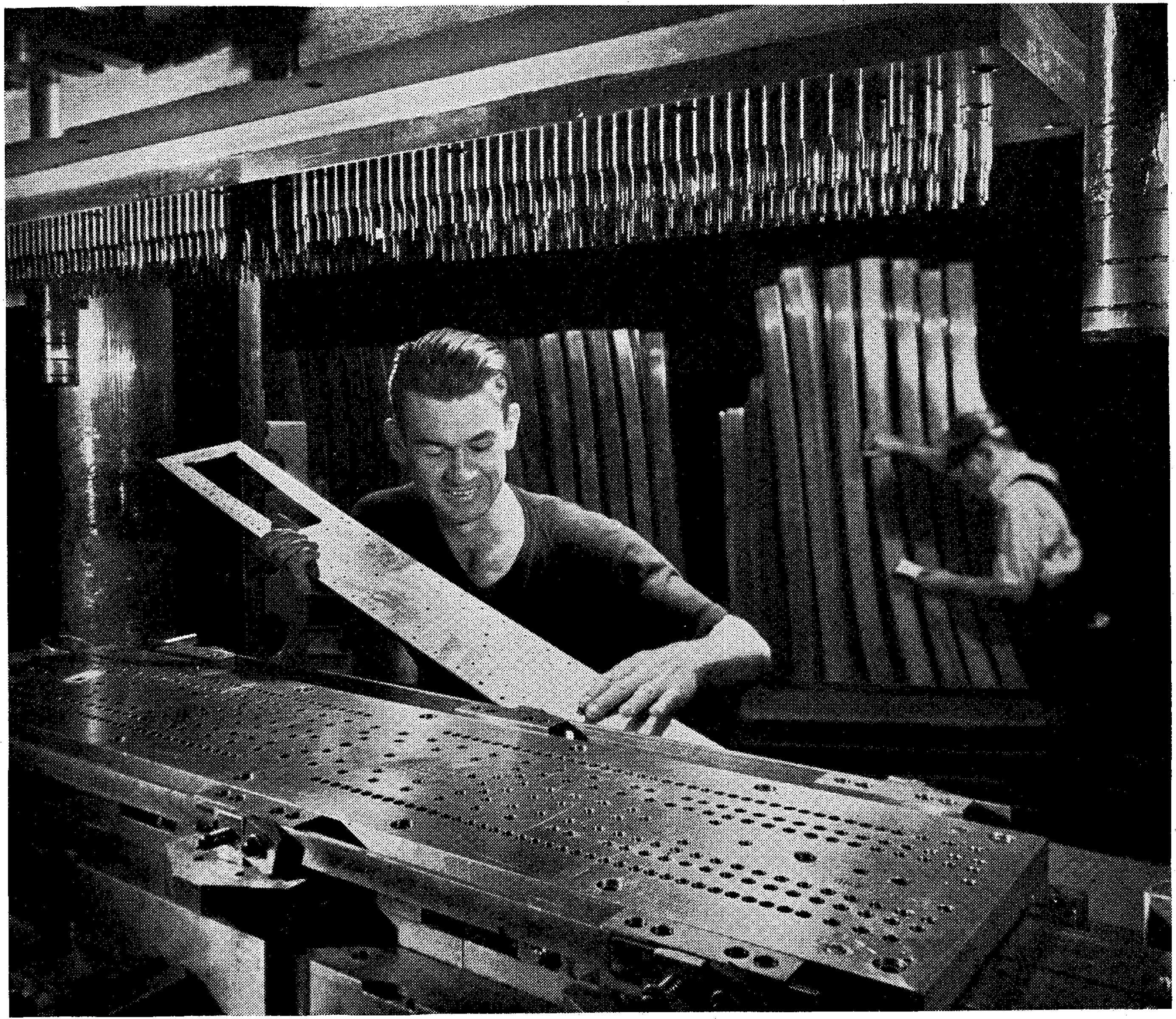


Come when you can to

Québec

This 17th Century city's charm works twelve months a year. So come any time...and let the *Chateau Frontenac's* warm hospitality make your furlough a dream come true. No car is needed...the things you'll want to do and see center around the *Chateau*. For reservations: Madison Avenue at 44th, VA 6-4444.

Chateau Frontenac



Buy War Bonds — to Have and to Hold

Before you can say "Porcupine!"

Almost before you can wink an eye, this formidable tool punches out 388 exactly placed rivet holes at a single stroke of a giant hydraulic press.

In the Boeing plant at Seattle they have nicknamed it the "porcupine," and it is one of the reasons why in building Flying Fortresses Boeing has broken all existing records for the production of completed four-engine bombers. In five lightning-fast operations its 388 "quills" of superhard tool steel punch the 976 holes that are needed to rivet together all the parts of a Fortress bomb-bay catwalk—and they do the job *thirty times quicker* than the previous method of electric drilling.

To assure the absolute alignment of holes, the position of each punch is held to an accuracy of 5/10,000 of an inch! Naturally, the porcupine die was a complex and expensive tool to build. Nothing like it had ever been made before. But it is rapidly paying for itself in time savings and increased production. It is one of more than a *quarter-million* special tools developed by Boeing since the national emergency was declared.

There are thousands of engineers in the Boeing plants. Many of them devote their skills to the design of better aircraft, in such varied fields as aerodynamics and structural, electrical, hydraulic and metallurgical engineering.

Equally qualified are Boeing Tooling Engineers. Whether developing entirely new tools or building a machine to turn out parts at greater speed, they go at it with the idea that it must be a better job than has ever been done before.

The ingenuity of such men — their skill in finding ways to do things better, faster — has helped to make possible the steady pounding of Axis strongholds by courageous American Fortress crews.

When the war ends, Boeing's engineering and manufacturing resources will again be applied to peacetime products. You can have full confidence in any such product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

AGAIN, ZENITH MAKES HEARING AID HISTORY!

Brings New Smartness and Style
at No Extra Cost with the

New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord

ZENITH made hearing aid history by bringing fine precision *quality* within reach of all. Now Zenith follows through—makes history again—brings you, in its complete production, an entirely new standard of hearing aid *smartness and style!*

With the exclusive New Zenith Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord—developed after years of research—Zenith now does for the hearing aid what modern styling did for eyeglasses! Now America's hard of hearing can wear an aid with visible parts that are *scarcely noticeable,* because they blend with any complexion. Best of all, they are available to present purchasers at no extra cost—*included* at Zenith's history-making low price of $40!

With this smart new Zenith ensemble, even the most sensitive wearer can feel perfectly poised. For it brings an attractive new "look of youth" to the hearing aid. You'll notice it immediately when you look at yourself in the mirror. Now, no one need feel self-conscious about wearing a hearing aid.

See the proof of this today. And *hear* the proof of excellence in performance that has made America swing *overwhelmingly* to the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Visit the Zenith-franchised dispenser nearest you. Or, for complete information by mail, use the convenient coupon below.

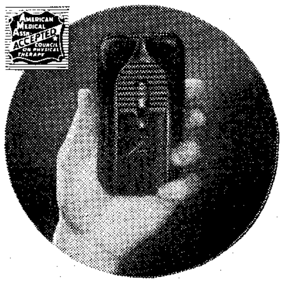
THE NEW EARPHONE

- Smart, modern, scarcely noticeable! Pleasingly neutral in color so that it blends with any complexion.
- Sturdily constructed of beautiful, long-wearing plastic.
- Comfortable to wear because it's feather-light in weight.

THE NEW CORD

- Made of translucent plastic—looks well with any apparel. Friction or clothing noise is less than with any of the old-fashioned fabric-covered cords.
- Slender, light in weight, infinitely smarter and more comfortable to wear. And it lasts longer.
- Perspiration-proof . . . water-proof . . . kink-proof . . . washable. Will not fray, wipes clean with damp cloth.

THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID



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$40 COMPLETE, READY TO WEAR
With New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord . . . Crystal Microphone . . . Radionic Tubes . . Batteries . . . One Quality, Zenith's Best.

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The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now available in Canada—*direct by mail only*—at $40 complete (Canadian currency) with no additional charge for transportation, duties, taxes! For details write our Canadian distributor, Dept. NY-20, Zenith Radio Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Guaranty Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

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Please send me your Free descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

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☐ Physicians please check here for special literature.

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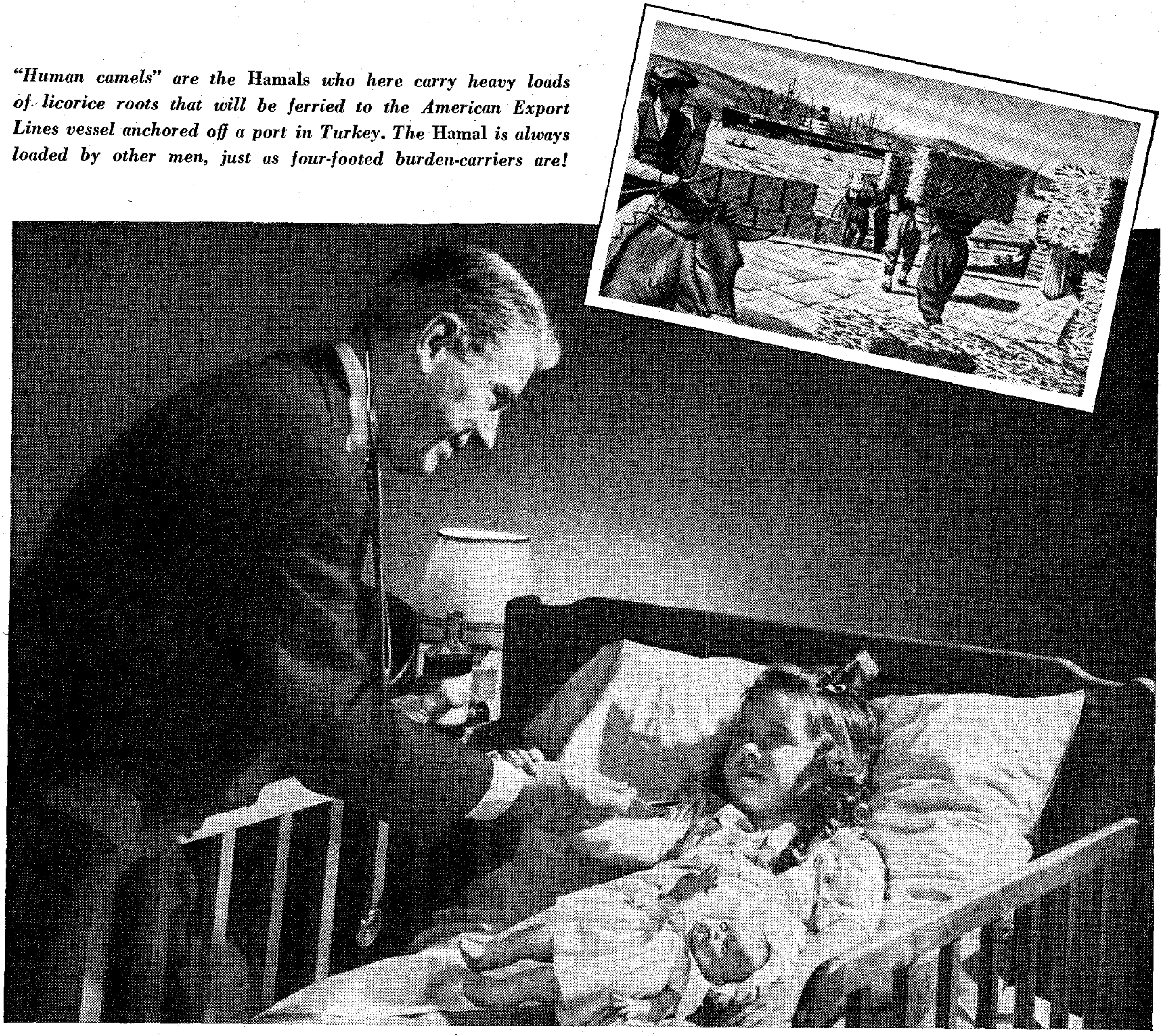
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Human camels" are the Hamals *who here carry heavy loads of licorice roots that will be ferried to the American Export Lines vessel anchored off a port in Turkey. The* Hamal *is always loaded by other men, just as four-footed burden-carriers are!*



WHERE THE SAILOR HELPS THE DOCTOR!

Many a dose of medicine is made palatable because its taste is masked by the flavor of licorice—one of the necessities our merchant sailors bring us from Mediterranean countries. There's licorice in many cough lozenges, syrups and other medications—as well as in childhood's favorite candy.

Hardly a day goes by that you don't eat or wear or use things that have been brought in merchant ships from across the oceans of the world. Drugs, foods, and many materials that go into the making of necessities of life come over the seas — in exchange for billions of dollars' worth of U. S. products sold in foreign lands.

In the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, our Congress pointed out that a modern, large merchant fleet is *"necessary for the national defense and development of (our) foreign and domestic commerce,"* and directed the U. S. Maritime Commission to enlarge our dangerously shrinking merchant marine.

Control of our vital foreign trade depends, said Congress, upon a U.S.-flag fleet *"constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens."* War emphasized America's need . . . and, under the guidance of the War Shipping Administration, our country has built up a merchant marine large enough to supply our many war fronts and assure our future overseas business.

American Export Lines' part in this rebirth of the U. S. merchant marine has brought us new ships, new citizen crews — calling upon all our experience in trading with countries from Spain to India. Our operations today are secret . . . *but when peace comes, our cargoes and ports of call will depend entirely on what you and other Americans want to buy and sell abroad!*

American Export Lines
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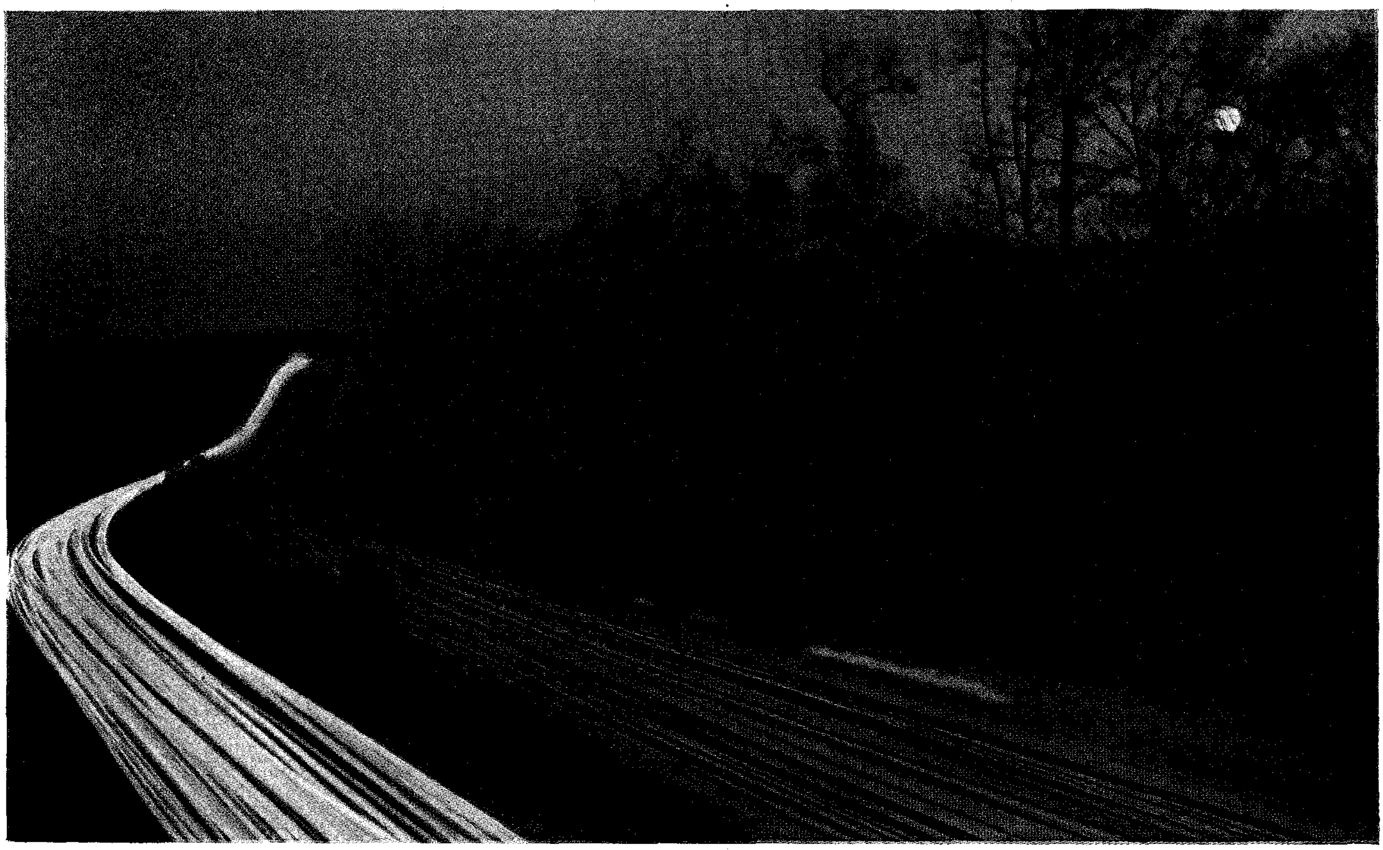
N. W. AYER & SON

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN SERVICE

WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE

CARS IN SERVICE: *Night photograph of two-way traffic.*



Imagination is the other side of the hill, the return before the journey, the miles you haven't driven yet.

Imagination is a part today that saves your car tomorrow, a dollar now that does the work of five next month.

Imagination is the anticipating, understanding force that gives special value to Chrysler Corporation service — in war or in peace.

Chrysler Corporation service is men and imagination working against wear and weather and time. It is as much a part of your car as the engine. Its special value comes from the plant that made the car, from Chrysler's continuous research, and from the selected dealer whose trained men service your car.

For Chrysler is one closely knit producing and operating Corporation, organized to circulate the ideas, experience and methods of *all* its manufacturing and service divisions to help *each* do a better job.

This pooling of resources and imagination helps to keep the millions of essential Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler cars and Dodge trucks operating dependably . . . *while Chrysler plants use their knowledge of manufacturing and service to produce military equipment in large quantities.*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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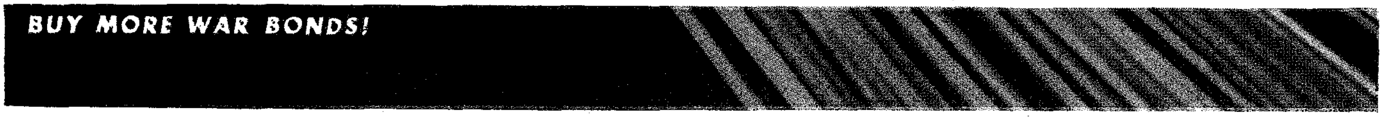
AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration

CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines

OILITE Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



TRAVELING SURGERY

This operating room is mainly for dressings. But it is fully equipped. In an emergency, New York Central Representative would have train sidetracked, and the most delicate operation could be performed.

THEY WEAR THE CADUCEUS

Enlisted men of the Medical Corps aid doctors and nurses. Their emblem, the staff and serpents of the Caduceus, is among the Army's proudest... with a tradition of brave and selfless service.

SHE RATES A SALUTE

The Army Nurse rates a salute . . . not only because she's a Lieutenant . . . but for her superb, often heroic service. The Army urgently needs 2,000 more trained nurse volunteers each month.

DIETS FROM KITCHEN CAR

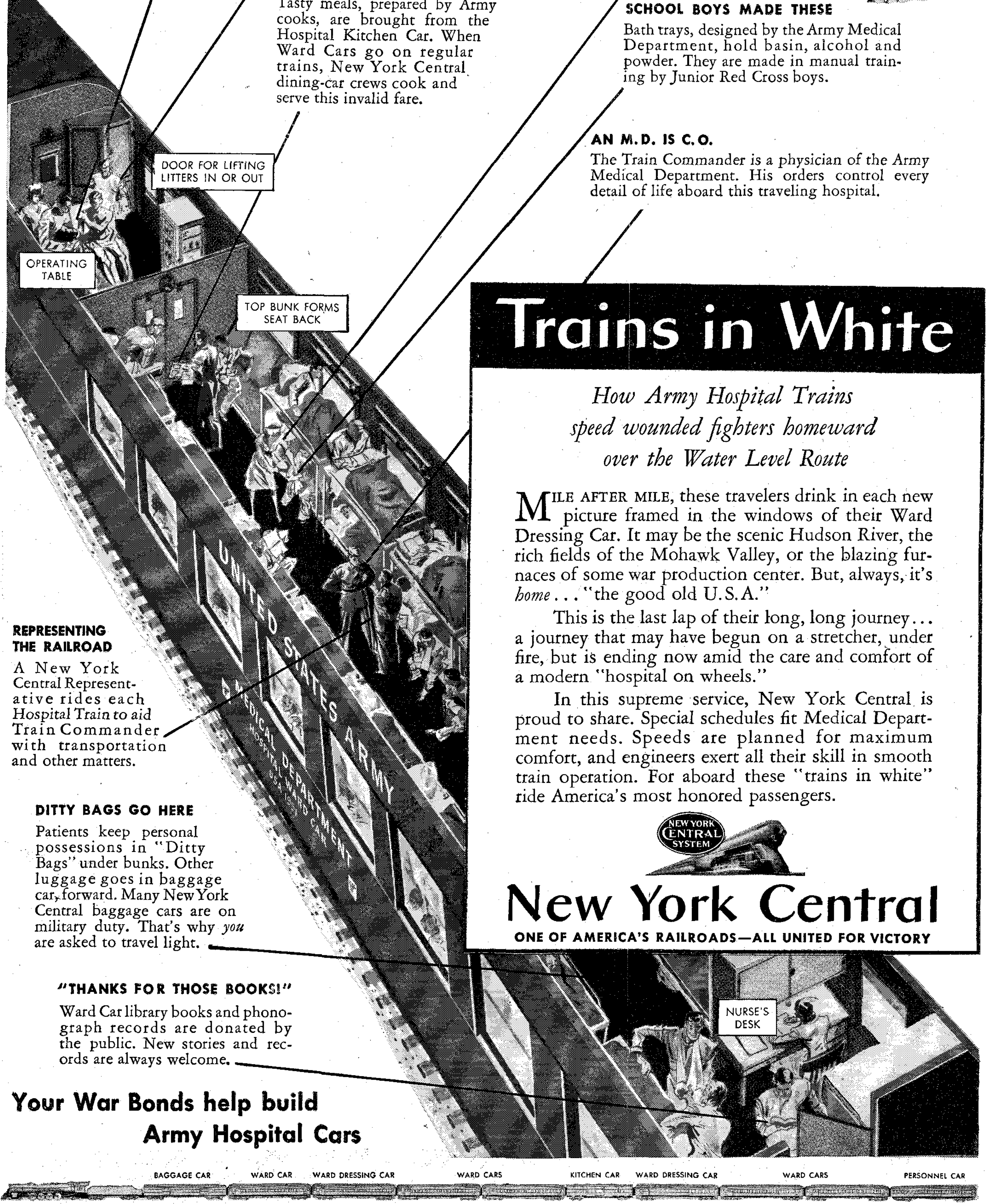
Tasty meals, prepared by Army cooks, are brought from the Hospital Kitchen Car. When Ward Cars go on regular trains, New York Central dining-car crews cook and serve this invalid fare.

SCHOOL BOYS MADE THESE

Bath trays, designed by the Army Medical Department, hold basin, alcohol and powder. They are made in manual training by Junior Red Cross boys.

AN M.D. IS C.O.

The Train Commander is a physician of the Army Medical Department. His orders control every detail of life aboard this traveling hospital.



REPRESENTING THE RAILROAD

A New York Central Representative rides each Hospital Train to aid Train Commander with transportation and other matters.

DITTY BAGS GO HERE

Patients keep personal possessions in "Ditty Bags" under bunks. Other luggage goes in baggage car, forward. Many New York Central baggage cars are on military duty. That's why *you* are asked to travel light.

"THANKS FOR THOSE BOOKS!"

Ward Car library books and phonograph records are donated by the public. New stories and records are always welcome.

Trains in White

How Army Hospital Trains
speed wounded fighters homeward
over the Water Level Route

MILE AFTER MILE, these travelers drink in each new picture framed in the windows of their Ward Dressing Car. It may be the scenic Hudson River, the rich fields of the Mohawk Valley, or the blazing furnaces of some war production center. But, always, it's *home* . . . "the good old U.S.A."

This is the last lap of their long, long journey... a journey that may have begun on a stretcher, under fire, but is ending now amid the care and comfort of a modern "hospital on wheels."

In this supreme service, New York Central is proud to share. Special schedules fit Medical Department needs. Speeds are planned for maximum comfort, and engineers exert all their skill in smooth train operation. For aboard these "trains in white" ride America's most honored passengers.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

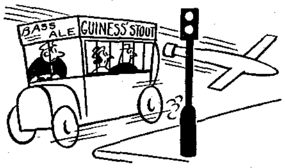
Notes and Comment

BENITO MUSSOLINI is sixty-one years old this week, and we take this opportunity to say happy birthday. Probably the easiest way to pay tribute to him is to quote a lambent passage from his autobiography. "I was born on July 29, 1883, at Verano di Costa. This is an old hamlet. It is on a hill. The houses are of stone, and the sunlight and shade give the walls and roofs a variegated color which I well remember. The hamlet, where the air is pure and the view is agreeable, overlooks the village of Dovia, and Dovia is in the commune, or county, of Predappio, in the northeast of Italy. It was at two o'clock Sunday afternoon when I came into the world. It was by chance on the festival day of the patron saint of the old church and parish of Caminate. On the structure a ruined tower overlooks proudly and solemnly the whole plain of Forli—a plain which slopes gently down from the Apennines, with their snow-clad tops in winter, to the undulating bottoms of Ravaldino, where the mists gather on summer nights . . ."

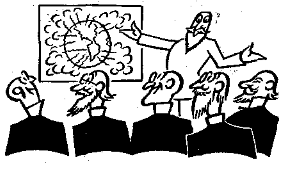
It is a pretty picture. And it should be a valuable reminder that on almost any afternoon at two o'clock, or even three o'clock, amid surroundings of a most agreeable nature, trouble can arrive on the scene.

NOTE ON THE BROADENING INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL: Private William Saroyan, now stationed in London, recently told a newspaper interviewer that George Bernard Shaw is "the most irresponsible writer in the world" and that Sean O'Casey is "the best playwright in the world, bar none."

A HALF-SERIOUS, half-comic tableau of democratic procedure was presented by the bus driver in southern England who delayed his escape from an approaching robot bomb to halt for a traffic signal. The bomb was roaring down the street straight for the bus when he saw the traffic light flash red and obediently stopped. "Then I got hold of myself and drove through it," he said later. He pulled out of the way in the split nick of time. There are haunting contrasts in this scene: on the one hand, the wanton end product of a nihilist people's desperation, exploding insanely in all directions and killing blindly; on the other, the reflexes of orderly existence, persisting incongruously in chaos, so finely trained that they obey, at least for the moment, traffic lights rather than basic instincts. The man who sent the wild missile had been taught to believe fanatically in discipline, but it is doubtful that he would have appreciated the delicately distilled discipline shown by his near-victim. Men committed to orderly procedure have made even greater, more absurd delays, but none has proved quite fatal, and there is now no doubt that their principle will outlive the principle of those who are lawless and unhesitant. There could hardly be a more apt symbol of our civilization than that man behind the wheel, who got hold of himself just in time.



SCIENCE'S latest message of encouragement is that the earth would remain almost intact if the sun were suddenly to explode and become a nova. This cheery news was revealed a week or so ago to the American Astronomical Society by Dean B. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan, to correct the current belief that the earth would be entirely vaporized. Only the top layer would be affected, Dr. McLaughlin assured the astronomers, because of the earth's poor conductivity. The earth would receive 3,800 trillion trillion calories of heat, but this would be sufficient to raise the temperature of the earth's surface only three hundred degrees centigrade, which would do no more than melt all the rock for seven or eight miles down and vaporize all the earth's water. This condition could not last more than thirty days. Then the rocks would resolidify, some of the water might be precipitated back into the oceans, "and a new cycle of terrestrial life might then begin." "After such an outburst," Dr. McLaughlin said, by way of summary, speaking as an engineer would of damage done to the port of Cherbourg, "the earth would be drastically altered superficially, but it would be essentially intact as regards its total mass; even continents and ocean basins might not suffer extensive changes of height and depth, respectively." Frankly, this is the best news we've had from science in a long time. We don't expect to be around after renovations are completed, but we will have the satisfied, righteous feeling that we left the place in pretty good condition.



THE Democrats in Chicago limited their daily prayers to two minutes, whereas the Republican invocations ran to fifteen minutes or more. Conciseness in prayer is, of course, a practice to which too few clergymen are given, but there is another angle to the question. The ratio of oratory to orisons at the Democratic convention indicates the growth during the past twelve years of a certain overconfidence, and it might be wise for the Democrats to glance back to 1932, when it was they who prayed long and ardently. In fact, at that time, Will Rogers, in the impromptu vaudeville interlude presided over by Eddie Dowling, particularly mentioned the length of the opening petition and remarked that it would probably take a lot of time and talking to prevail on Heaven "to help a Democrat these days." Now the rôles are reversed. It is the moment, perhaps, for the Democrats to take stock, cultivate a less blasé attitude, and give the Deity a little more of their time.

Poor Box

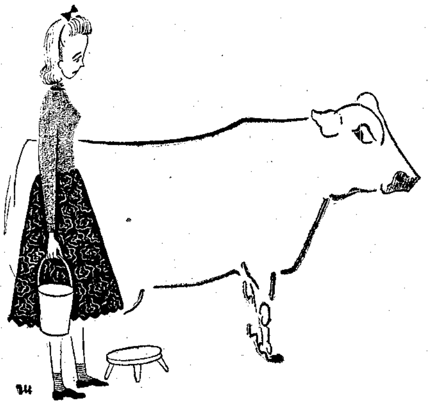
WE'VE heard from a young lady who last week made some small purchase at Abercrombie & Fitch—something that cost a dollar. "And a penny for the tax," the clerk murmured, as she handed over the dollar. She looked through her purse and came up with a quarter, which the clerk refused to take. "We have a fund for such cases," he said. "Pennies left by people who didn't care to wait for their change, you know."

Our Own Baedeker

IT is going to really hurt the Japs when we move in on the Bonin Islands, these being Jap possessions that date back a long time before Pearl Harbor, and also being close to home. The southernmost Bonin lies three hundred and forty miles north of the northernmost of the Mariana Islands, and the group stretches northward for two hundred and fifty miles, the northernmost Bonin being only five hundred miles from Japan. There are twenty-seven islands in the group and about eighty islets, which, because of constant earthquakes, upheavals of the ocean bed, and American air raids, keep appearing and disappearing. The total land area is usually about thirty square miles. Before the war, the population was six thousand, most of it concentrated on two big islands named Chichi and Haha (which will be ducky for the headline writers). Since 1904, foreigners have been forbidden to settle on the Bonins, and in recent years no foreigners have even been allowed to go ashore, undoubtedly because the Japs were fortifying the group, in violation of their pledge not to at the 1922 Washington disarmament conference. They used to let an Anglican bishop in for annual marrying and christening services, but that was stopped in 1935.

At various times in the sixteenth century the Bonins were sighted by Spanish and Portuguese explorers, but neither nation did anything about them. The crew of a Jap vessel driven aground on one of them in the seventeenth century found them uninhabited; the name Bonin, in fact, is a corruption of *bu nin to*, meaning "islands without people." The Bonins were claimed for the British in 1827 by a Captain Beechey of the ship Blossom, who christened what is now Chichi Peel Island and called its roadstead, now Futami Bay, Lloyd Harbor. Three years later, an American adventurer named Nathaniel Savory, of Bradford, Massachusetts, was aboard a British ship which put in at Honolulu, and heard about the Bonins. With the aid of the British consul there, he and another American, an Englishman, a Genoese, and a Dane fitted out a schooner and sailed for the islands, taking along twenty-five Hawaiian men and enough Hawaiian women to go round. They raised the British flag on Chichi. Savory became head man after weathering rivalry, feuds, and bloodshed, occasioned partly by the arrival of deserters from whalers and recalcitrant seamen put ashore there. He married a Guam woman, raised a family, and ran the civil affairs of the colony, such as they were, in an offhand, easygoing fashion. He could read and write, but he never bothered to teach his children to do so, let alone anyone else. He wasn't a bad fellow, from all accounts. He had a good reputation with the whalers that brought supplies such as nails, cloth, and salt in exchange for turtle shell, turtle oil, oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples, poultry, and so on. He kept up a correspondence with friends in Massachusetts until he died, in 1874, but never expressed any desire to return there.

In the eighteen-fifties, Commodore Perry stopped at the Bonins and announced that he was going to claim them for the United States. He appointed Savory chief magistrate and gave him an American flag and a code book of laws. Savory good-naturedly named one of his children after the Commodore, but he didn't take the occupation seriously, and neither did the American government, because of its dislike of any colony that required naval protection. The British claim to the islands was equally half-hearted, and when the Japs took possession, in 1875, neither nation peeped. The Japanese got right to work on colonization. When they arrived, they found ninety people, all cousins. Within twenty-five years these had been engulfed in a tidal wave of fifty-five hundred Japs. Some of the present-day residents reveal traces of their mixed ancestry in their names. A traveller who visited Chichi just before the Japs shut down on all tourist nonsense was pleased to meet the Messrs. Samuel Tinpot, Charles Papa, and Thomas Tewcrab, and Miss P. Dear. The Japs have a big naval base on Chichi, which has a circular harbor protected by high hills. The mean temperature in the Bonins is seventy-five degrees and the average number of earthquakes is several a day. Goats, cats, and dogs run wild on the islands, and the dogs' idea of fun is fighting sharks in the surf.

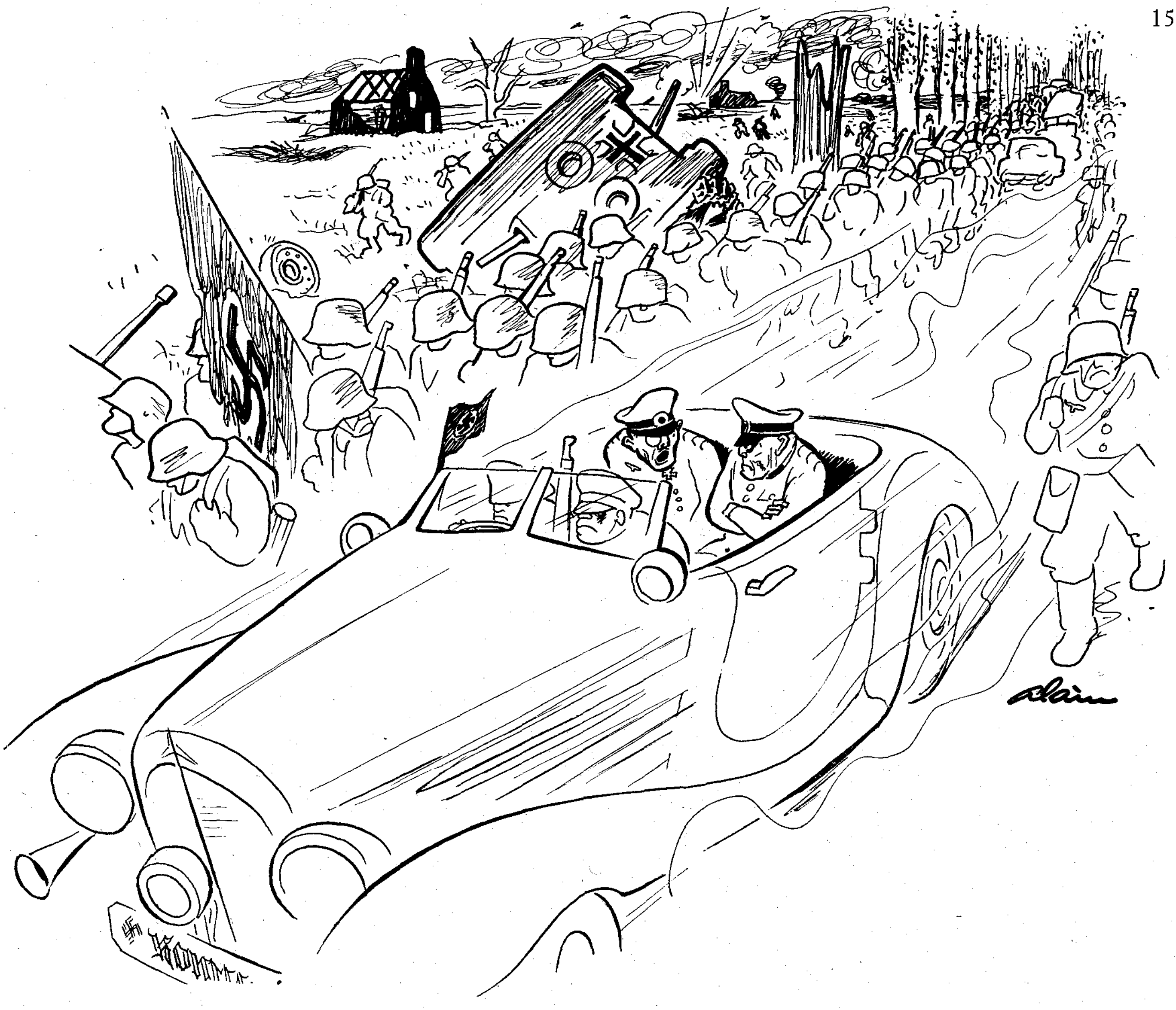


Misstep

DROWSING quietly in the cocktail lounge of the Mayflower, in Washington, a friend of ours heard a woman near him say, "Well, he used to be a colonel. Since he lost his confidential papers, I don't know *what* he is."

Ziegfeld Restored

WE wouldn't be surprised to find all our readers pretty thoroughly informed, by way of the newspaper theatrical columns, about Billy Rose's plans for restoring to its pristine glory the Ziegfeld Theatre, which he bought from the Continental Bank & Trust Co. last January for $630,000. To us, the quaint aspect of Mr. Rose's project lies in the fact that the theatre he has chosen to restore is actually one of the youngest of all the big legitimate houses. It was opened in 1927, just in time for the depression. Still, the Ziegfeld has been a movie house for ten years, and ten years of moviegoers isn't a thing a theatre soon recovers from. For one thing, the mural by Joseph Urban which covered the dome of the auditorium and the side walls right down to the floor has been rubbed away at the bottom by the comings and goings of millions of tiny, gnatlike admirers of Betty Grable and



"Looking at it one way, Herr General, things could be worse. If we were Japs, we'd have to commit hara-kiri."

• •

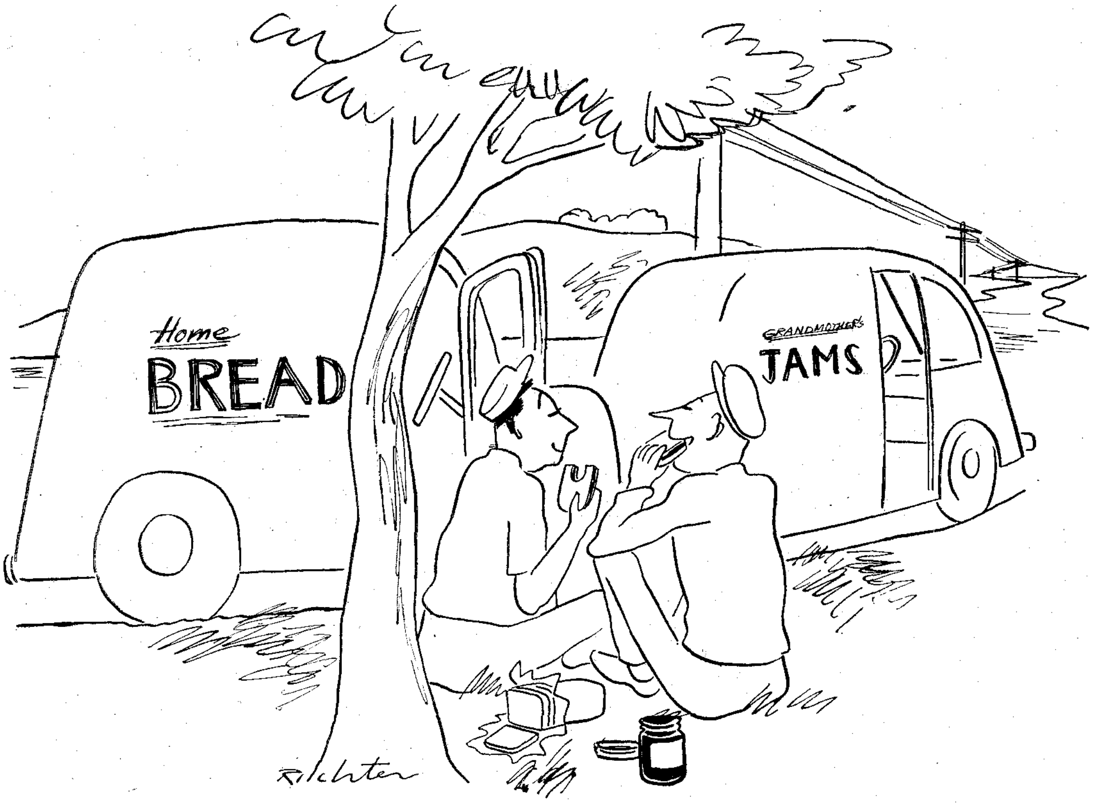
Charles Boyer. Mr. Rose plans to spend twenty thousand dollars to get the mural back into condition, assuming he can get hold of an artist of Urban's calibre to do the job. We learned all this from Mr. Wolfe Kaufman, press agent for the Rose office, who also told us that he was a man who knew the price of a ham sandwich but was dazzled by the big figures in the estimate for renovation.

Middle-aged people still remember the succession of musical shows that played at the Ziegfeld between 1927 and 1932—"Rio Rita," "Show Boat," "Simple Simon," "Bitter Sweet," "Hot-Cha," and so on. Mr. Rose, who does not expect the reopening to be an anti-climax, is presenting "The Seven Lively Arts," a revue which will combine the talents of Markova, Stravinsky, Cole Porter, Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Norman Bel Geddes, and (for all we know) Eleanor Roosevelt. "Frankly, my idea is to be imitative rather than originally creative in this thing," Rose himself told us. We were slightly alarmed until we figured out that he meant the restoration of the theatre and not the revue. "The marquee that's on there now is coming down, and we're getting rid of all the shops on the Sixth Avenue side," he continued aggressively. "The candy shop we might turn into a ticket office. Then we'll have a flower shop on the corner, just because I think a flower shop is pretty."

The technical end of the restoration is in the hands of a Mr. Winkler, who has been doing technical things for Mr. Rose for the past eight years and was around when we talked with Rose and Kaufman. Thomas Lamb, the architect who designed the theatre for Ziegfeld, is dead, but Winkler has the original plans in his possession. He is going to reinstall twelve bronze doors, each weighing a quarter of a ton, which were taken from the lobby and replaced by curtains when Loew's took over. These have been in storage. And he has ordered a gold-colored carpet which will cover the whole floor of the auditorium, including the foyer. A terrific proposition. The famous cyclorama, the permanent sky which served as background for the stage settings, is intact. Stage lighting has advanced so far in the past decade that it's going to cost a cool fifty-five thousand dollars to bring the switchboards up to date. "If you can get the priorities," we suggested to Winkler. "We'll get them," he said, forcing a wan smile. "We'll get them."

Glut

A STAFF sergeant stationed at a camp down in Texas was given the job of organizing a company orches-



tra. Among the instruments donated by the local townspeople for this worthy enterprise was an old glockenspiel. More than a little taken aback, the sergeant pessimistically sent a corporal out to see if any of the men felt like taking on the glockenspiel. Twenty-five minutes later, the corporal reported with three experienced glockenspielists, two of whom had their own glockenspiels with them.

92

WHEN the Mayor, in one of his recent Sunday broadcasts, said that the Fire Department had reported a ten-per-cent increase in false alarms, we decided to do a little investigating. Chief Fire Marshal Brophy tells us that false alarms have cost the taxpayers something over a million dollars during the past decade. He says that back in the days of horse-drawn equipment, it cost about fifty dollars to respond to an alarm and that mechanical equipment has run the cost up over a hundred dollars. Marshal Brophy has compiled all sorts of statistics about false alarms. For instance, night alarms, which are usually the work of alcoholics or psychopaths, show no seasonal variation, whereas day alarms always reach a sensational peak late in June, just after school lets out. During the summer, the Fire Department sometimes answers as many as fifty false alarms a day. Last year 8,526 false alarms were turned in within the five boroughs, an average of more than twenty-three a day, and this year we have already had 4,252, which represents an increase of two hundred and twenty over the same period in 1943, or a little more than five per cent. The Mayor gets an A-plus in civics and a D in arithmetic. This number of false alarms certainly isn't a good record, but it's not as bad as 1934, when there were fourteen thousand.

Catching the perpetrators of false alarms might seem to be a sort of hopeless task, but Marshal Brophy and his assistants are, by and large, pretty successful. An average of eleven children and thirty adults are pulled in every month. The minors are turned over to the Crime Prevention Bureau for a good talking-to and the grownups get thirty days on the Island. There's a psychological factor that weighs on the side of law and order, and that is that anybody who's foolish enough to turn in a false alarm is foolish enough to hang around and watch the apparatus arrive; cabdrivers very often help the officials by pointing out suspicious characters. There are several notorious drunks who prefer to turn in false alarms by telephone instead of by box. The dispatchers at headquarters know their voices by now, but, regardless, they sound the alarm. They then try to detain the caller until his telephone can be traced and a squad car sent to pick him up.

Halloween, New Year's Eve, the Fourth of July, and election night always bring many false alarms. All the boxes around Times Square, Harlem, and other bad spots are guarded on these occasions by auxiliary firemen, and when calls come in, a skeleton crew responds, instead of the usual amount of equipment. False alarms are officially designated 92 in the signal code and when a call turns out to be a false alarm the firemen on the spot immediately flash that number to headquarters by means of a Morse transmitter; whether you know it or not, there's one in every box. Marshal Brophy told us that the old police axiom "*Cherchez la femme*" applies to false alarms. One woman who had an unhappy love affair with a fireman has been arrested eight times. She always explains to the magistrate, "I don't like firemen." The Marshal has also known of ladies who turned in false alarms and, when arrested, explained that they had been hoping to meet a handsome fireman; thus does life imitate the *Esquire* cartoon.

It isn't enough that the Department has to worry about false alarms; it also has to cope with amateur inventors who think they have the problem licked. One suggestion that comes in regularly is that a camera be concealed in each box, arranged so that the shutter will snap whenever an alarm is rung in. A more radical notion is the installation of a pair of automatic handcuffs which would grab whoever turns in an alarm, and one thoughtful correspondent outlined a scheme for a trap door which would be sprung by the fire-alarm apparatus, tumbling anybody who was standing in front of the box into a pit. One trouble with all these suggestions, of course, is that a good many alarms—a total of 21,654 last year, for instance—are not false.

Festina Lente

THIS one can be classified, roughly, under "Manpower." A businessman telephoned a colleague and, finding that he was out for the day, asked the fellow's secretary to take down a message for him. He started to dictate it but was constantly halted by the secretary's requests for repetition. Finally he said, "What's the matter? Can't you take down a message any faster than this?" "Of course I could," she said indignantly, "if I didn't have to take it down in shorthand."

Justice for Vaccaro

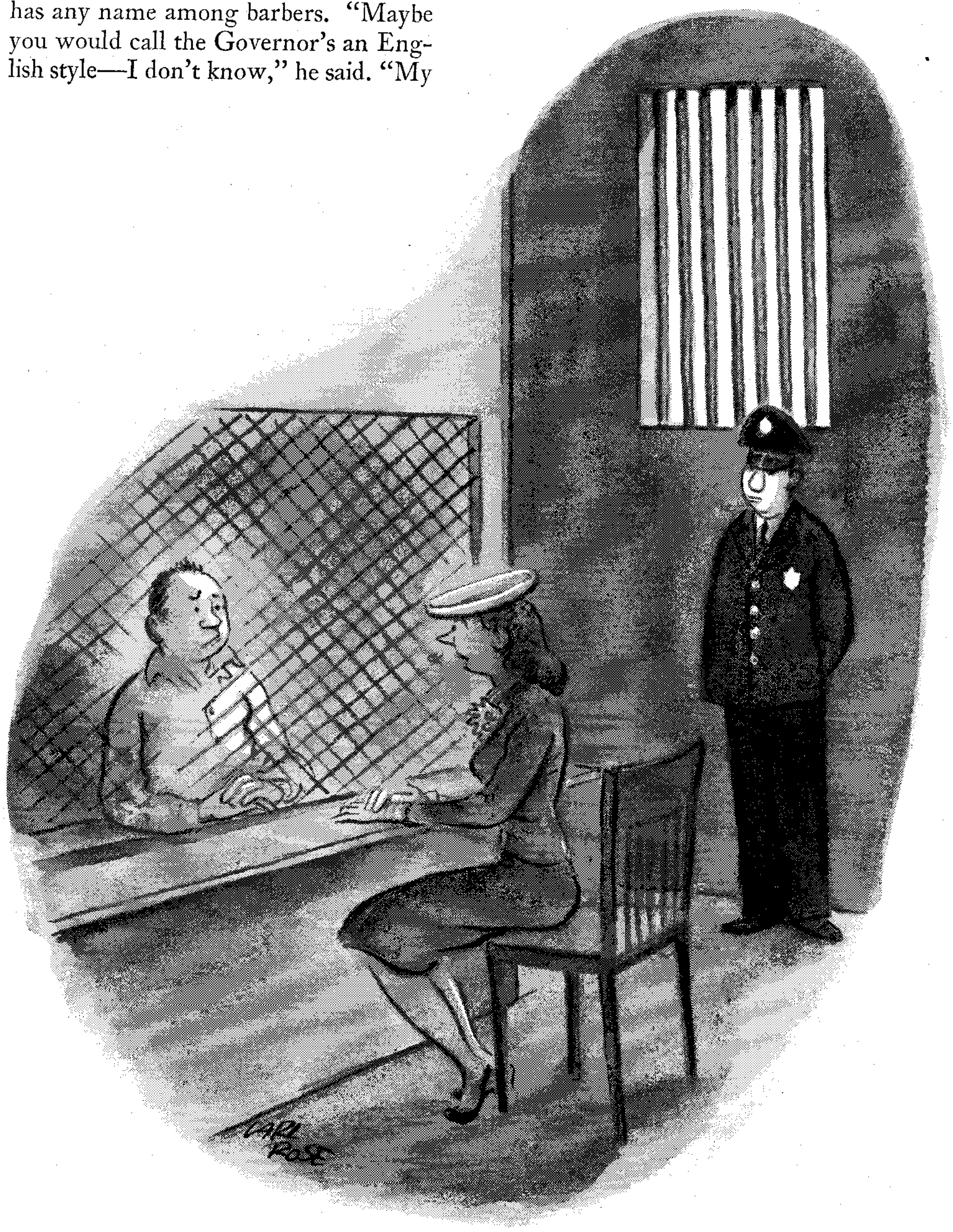
THESE paragraphs are written on behalf of James Vaccaro, to put before the public his claim for the distinction of being Dewey's barber. Vaccaro, known to his clientele as Jimmy, presides over the tenth chair in the shop of Florian Lochowicz, in the basement of the Woolworth Building. He is Dewey's barber, all right; at least, Dewey once sent him a picture inscribed "To my friend, Jimmy Vaccaro, the best of barbers. Sincerely yours, Thomas E. Dewey." Jimmy's heart broke a couple of weeks ago when the press came out in a rash of feature stories, with photographs, about Pasquale Pugliese, an Albany barber who had given Dewey a light trim before he flew to Chicago to accept the nomination. Jimmy was still seething when we talked with him last week. "I was humiliated," he told us. "I was the laughing stock of my neighborhood in Brooklyn. All my friends, they say, 'Ha, ha, I thought *you're* the Governor's barber!' This Albany fella!" Jimmy added bitterly, "Who is he?"

Jimmy's claim is substantiated by Mr. Lochowicz, his employer—who, incidentally, has voted for every Republican Presidential candidate since McKinley—as well as by the incontrovertible testimony of the signed photograph. Jimmy isn't sure just when Dewey started coming to him, but he knows it was in 1936 or 1937, while Dewey was special rackets prosecutor, with offices upstairs in the Woolworth Building. Dewey tried out a few of the other men in the shop first, but once he'd been done by Jimmy, he kept coming back to him, even after he became District Attorney and moved further uptown. "I was very flattered," Jimmy told us. "He said, 'Jimmy, you're the first barber I've found that was just right for my type of hair.' Mr. Dewey has a special type of hair, you know—very fine, silky, and tight-curled. His type of hair looks neat even if he lets it go for a whole month. That's fine for him, being such a busy man." After Dewey became Governor, Jimmy would visit him at his hotel whenever he was in town and give him a trim.

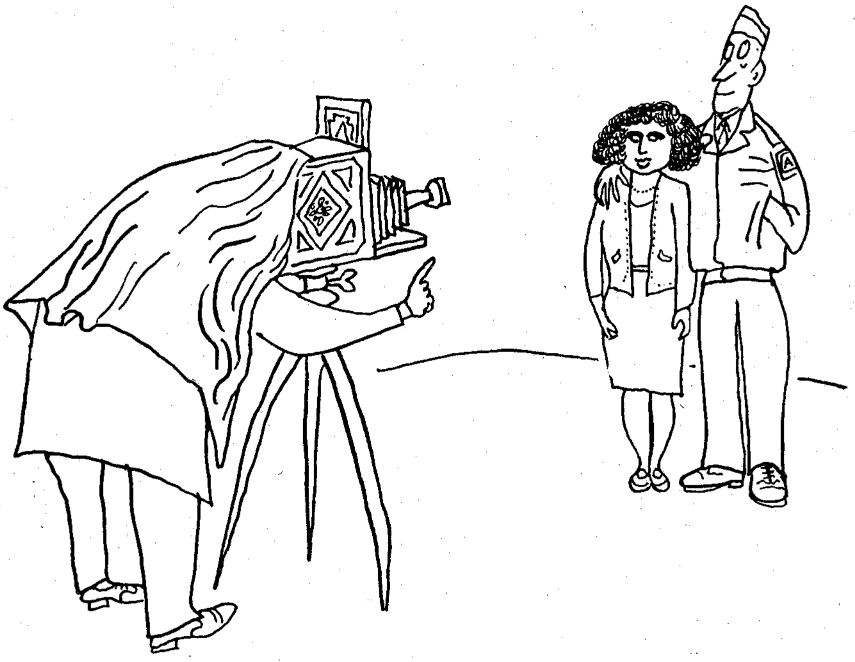
The electorate will be glad to hear that Dewey, in the barber chair as out of it, is a plain, simple man with no frills about him. He takes a shine or a manicure only once in a while and never permits the barber to spread himself—"no shave," Jimmy told us, "no shampoo, no massage, no trimming the eyebrows. Just the haircut, not too much off. The sideburns he likes a little longer and thicker than the usual customer." Pugliese, the Albany pretender, had said in his press interviews that Dewey always pruned his own mustache and would never let anybody else touch it, and Jimmy confirmed this. "That's a man's privilege," he reminded us. "If he wants to put up with a mustache, I say he's got his prerogative to trim it himself." Jimmy has noted no change in the mustache over the years, nor could he tell us if that particular style has any name among barbers. "Maybe you would call the Governor's an English style—I don't know," he said. "My idea is, it will be known in the future as the Dewey-style mustache."

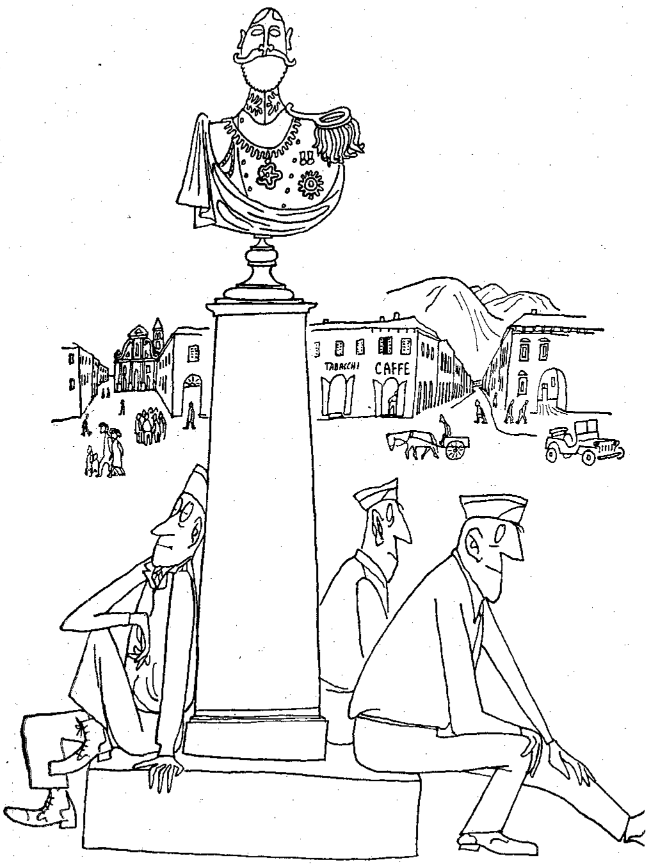
Salty

A NAVY lieutenant (j.g.) we know was just commissioned a full lieutenant, and in honor of the event received a congratulatory letter from his grandmother, a woman past eighty. Her letter, in the shaky, vague hand of a very old woman, was just about what he expected: a summary of all the local news, a reminder that as a small boy he had been highly proficient with toy boats, and a repeated injunction to take care of himself and not swim in any water that might contain sharks. The end surprised him a little, though. It read: "All hands send love."



"William, I've decided to give you your freedom."

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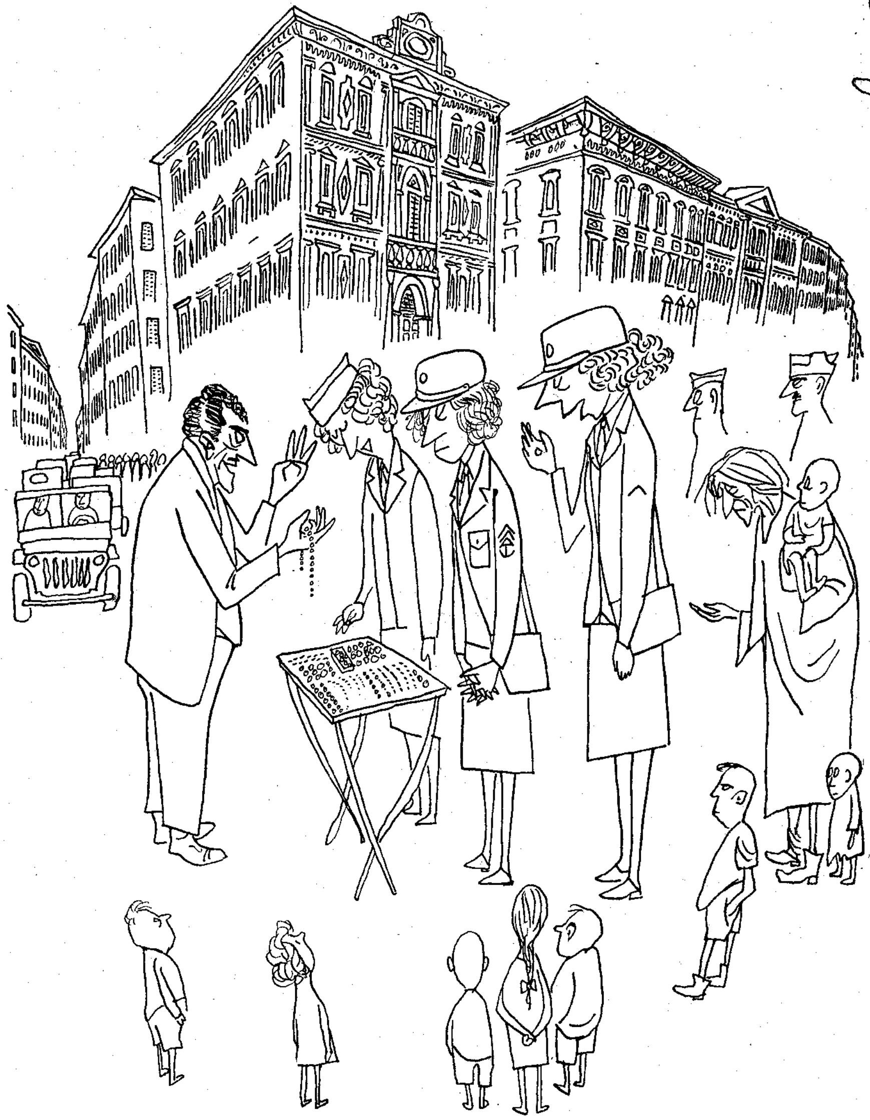

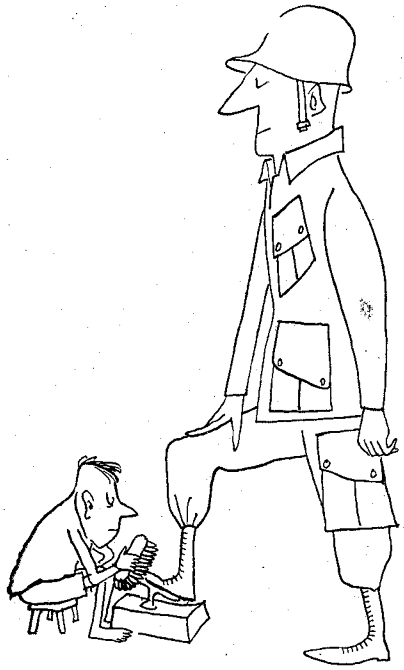

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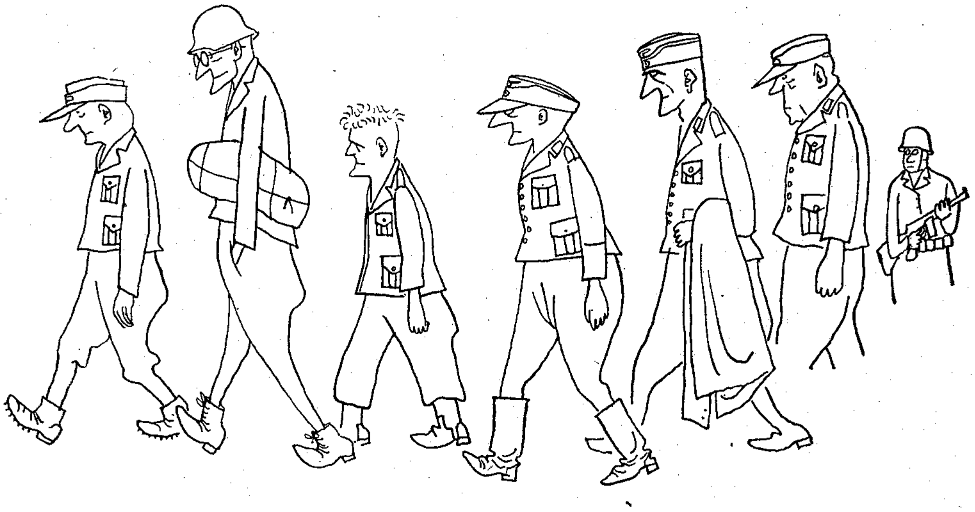

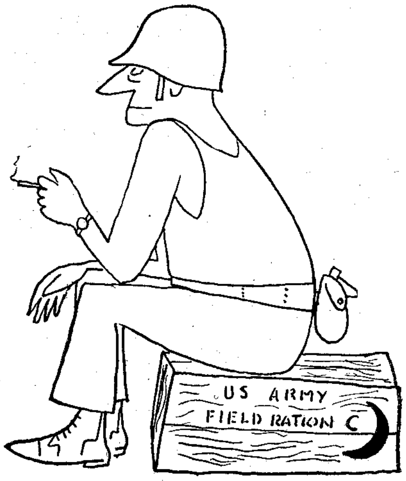
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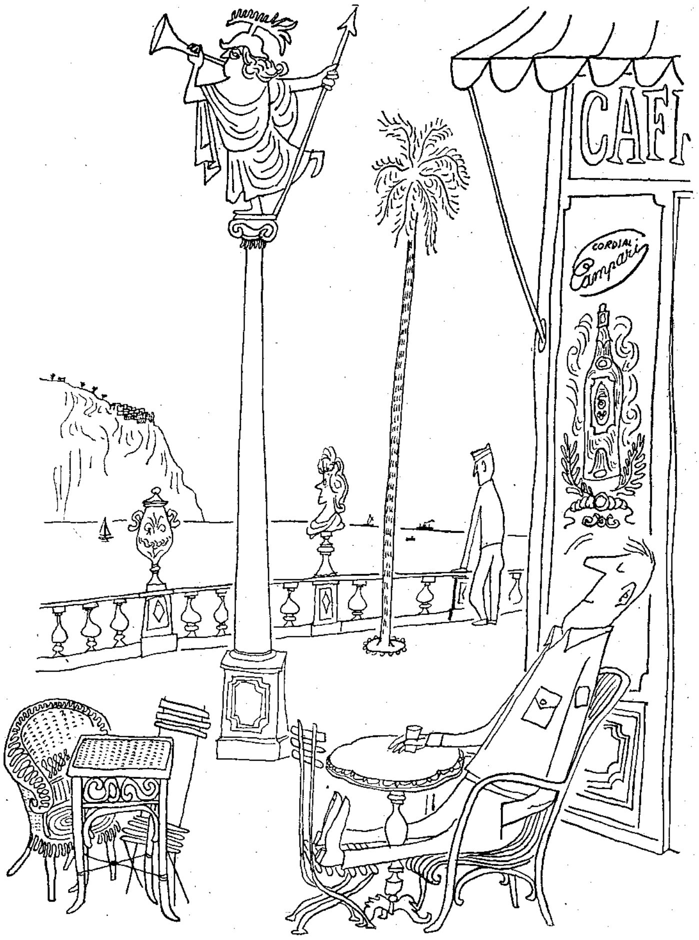
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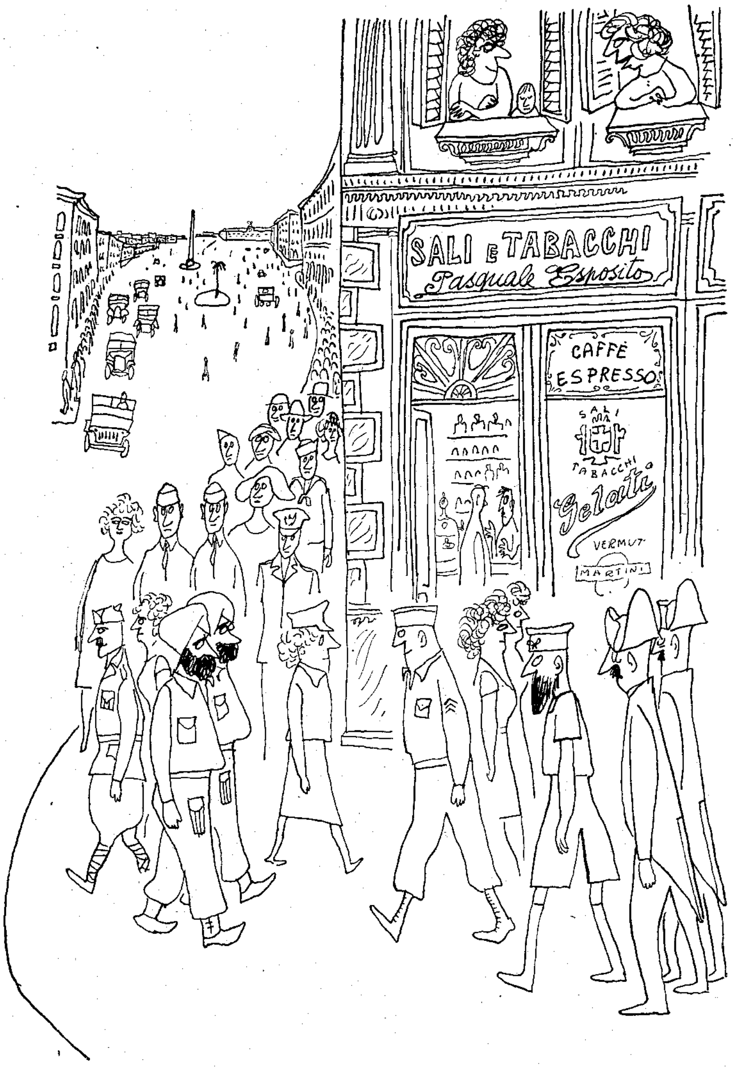

SALI E TABACCHI
Pasquale Esposito
CAFFÈ ESPRESSO
SALI TABACCHI
Gelati
VERMUT
MARTINI

STEINBERG

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

THE little green Ford, with the top down, skipped over the washboard gravel road, and the enormous cloud of dust it left behind it settled slowly on the alders. The setter poked his nose out over the door into the wind of their speed; his ears strained back and he nearly closed his eyes in an ecstasy of pleasure as the air pushed against his red, silky face.

"How can he stand that wind so long?" Selina asked. Or, rather, remarked. She didn't care one way or another, since she didn't really like the dog, who sometimes drooled on her, but she felt she must say something every once in a while and not be a dull companion to Willie. Willie himself reached back and gave the dog a quick pat on the neck and said, "Nice Eric"—for, being a red setter, quite naturally the dog's name was Eric the Red—and smiled kindly at Selina, to whom he was engaged.

So they went on, the pale dust rising to the heavens behind them and settling miles in the rear. Selina held in her hand the list of food to buy and errands to do that Willie's mother had given her, and she kept thinking how much better and more simply *she* would manage the housekeeping when she was looking after Willie and doing everything in her own way. Willie was thirty-five and he had been living alone with his mother ever since his brothers had married, years before, and his father had died. It was high time, thought Selina, that he had a home of his own, and though she was much younger than he, it was high time, too, that she made out her own shopping list and acquired a dog that both she and Willie could like—a small, neat dog that didn't drool and didn't bark like a coyote during every waking moment. She put her hand, list and all, on Willie's knee and looked happily at his profile, which was a pleasant one with agreeable features, all on a slightly large, blurred scale; his face was sunburned a good red-brown and his hair, which was thick and light in texture, blew about his head, making him look far younger and more careless than he was. He took her hand and held it, squashing the list, and he in his turn, glancing from the road to her, saw, too, a pleasant profile. In fact, as several people had told them, it was extraordinary how much they looked like brother and sister. "You even *look* alike!" friends said in rapture—for this observation seemed to make the speakers particularly pleased and proud, as though in saying this they conferred miraculously but confidently on Selina and Willie all the secrets of a happy life together. And Selina and Willie had come to believe in the myth. In an unruffled manner their engagement was drawing to a close; in five weeks they would be married.

Still, Selina removed the rumpled list and held it in her free hand, and she shrank when Eric moved from one side of the seat behind them to the other side and for a second breathed hotly and strongly down her neck.

WHEN they got to the village, the afternoon was at its height. The bare main street ran east and west along the head of the harbor, and the sun was so high that the mansard roofs and tall false fronts cast no shade whatever on the warm, gritty asphalt. Bits of paper blew lazily about in the fair, southwest wind that wafted in from the Atlantic; the scalloped skirts of the store awnings lifted languidly; three hounds trotted busily along and a man with a wooden leg limped whistling up the sidewalk, carrying a pair of oars. Willie parked the car outside the drugstore, and after he had turned off the engine they sat there, lulled by the quiet village noises. From the harbor came the sound of a fishing boat returning; from the coal wharf next the Palace movie theatre came the rattle of a donkey engine as coal was unloaded from an ancient little black schooner. The sun blazed down; the long rollers roared gently on the ledges. It was a perfect summer afternoon. Nothing evil or unkind should befall anyone on such a day; it belonged only to the fortunate and the good.

Over the bay and the village, white as salt against the blue sky, the gulls sailed and swooped, crying, crying, as though they were ready to die of misery and loneliness. Willie opened the car door, and with a push Eric sprang out, his chops trembling, and raced after the hounds.

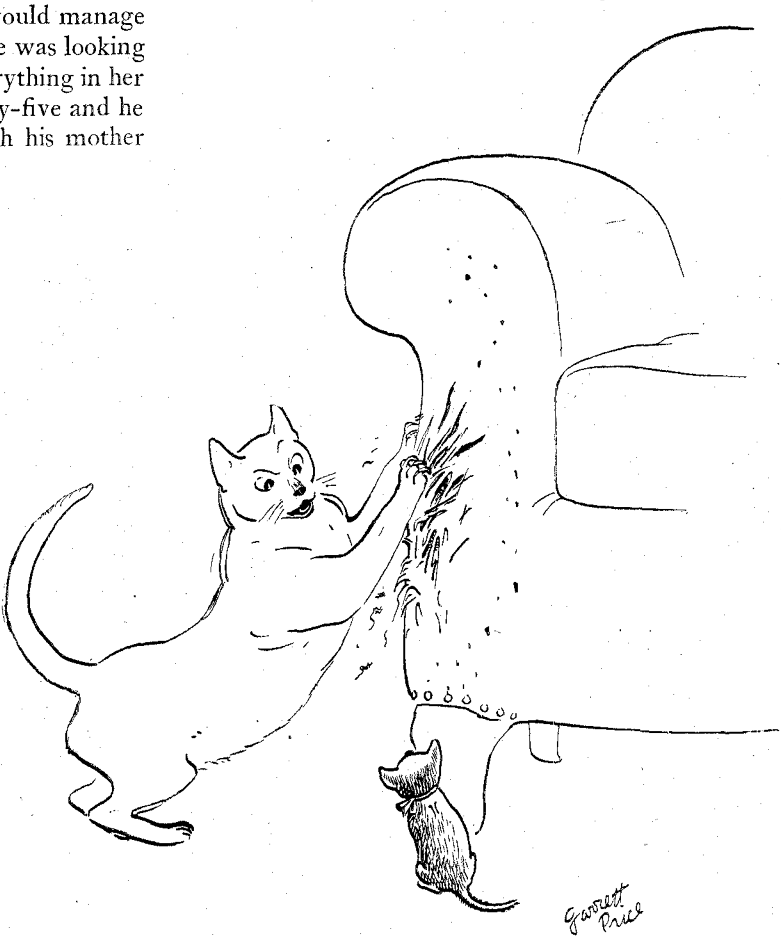
"There!" cried Selina. "Now he's gone!"

"Never mind," answered Willie, who thought she was distressed. "He'll be back. You mustn't *fuss* over him. Now then, what are you going to do first?"

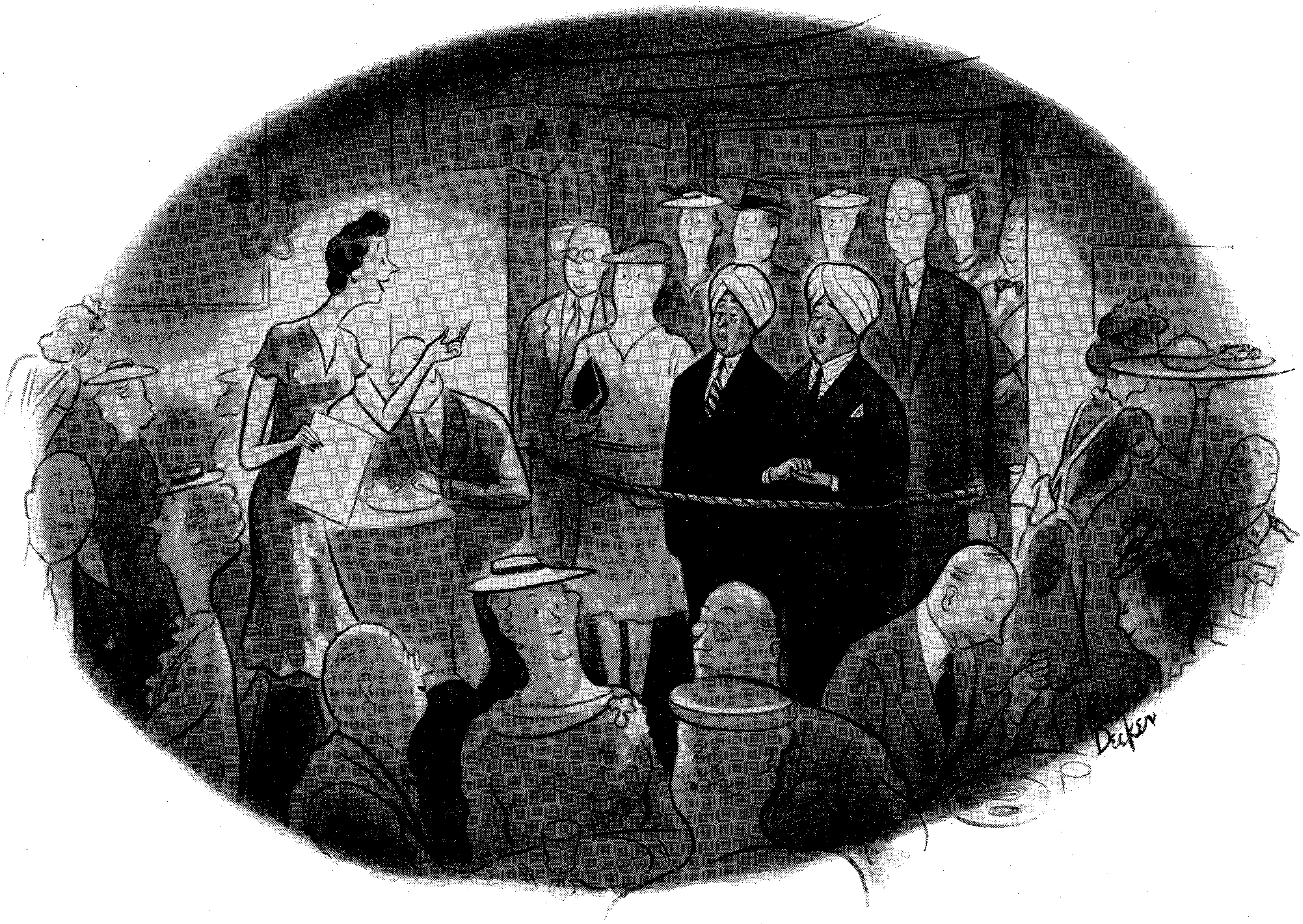
She pondered over the list, and said, "I guess I'll leave an order for the food first, and then do these other things—drugstore, express office, return rubbers, get large Pyrex baking dish." She felt very domestic. So did Willie, even though he was well used to running errands for his mother.

"I'll do the express office while you do the food," he said. "I'll leave the car, and meet you here in twenty minutes."

"Fine," said Selina, smiling at him serenely. She went cheerfully off, humming without realizing it and looking almost



"Like this—see? You've got to get your back into it."



"Are you together?"

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pretty in her plaid cotton dress and flat green sandals. Willie went off in the other direction equally cheerfully; he forgot Selina practically at once in his pleasure in the beautiful afternoon. He made a detour along the shore on a rough clamshell path that led by the fallen-down wharves. The tide was high, slapping lightly at the old pilings and the tiny beaches, blue with broken shells, between the wharves. He stopped to talk to a fisherman he knew who was working on the engine of a boat.

SELINA was back at the car, with all her errands done, in twenty minutes. That was one of her many virtues: she was never late—that is, unless it was absolutely unavoidable. She was never late; she could always be ready for anything at a moment's notice; she was a good sport. It was small wonder that at twenty-five she was marrying a man ten years her senior.

She sat down gingerly on the piping-hot leather cushion and, since she had got the mail from the post office and there were some letters for her, she opened them and read them. One was long, from her sister; it took her five minutes to read it and because it was very absorbing she never noticed an overgrown boy ride waveringly up on a brand-new blue bicycle and drop it against the curbstone almost under the front fender of the Ford. He shambled away. The bicycle slipped down onto its side in the gutter. Selina read on.

In a few minutes Willie came up behind her, silent in his tennis shoes, and said "Boo!" loudly. Selina jumped with surprise and annoyance. Eric was there, too, having caught up with Willie on the clamshell path.

"Get everything done?" Willie asked, and he went around behind the car and opened the left-hand door to let Eric in. Eric was waiting by the right-hand door and it took quite a little while to persuade him to come around to the opposite side. After Eric was in, Willie stood there and lit his pipe; then he got in, winced at the heat of the cushion, and started the engine. "Any mail?" he asked.

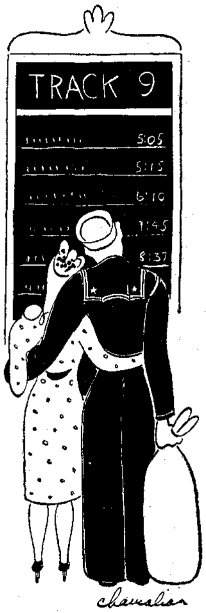
"Not for you," Selina said. "Just for your mother and me."

"Who did *you* hear from?" he wanted to know, rather coyly. He knew perfectly well that the only other beau Selina had ever had was now in Colorado because of his health and never wrote to Selina or she to him, but for some reason of perverted gallantry he liked her to think he was under the impression that she was popular with men. So he often pretended she must have a busy correspondence with them. At first this had flattered her, but lately it had begun to bother her; even to her, it seemed blatantly childish. Yet she did not heed this warning; she tried to think it was unimportant. She could not bring herself to tell him to stop it, and so he kept on. She said, with an unconsciously sad note in her voice that was not because there was no letter from a man, "I had a letter from Margaret, and one from Alice Arnold—you know, the girl I went to Mexico with."

Willie said, "Hmm," and the car started ahead. Instantly there was a rending sound of breaking metal under the front wheel next the curb. It was a loud, crucial snapping.

"My God, what's that?" Willie cried, stopping the car hastily. He jumped out, and Selina jumped out on her side, and they both stared in horror at what Willie had done. For of course he had driven the car right over the new blue bicycle that had been dropped against the curbstone.

"Dear God!" Willie cried in exasperation. "Whoever left a bike there? Didn't you see anybody leave it, Selina? It wasn't there when we parked here."



"I didn't see anybody," said Selina, aghast. "Back the car off it and let's see if it's really ruined."

"Of course it's ruined!" Willie shouted in anguish. "Can't you see it is? *Why* did this have to happen to *me?* I'll have to see whose it is and do something about it." He got back in the car and backed it up. Selina remained on the sidewalk, and saw that the bicycle was indeed destroyed. It lay twisted and wrenched into a complete ruin.

Willie got out again, picked up the bright-blue frame, looked at it appraisingly, and laid it down again. "That was a good bike," he said. "I'd better find out who it belonged to, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do," said Selina, and in a horrible instant it occurred to her that he was considering driving off and leaving the bicycle where it lay—or wasn't he? Afterward she could not decide. "*Certainly* I do!" she cried in distress. "Ask in the drugstore."

Willie started across the sidewalk, and as he did this the screen door of the drugstore flew open and out came a strange, wobbling boy, short and fat, crying out in a thick voice things that neither Selina nor Willie could understand. He had a pale, round face and his head wagged wildly as he hurried to the bicycle and picked it up. Behind him came several boys of his own age, and Willie appealed to them. "What's he saying?"

"It's his bike," said one of them. "He says his mother gave it to him."

"Oh, dear God!" Willie exclaimed again to Selina. "Wouldn't you know it'd be the village idiot. Look," he said to the young interpreter, who wore a white canvas jacket entirely covered with slogans and drawings all done in black ink, "what's his name?"

"Charlie Kent," answered the boy, and it seemed to Selina that there was something hostile in the attitude of this boy and of all the others except the idiot, who mourned apart in his own fashion over the broken bicycle.

"Where does he live?" Willie asked.

"On Green Street," said the boy. "You know where Oscar Ames lives—a brown house with yellow trim?"

"No," said Willie.

"But we can find it," Selina said hastily.

"Well, Charlie's mother lives *next* to the Ameses," said the interpreter. "In the half of the house that's toward the harbor."

"All right," Willie said. "I'd better go see her." Then he turned to the idiot boy and said very loudly and carefully, "It's too bad it happened, but it was certainly your own fault." He went back to the car and got in.

Selina got in too and looked at Charlie, who stood trembling on the sidewalk, holding up the bicycle and talking to himself. "Never mind, Charlie," she said as kindly as she could, and her voice rang patronizingly in her own ears, "we'll see that you get another." Eric whined with impatience and shook himself so hard that his chops flapped revoltingly together.

They drove away, climbed the hill to Green Street, and found the house next to the brown house with the yellow trim. Willie went up the walk alone between two rows of half-dead nasturtiums and rapped on the door. After a while it was opened by a woman in a wine-red cretonne house coat, presumably Charlie's mother. Selina could not hear what they said, but presently she saw Willie take out his wallet and hand some bills to the woman. Then he came back to the car, got in without saying anything, and drove into a yard to turn round.

"What happened?" Selina asked, as they went back down the hill.

"Well," said Willie, "to hear her talk you'd never dream the boy was the least bit crazy. She said she knew it was foolish to let a kid ride downtown, with all the cars and all, but boys will be boys, she said, and you really can't keep them cooped up. It was uncanny—just as though he was perfectly all right."

Main Street, as they drove along it, was as hot and bright as before. Nobody stirred along its whole length; the awnings flapped weakly, the gulls cried.

"How much did you give her?" asked Selina in despair.

"Three dollars," said Willie. "After all, he hasn't any business having a bicycle, has he? It's terribly dangerous for him."

Selina did not reply.

AGAIN the little Ford skipped over the washboard road, and the dust settled behind it in another layer on the alders. Eric, shifting from one end of the back seat to the other, breathed hotly on Selina's neck, and as she cried out "Stop that!" she turned and struck him viciously on the side of his red, glossy muzzle.

—ELIZABETH WARNER

◆

FOR MY ANCESTORS

Wales, which I have never seen,
Is gloomy, mountainous, and green,
And, as I judge from reading Borrow,
The people there rejoice in sorrow—
Dissenters, most of them, and cranks,
Surly and churlish, grudging thanks,
Suspicious, dour, morose, perplexed,
And just a little oversexed.
Mostly, however, they go in
More for remorsefulness than sin,
The latter being prior to
The real delight of feeling blue.
Fellows named Morgan, Evans, Jones
Sit glumly on the ancient stones,
And men with names in -ies,
Like mine, lurk in the wilderness
With conscience riding on their shoulders
Heavier than their native boulders.
The weather veers from dim to foul,
The letter W's a vowel,
They dig in mines, they care for sheep,
Some kinds of promises they keep,
They can remember warriors found
Dead in green armor on green ground,
They practice magic out of season,
They hate the English, with good reason,
Nor do they trust the Irish more,
And find the Scots an utter bore.
However grim their life, and hard,
One thing they dearly love—a bard.
Even the meanest hand at lays
Is plied with ale, and crowned with bays,
And set with honor in their books
Above the liars, thieves, and crooks.
This is the one redeeming grace
That saves them for the human race,
This is their claim to virtue. Therefore,
Though there is much I do not care for
In my inheritance, I own
This merit in my blood and bone,
And so I bend a reverent knee,
O Cymric ancestor, to thee:
Wild Wales forever! foul or fair—
This tribute from a grateful heir,

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

AN ARTICLE OF FAITH

IT was Tuesday in Monroe, Connecticut, and the day Hazel Merriweather, Emily Harts, Margaret Compton, and Susan Banning had chosen to meet each week for mental stimulation. At least, that is the reason they gave to outsiders, who most decidedly did not understand and had an idea that the four women might be delving into the mysteries of table tipping. As a matter of fact, at one of the earlier meetings, Hazel Merriweather had made Mrs. Banning's cherry drop-leaf table quiver for a second by merely laying the tips of her fingers on it, but as they all lived alone, with the exception of Margaret Compton, who had her mother, they preferred to steer clear of such demonstrations. The table quivering had been all right at the time, but they had been nervous afterward when they got home and the windows rattled.

Now they met to discuss an ancient Atlantean Truth and to study the tarot cards that Margaret Compton had bought from a fortune teller in New Haven. The Atlantean Truth was too big for them to grasp and the tarot cards only confused them, so sometimes it was almost a relief when the meetings were over and they could have their usual sandwiches, cake, and cocoa. They had been meeting for over two years, and although it was difficult for the casual observer to see the effect of the Atlantean Truth on their souls, the sandwiches, cake, and cocoa had made a more lasting mark on their bodies and they looked better standing up.

This Tuesday evening the meeting was being held at Emily Harts' house and she had turned off the lights in the living room and lighted the candles. Mrs. Merriweather and Margaret Compton had arrived and the three women sat in the half-darkness, talking quietly while they waited for Mrs. Banning. They heard her as she came up the front steps. She rapped on the door lightly three times, and then turned the knob and came in. "It's me!" she said. "Am I late?"

"Not too late, dear," Mrs. Harts answered. "Hazel needs a little affirmation tonight, but it can wait until you get your breath."

Mrs. Banning kissed them all affectionately. "I went to the Garden Club meeting," she said, "and I was never so sorry for anyone in my life as I was for those poor souls."

"What's the matter with them?" Margaret Compton asked.

"They're wrecks," Mrs. Banning said. "You know how smart they've always looked. Well, believe me, they're wrecks this year. And not a word was said about flower arrangements or even about a flower show. They're going crazy. There's not a man in town to lend them a hand."

"I know," Mrs. Harts said. "That's why I didn't go. All you hear over the radio is Victory garden, Victory garden, Victory garden. He always starts things like that and leaves them hanging. I wonder what he thinks we're made of."

"If you ask me," Mrs. Merriweather said, "all this Victory-garden business will blow over. Look at the way the red points turned out. It's a farce. I used to be able to get a little chopped meat once in a while when I had the points, and now that there are no points, I can't get any. That's the way he's done all along."

"To put it kindly, I don't think he's *thought* enough about us and our living conditions," Mrs. Banning said. "Although they do say *he* lives simply enough."

Mrs. Harts laughed bitterly. "Simply for *him*, maybe!"

"Well," Margaret Compton said, "he has a lot of things to think of. I know I wouldn't want to be President."

"Well, *I* would," Mrs. Harts said. "I'd like to be for about two months. That's all. Just two months."

Hazel Merriweather leaned forward in her chair and pulled at her dress where it was sticking to her back. "Let's talk about him later, girls," she said. "We must get busy and make our statements."

"I believe Margaret has a statement to make," Mrs. Harts said. She nodded toward Miss Compton, whose eyes brightened.

"Before you make it, dear, I just want to say a word to Emily about her daphne," Mrs. Banning said. "I noticed it as I came in. It needs leaf mold."

"Leaf mold?" Mrs. Harts repeated.

"Just take a shovel and get some from the woods," Mrs. Banning said. "And throw it right on all around the bottom, all over the lower branches. It will pick right up. That's all. Go on, Margaret. I just wanted to tell Emily before I forgot it."

"Well," Margaret Compton said, "I suppose this doesn't mean anything, but it did to me. I had the most remarkable demonstration. It was the bathroom faucet. I turned it on to run Mother's bath and no water came out at all. I really tugged at it and the whole thing came off in my hands. I can't understand it."

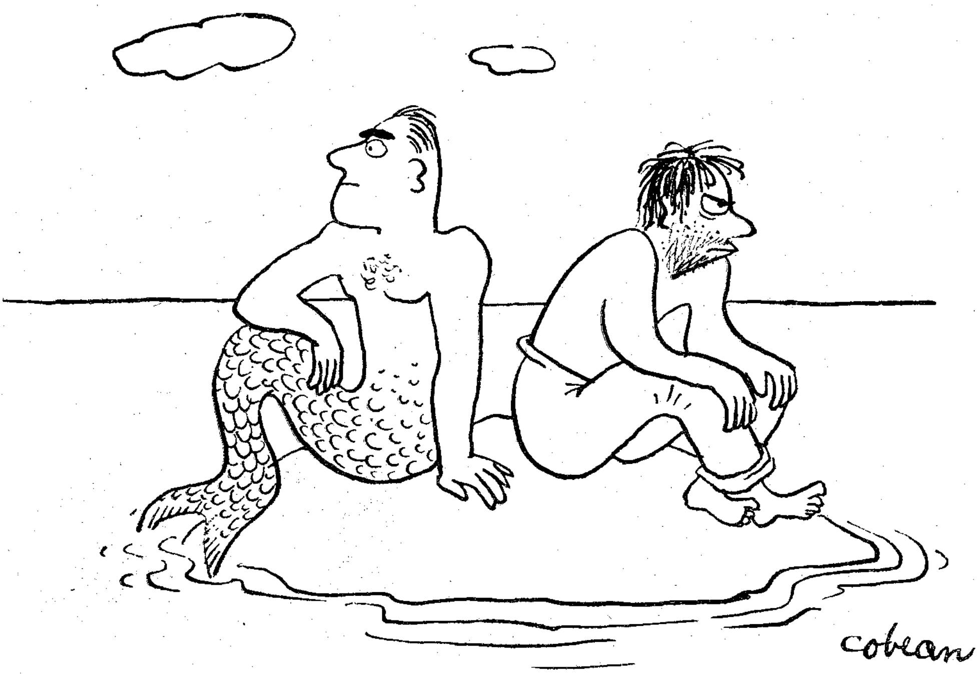
Mrs. Harts looked at Mrs. Banning and Mrs. Merriweather and raised her eyebrows. "Do you use town water, dear?" she asked.

"No," Margaret Compton said. "Artesian well and a marvellous pump that's never out of order."

"The reason I asked is because I'm perfectly sure that that crook Regan is making us pay far too much for our water," Mrs. Harts said. "I thought maybe that the taxes might have slipped your mind or something."

"It wasn't that," Margaret Compton said. "It was just that the whole thing came off in my hand. And the kitchen faucets work perfectly."

"I think you'll find it's rust," Mrs.



Merriweather said. "Who put in your plumbing?"

Mrs. Banning laughed. "Really, Margaret," she said, "I wouldn't call that a demonstration, exactly. I mean, if you halfway understand your Atlantean Truth, you would realize that pulling your faucet off would *not* be worthy of the Emerald Tablet."

The animation in Margaret Compton's eyes vanished. "Even Mother thought it was strange," she said. Her voice had lost its conviction.

"If I were you," Mrs. Harts said, "I'd call Mr. Hawtrey, and if he can't fix it, it may turn out to be something. So we'll drop it for the present, shall we, and get on with Hazel's problem. Hazel?"

Hazel Merriweather had provided most of the interest for the group all last winter and spring. She had had her house redecorated and in her enthusiasm had run up a large bill at Malley's, in New Haven. She had prayed for an article of faith to show her the way out, and the article of faith turned out to be a job in a defense factory in Guilford, Connecticut, which was the town beyond Monroe. It was a well-paid job, and she was happy with it, as she not only paid the bill at Malley's that was making her nervous but got a C coupon for her car. Now that summer was here and the water warm enough for swimming, she was once more looking for a way out.

"I'm looking for another article of faith," she said, her eyes wide as she stared at the candles.

"That should be easy," Mrs. Banning said. "You had an article of faith last winter and there's no reason why you can't have another. Just *see* yourself doing something else and presently you will be doing it. If you'll tell us all what you want to see yourself doing, we'll all concentrate, too."

Margaret Compton set her mouth in a firm line. "I don't know as I want to," she said. "When Hazel wanted an article of faith the last time, I worked so hard on it that *I* almost got a job in the factory. And you all know that I couldn't possibly take it on account of Mother. I almost signed an application blank."

"That's because you were thinking of yourself," Mrs. Merriweather said. "It would have served you right if you had gotten a job. You've got to keep yourself out of it, because I'm the one who's asking."

"Well, what *are* you asking?" Margaret Compton said. "That's what I want to know before I do a thing."

"I would like to pray for a demonstration to get out of the factory," Mrs. Merriweather said. "And I'm not quite sure what I want, because I want a lot of things. I want to lie on the beach, the way I always have, and play a little bridge."

"Really, Hazel," Mrs. Harts said. "I think it's all right to want to lie near the water, but I don't think you should pray for a demonstration about bridge. I think if you try that, you'll just be out of luck, that's all. It's one thing to lie and listen to the water, and another thing altogether to sit at a bridge table at a tenth of a cent and smoke too much."

Mrs. Merriweather frowned thoughtfully. "I suppose you're right," she said. "Suppose we just pray for rest for me. Rest and the Sound and my flowers."

"That will be wisest," Mrs. Harts said.

"All right, girls," Mrs. Banning said. "Now that *that's* decided, let's begin."

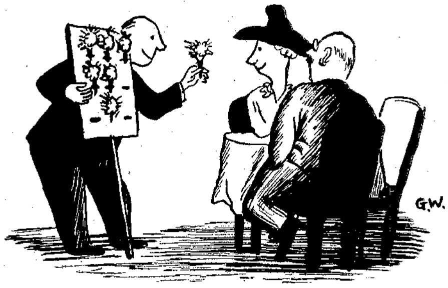
THEY closed their eyes and sat in silence. The room was hot and still. There was a flash of lightning and the sound of distant thunder. Margaret Compton lifted her head. "Thunder!" she said. She stood up heavily. "I'll have to run across the street for a minute and see if Mother's all right. I won't be a second, but I do think I'd better close her windows, in case it rains."

She walked to the door. The three other women sat with their heads bowed until they heard the door close. Then Mrs. Harts raised her head and spoke. "Did you ever hear anything like that statement she made?"

"Poor Margaret," Mrs. Banning said. "I don't think she *quite* understands what we are getting at."

"None of us *understands*," Mrs. Merriweather said. "But we try. We are not *way* off, the way she seems to be."

"Well, I wasn't going to mention this," Mrs. Harts said. "But Margaret and her mother are not too close. I mean, everything isn't exactly open and aboveboard there."



"I didn't think so," Mrs. Banning said. "Did anything happen?"

"Nothing, *really*," Mrs. Harts answered. "Except that Mrs. Compton has a crystal."

"That's not news," Mrs. Merriweather said. "I borrowed it and it's at my house now."

"I know that, dear," Mrs. Harts said. "But I am speaking of another crystal. Mrs. Compton has two and Margaret doesn't know a thing about it. She looks in it all the time and she doesn't tell Margaret a thing she sees."

"I don't think that's quite fair of her," Mrs. Banning said.

"Mrs. Compton told me that she was forced to get another," Mrs. Harts said, "because every time she wanted her crystal, she had to ask Margaret for it, and then Margaret stood around just waiting and watching. And she said it got on her nerves and she couldn't see a thing. So she sent away for another. She telephoned Mrs. Harrison and had her pick it up at the post office. Mrs. Harrison smuggled it up to her room right under Margaret's nose. She hid it in the front of her dress."

"I don't quite trust Mrs. Compton," Mrs. Merriweather said. "I think she could get up if she wanted to."

"She couldn't, dear," Mrs. Harts said. "I asked Doctor Ryan."

"It was sweet of Mrs. Harrison," Mrs. Banning said. "After all, poor Mrs. Compton doesn't have much to amuse her. And Margaret is *obtuse* about some things, to say the least. I've often thought . . ."

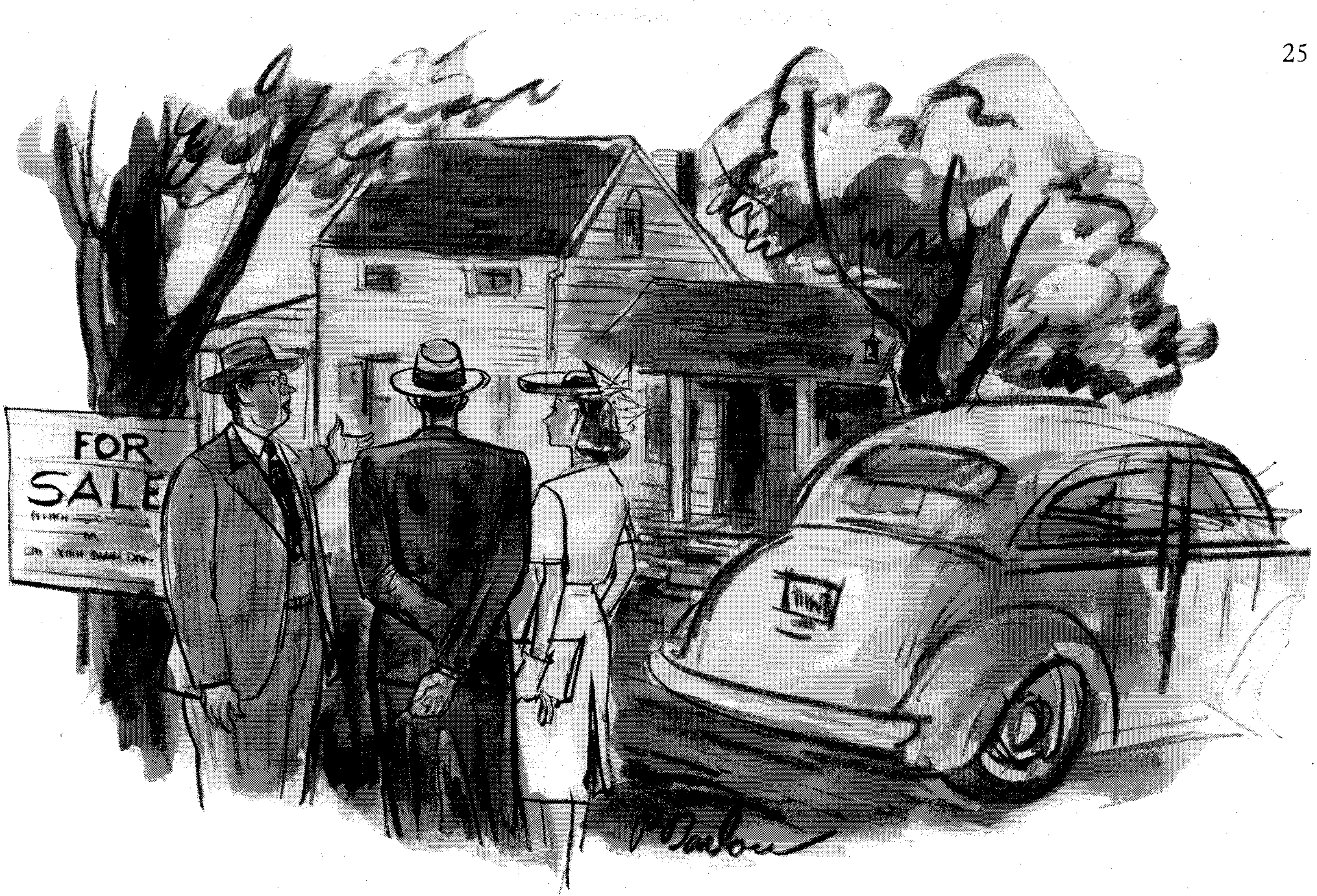
"What?" Mrs. Harts asked.

"Oh, nothing, really," Mrs. Banning said. "Just that maybe we would get nearer the truth with someone else. Someone, say, like Mrs. Harrison. Because she *is* interested. I mean, look at the way Margaret just walked out tonight when we were praying for an article of faith for Hazel."

"I wouldn't want Margaret to think we were talking about her," Mrs. Harts said. "She's a dear, and the tarot cards are hers, and I don't know where she got them. She never said exactly. But I do think that we might be better off without her."

The candles flickered. The front door suddenly slammed shut. The three women looked at one another, startled, and they heard the sound of stealthy footsteps outside.

"Margaret!" Mrs. Banning whispered.



"I grant you there's a lot of work to be done on it. There's the plaster and those cellar beams, and God knows the roof leaks, but just remember there's a telephone installed in there right this minute."

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"She heard!" Mrs. Harts said. "She must have been standing there listening all the time."

She got up and walked to the front window, which looked out on the porch, and peered through the screen. It was raining hard. "I can't see a thing," she said.

"It was Margaret, all right," Mrs. Merriweather said. "What do you think we'd better do?"

"Goodness!" Mrs. Banning said. "I didn't mean a thing by it. I love Margaret. We all do. Do you think we all ought to pray for an article of faith?"

Mrs. Harts turned away from the window and walked toward the others. "Well, she won't be back," she said. "And we might as well forget our meeting tonight and just have a bite to eat."

She left the room and came back carrying a tray on which were a plate of sandwiches, a large pot of cocoa, four plates, four cups and saucers, four paper napkins, and an angel cake. "Here it is," she said. She set the tray down on the coffee table and they all looked guiltily at the fourth cup and saucer.

"She'll tell it all over town, too," Mrs. Banning said.

Just then the telephone rang loudly in the room. "Margaret!" Mrs. Harts said.

Mrs. Merriweather and Mrs. Banning listened as she answered. Mrs. Harts' voice was conciliatory and sympathetic, and they heard her saying, "Of course, dear, I understand" and "What an amusing thing to say!"

Mrs. Banning picked up a sandwich and began to eat it. "She heard, all right," she whispered.

"It's a dreadful thing," Mrs. Merriweather said, "to think that we all meet here spiritually and that one of us would *eavesdrop*."

They watched Mrs. Harts as she put the receiver back on the hook.

"Well?" Mrs. Banning asked, as Mrs. Harts sat down and began pouring the cocoa.

"She heard," Mrs. Harts said. "She didn't say she did, but she *heard*. She said she thought she'd better stay home. She said she thought that the meeting was really over and that probably all we were going to do was eat."

"How awful!" Mrs. Merriweather said. "Did she seem hurt?"

"No," Mrs. Harts answered slowly. "She didn't seem *hurt*, exactly. She acted very strangely indeed. She said that when we got through getting Hazel out of the factory and onto the beach, if we'd mind praying for an article of faith for her. She wants us to see her out of the whole mess."

"Why!" Mrs. Banning said. "I never heard of such a thing. What does she mean by the whole mess?"

"She didn't say," Mrs. Harts answered. "But from the way she talked and the tone of her voice, I think she meant us."

The three women sat in silence once more, but this time their heads were not bowed in silent prayer and they glanced uneasily at each other from time to time. Finally, Mrs. Harts reached for her cup of cocoa and took a sip.

"Next Tuesday I think we should pray for dear Margaret, girls," she said. "And you, Hazel, will have to wait your turn."

—Sally Benson

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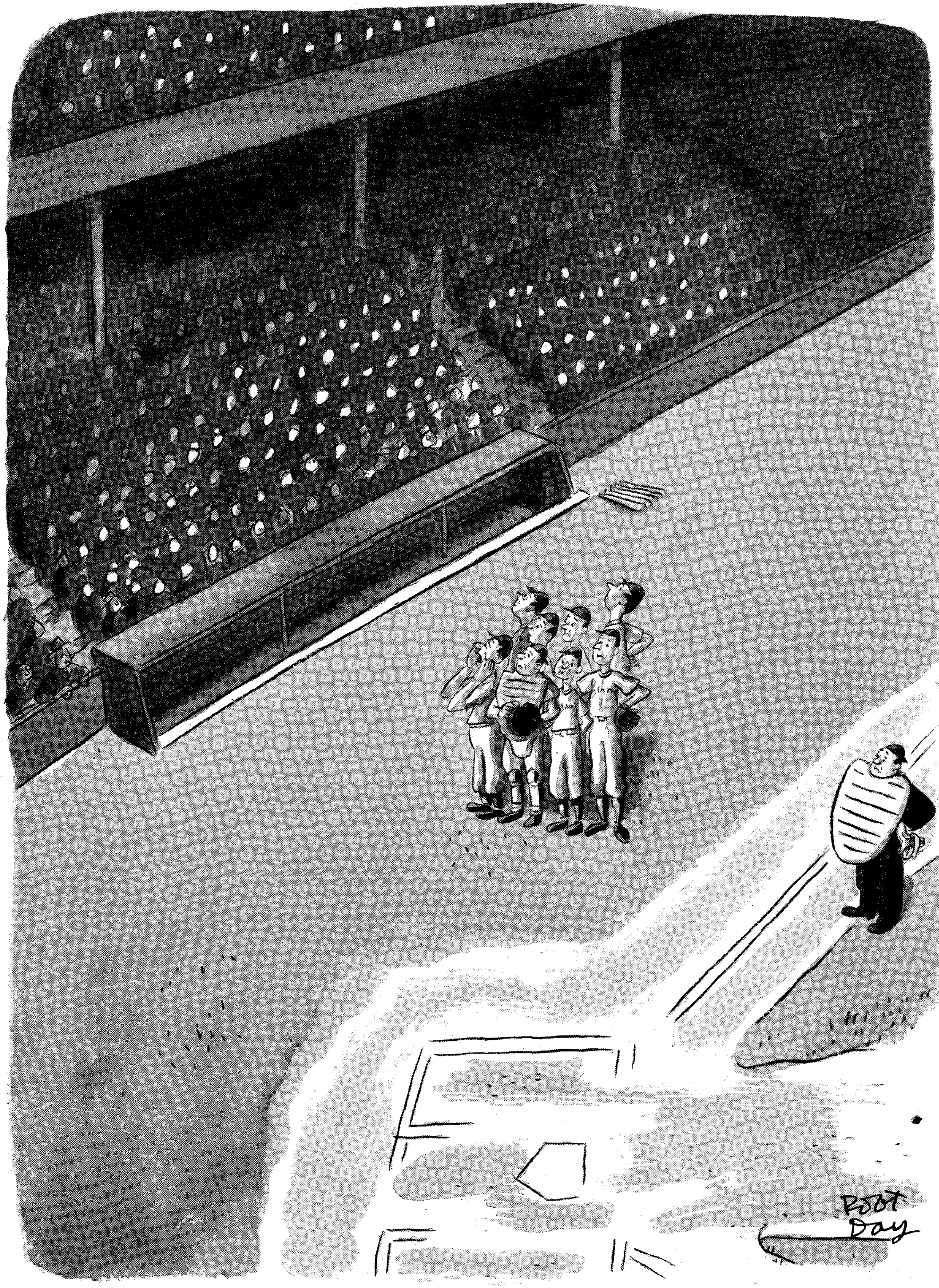
DEPT. OF QUIET DESPERATION

[*Adv. in the Gainesville (Fla.) Daily Sun*]

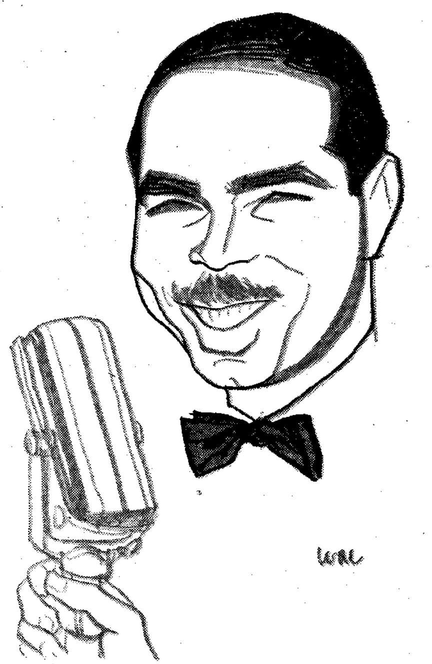
Wanted—Mothers helper, half day, $600 week. Phone 109-R.



"We've only got eight. Anybody here ever play second base?"

PROFILES

SOCKO!



Martin Block

IF radio has done nothing else, it has brought the pitchman indoors. The victim of wind, weather, and police, lugging his combination potato peeler and jiffy orange squeezer around in a battered suitcase, the pitchman was formerly the orphan of commerce. He was at the mercy of the unpredictable crowd, which either succumbed to his magic voice and moved a little closer or turned its back and moved on. Today, shielded from the heat of the sun and the attentions of cops, comfortably installed in a soundproof chamber, he has become respectable big business. His voice, purring softly into a microphone, is carried to enormous crowds everywhere—invisible crowds, to be sure, but apparently even more credulous and pliable than those of his wildest early dreams.

No pitchman ever moved indoors with more profitable results than Martin Block, a medium-sized, partly bald man of forty-one, with a small black mustache, the face of a Disney fox, and a voice of pure honey. Block is the nation's foremost "disc jockey," the name radio people unfortunately have for an announcer who plays phonograph records, interspersed with frequent commercials, on the air. Most stations have a disc jockey somewhere on the premises, but none has a more talented one than WNEW (1130 on your dial), the independent New York station which employs Block. To thousands of listeners in the metropolitan area, the voice of Martin Block is as familiar as the voice of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Six days a week for the past nine years (his hours at present are from ten to eleven-thirty in the morning and from five-thirty to seven-thirty in the evening), Block has made his pitch over WNEW on a recorded dance program called the Make-Believe Ballroom. According to WNEW, surveys indicate that more people in and around New York doggedly keep their radios tuned to the Make-Believe Ballroom than to any other program being broadcast at the same hours. On each program, his listeners hear a couple of dozen phonograph records sponsored by anywhere from twenty to twenty-four local and national advertisers, currently including purveyors of shoes, talcum powder, and blue-white diamonds. Gaily creating the illusion that the country's foremost dance bands are performing on four large stands in a glittering, crystal-chandeliered ballroom—an illusion which his listeners accept in a spirit of good, clean fun—Block conducts the program from an unglittering studio that contains little more than a microphone flanked by two phonograph turntables. For his skill at putting records on a phonograph and speaking his piece between records, Block earns more than a hundred thousand dollars, less taxes. He sells an average of some five million dollars' worth of his sponsors' products a year, an achievement which has prompted *Variety* to call him "America's Super Radio Salesman." Among certain radio columnists he is known either as "the jovial jivester" or as "Lord High Admiral of the Whirling Discs." On the stage of the Paramount Theatre, Benny Goodman has presented him with a silver loving cup, tangible proof of his selection, in a poll of local radio editors, as "The Most Popular Disc Jockey in the New York Area." *Billboard* has said that "his word is gospel to untold thousands of consumers," and George Tucker, a syndicated columnist, has referred to him as "The Housewives' Friend . . . one of the curious phenomena of our time." Block is composed in the face of these tributes. "Look, friend," he often says, "God merely gave me the intelligence to go into radio and a *wonderful* voice."

There is scarcely a product in the world that Block wouldn't tackle or hasn't tackled. Across the years, either indoors or out, he has sold three or four hundred kinds of things, including chewing gum, headache powder, soft drinks, eyeglasses, used cars, mustard, razor blades, bouillon cubes, men's clothing, pencils, corned-beef hash, nose drops, hand lotion, windshield wipers, soup, liquid court plaster, tires, suburban lots, milk, lemons, scrapple, aviation courses, deodorants, wrist watches, chocolate pudding, and dog food. His voice has a remarkably hypnotic effect. Some years ago, when he was plugging a Newark refrigerator dealer on the Make-Believe Ballroom, he so inflamed the minds of his Jersey listeners that a hundred and nine of them rushed out into the night, through one of the worst blizzards in Newark's history, to buy iceboxes. The fact that Block, high and dry in a studio on Madison Avenue, was offering a gas range, a three-piece living-room suite, or a grand piano absolutely free with each and every $199.50 refrigerator may, of course, have contributed to the success of the spiel. As a result, for several weeks thereafter, the advertisements of rival Jersey refrigerator dealers suggested, in one form or another, that readers should "See Our Mr. Block," in the hope that prospective customers would think that the genuine article was on their payroll. Subsequently dedicating his powers to the advancement of the doughnut, Block increased the sale of a sponsor's product by 144,000 doughnuts the first week. At the end of the doughnuts' first month on the program, the sales had jumped 432,000 a week. "I had strange dreams after hearing Mr. Block discuss doughnuts," one of his steady listeners recently recalled. "I used to wake up very nervous but hungry—hungry for doughnuts."

Professionally and in private, Block sounds exactly the same. He will ask his wife to pass the salt at dinner in the same cozy tone he has employed an hour earlier in behalf of a sponsor. His voice is a formidable instrument. Years ago he decided to pitch it at a low, conversational level, and it has remained there ever since. Although the tone is constant, he achieves startling vocal effects by varying the intensity and the rate of delivery. If the tone of his voice were represented by a graph, his rendition of, say, "In the spring a young man's fancy turns to Howard clothes" would appear as a straight, unbroken line. A graph that captured the full quality of his speech—the soft chuckles, pauses, and warm murmurs—would rise and fall like a roller coaster. In many of his listeners he evokes physical sensations. “When you described Mother’s Day cakes last week, I found myself watering at the mouth,” a Staten Island housewife once candidly wrote him. He ad-libs practically all of his commercials, which sets him apart from most other announcers. This talent has been ascribed by *Printer’s Ink* to his “native knack, voice, and nimbleness of mind.” *Variety* has said of his commercials, “His convincing con is not too burdensome. . . . He woos ’em with three tunes before pounding home the plug.”

TEN LEAGUES BEYOND THE WIDE WORLD’S END

I pursue him, the loved one all unsolved,
through mines of mercury, salt caves, and folded stone,
down decimal steps of dream and sleep and death,
through flowering, breaking rocket-head of war
and long, anxious ferment of peace.

I pursue him whom I might catch if ever
only by sitting still.
I know, I have taken with sliding rule and wavering scale
his height and shape not fixed but leaping and falling
like fire and shadow forever between child and man.
I know his voice, treble and bass, infantile and mature.
I know the chords of his changes from god to demon
within the scale of his humanity.

I think he is my lover or my child.
When I attempt to take him in my arms
he pulls away from me with a boy’s pride
and walks to the edge of the burning world with a
gun in his hand.

—Dilys Bennett Laing

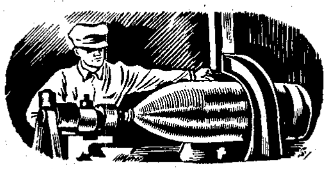
• •

BLOCK has an office on the floor above the studios of WNEW, at 501 Madison Avenue, and he often returns to it after a persuasive session on the air with the look of a man who has hypnotized even himself. Frequently he seems unable to stop talking, and whoever happens to be around is likely to hear a private extension of his public remarks. The office, with the exception of a white upright piano in one corner, might belong to any *Fortune* subscriber. The piano, which Block cannot play, is part of a music-publishing business he established some years ago, and is there for songwriters peddling their tunes. White Venetian blinds, always drawn, hide the city. Floral prints line the walls. An electric log fire flickers in an artificial fireplace. A rifle stands against the wall behind his desk. He has been an ardent fisherman for many years, and lately he has taken to stalking game. Last year, in Orange County, he shot his first deer. Not long ago I was sitting in a white leather armchair in Block’s office when he rushed in from the studio. “Name a product! Any product!” he cried, sitting down behind a mahogany desk that is generally bare of papers and is ornamented with a picture of his wife, a leather blotter holder, and a toy microphone mounted on an inkwell. I hesitated. “Eyeglasses,” I said. “Are your eyes worth a million dollars?” Block said immediately, wagging a finger. “Would you sell them for one million dollars? Of course you wouldn’t! But the Acme Optical Salon has, conservatively speaking, one million dollars’ worth of equipment, ready and on hand to serve you and your astigmatism or other diseases of the eye. . . . Yessir,” he said, glancing thoughtfully at the ceiling and pulling at his mustache, “I guess I’m just a fellow who understands that people have moods. Average moods, the moods of little Mr. and Mrs. America. I figure people are gay sometimes and then they’re sad and in between there’s pride and other things. Like when I sold vacuum cleaners. I’d get my foot in that little old door and two minutes later I was in the living room. Do you think I’d say, ‘Madam, this product is the very finest dirt and dust remover available?’ Yo-ho-no! I’d sit back and smile and say, ‘You look tired, Mother. Put down that broom a minute and let’s talk. Golly Ned, I smell bacon cooking! I’ll bet you’re just the best little old cook in the world.’ I was appealing to her pride and her morning mood, and about fifteen minutes later we’d get down to business.”

While he is under his own spell, Block often entertains visions of his typical Make-Believe Ballroom fans, and he generously reveals them to whoever is handy. “In the morning I’m talking to Mother,” he said to me, still staring at the ceiling, and with a look of reverence on his face. “Yup, she’s just bustled Junior off to school, and Baby, aged three, is out in the back yard playing in the sand pile. Mother’s got lots of dirty dishes stacked in the sink and the beds aren’t made. You understand, these people live in a house outside the city. This setup was clear before the war; Lord knows what’s become of all of them today. Well, anyway, I guess the husband’s about thirty-three or four, a tall, blond, wiry guy—but heavy-set, I mean, with big, broad shoulders. Sort of fellow people like and trust. Mother’s younger—around twenty-eight. Gosh, she’s pretty! She likes to read the comics and all about Hollywood and the glamorous life of the stars. ’Bout the time I start talking, Mother’s getting around to cleaning up that little old house, so every once in a while I’ll tell her to stop and take it easy. She wants her music gentle and not too distracting, so I don’t play many hot numbers.

“Now in the evening, I figure there’s a young girl home from work, around nineteen or twenty. Definitely not the college type. Boy, it’s been a hard day’s work down at the office—lots of typing and filing—and Sis is real bushed. She isn’t married, but she’s got a date that night and she needs pepping up, so the music gradually gets a little hotter. By the way, it’s a wonderful time to talk about lipstick.”

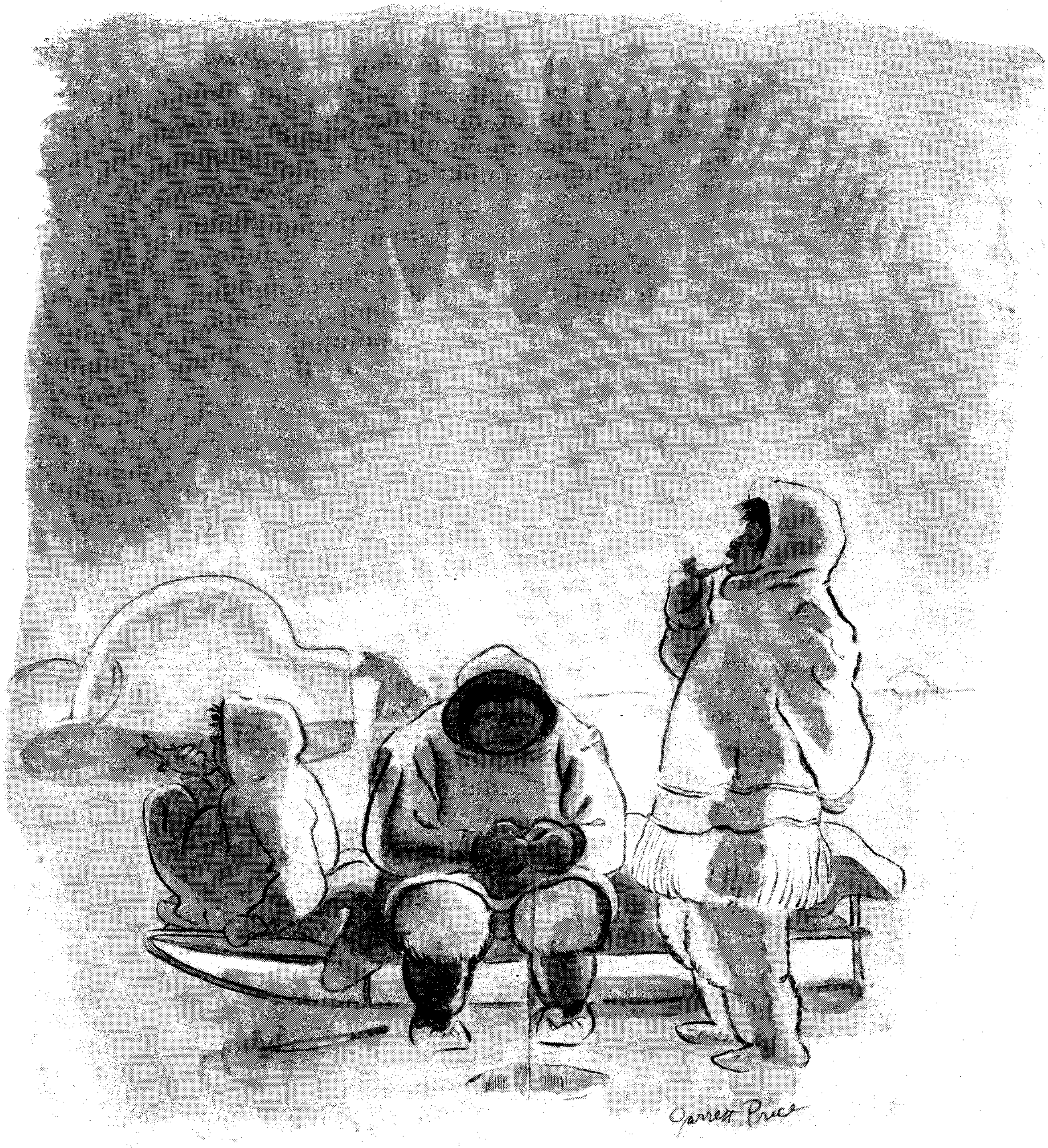
Block stood up and a curious look came into his eyes. “Talking to these people is like chumming for weakfish,” he said. “You row along in a boat and toss out a few shrimp as bait. The weakfish start following the boat. I compare this to my first few records. A few minutes later you toss out more shrimp, and the weakfish begin to close in. That’s some more records. Then,” Block said slowly, his voice taking on a metallic quality, “you put a piece of shrimp on a hook and socko! They’re on the hook! That’s my commercial.”



BLOCK’s father was a concert pianist. Martin, his only child, was born in Los Angeles. The father died shortly afterward. Martin and his mother moved to Baltimore, where she remarried. Early in life, Block discovered the potentialities of his voice. Friends of the family recall that by the time he was eight he had mastered the fundamentals of the art of persuasion. "Gosh, thanks for the penny, sir," he once told an elderly gentleman who had innocently handed him a penny and suggested that he run down to the corner store and buy himself some candy. "But I guess you know, sir, that penny candy sometimes makes little boys sick to their stomachs. Even the candy man thinks little boys should eat better than penny candy. Now, for five cents I can get a beautiful marshmallow roll—" "O.K., son," said his benefactor softly, "you win. Here's a nickel."

Martin was equally persuasive as an elementary-school debater. He generally spoke far past his allotted time and left his audience in a state of helpless acquiescence. When he was thirteen, he came to New York with his mother and stepfather and got a job with General Electric as office boy to Owen D. Young, then vice-president. Mr. Young arrived at his office every morning at eight-fifty-five. By that time, Block had turned on the ventilating fan, dusted the inkwell, and placed Young's mail in a pile on his desk. Between eight-fifty-five and nine, Young passed the time of day with his office boy, inquiring about his progress in business, discussing current events, and delivering homilies on success. For once in his life, Block did most of the listening. At nine, Young turned to his own work, and Block, inspired, retired to an adjoining office to open mail and run errands for the rest of the day. After two years with Young, Block felt that he had absorbed sufficient counsel to be on his own. "One morning I told Mr. Young that I wanted to sell things in the worst way—that salesmanship, the *art of selling*, was my life ambition," Block recently recalled. "Mr. Young displayed a kindly, gentle interest in the struggling boy. 'Martin,' he said, 'I will give you a last word of advice. You get interested in things and then lose interest. If I may use the word, acquire *stick-to-it-iveness*. Yes, Martin, acquire stick-to-it-iveness, the *art of sticking to it*, and success will be yours.' " With this blessing the young man set forth.

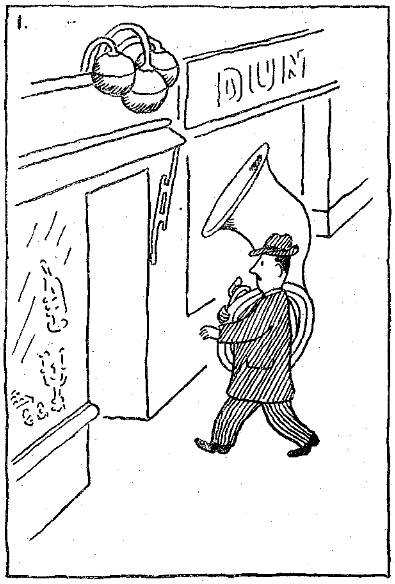
Block quickly forgot Young's advice; he felt that he could perfect himself in the art of salesmanship only by selling a variety of things. In hasty succession, he sold hardware, auto supplies, haberdashery, shoes, and radios. At one point during this period of self-education, he worked the streets of New York with a supply of razor blades and a collapsible stand, temporarily setting up shop on likely corners. "Step in a little closer, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he would say to the crowd, just before cutting the price of the blades absolutely in half. The crowd invariably stepped closer, and before long, Block began to feel that he possessed magnetic powers. In a few years, he had acquired not only a small amount of capital but a wife and child. In 1929, he invested the capital in a Buick sedan and a loudspeaker, which he installed on top of the



"It's sad to think that in another week or two summer will be gone."

car. He had had an idea; what he needed now was the material to experiment on. Before long he found it—a confection called Choco-Yeast. Conducting an inquiry, he discovered that the officials of the company which manufactured Choco-Yeast were on their way to the annual directors’ meeting, which was to be held in the factory, outside Springfield, Massachusetts. He bought a phonograph and some records, hung two gaudy signs extolling the virtues of Choco-Yeast on the sides of the Buick, and set off that night for Springfield. Next morning he parked outside the Choco-Yeast factory, took off his hat and coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went inside. Telling the man at the door that the janitor had assigned him to clean up the board room, he quickly learned where the room was and that the meeting would begin at eleven. That was all he wanted to know. He walked out, moved his car underneath the board room, and sat fingering his mustache. “At eleven, I figured I’d wait a few more minutes, just in case some of the directors were late,” Block said. “By eleven-ten, I figured everybody had arrived, the minutes had been read and seconded, and the old gentlemen were scratching their heads for sales-promotion ideas. So I let ’em have it.” The calm deliberations of the Choco-Yeast directorate were interrupted by “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” blaring outside the windows. The instant a few of the directors, looking for the source of the racket, stuck their heads out the windows, the music ceased and a cozy voice issued from the loudspeaker below: “Yes, friends, Choco-Yeast is one of America’s finest candy bars, full of goodness and good for you—the *essential* vitaminized yeast, the tasty and delicious yeast, the yeast for you and you and *you*.” “Don’t let that man get away!” cried the president, from his window, and the advertising manager hurried downstairs and led Block up to the meeting. Half an hour later he emerged, smiling and shaking hands with the directors. In his pocket was an order to advertise Choco-Yeast with his sound truck in Greater New York at four hundred dollars a week.

Block’s career with Choco-Yeast was short-lived. Literally shouting its praises from his Buick, he happily cruised the streets of New York until he parked one Sunday morning outside Dr. Fosdick’s church, on Riverside Drive. Block graciously held his tongue until the service was over and the parishioners were pouring from the church, and then, in a clear, cheery voice, he spoke up. The damage was irreparable. The church officials complained to the city, sound trucks were forbidden on the streets, and Block, his contract cancelled, put his wife and child in the car and headed for California. Once again, he sold razor blades on street corners, but his heart was not in his work and the Blocks ate regularly only when they hit towns that had no anti-noise ordinances. There Block would approach a used-car dealer, say, and announce that the tire man around the corner had hired the services of his loudspeaker for the afternoon. “Now, friend,” Block would say, “tires are no good without a car to put them on, eh?” Once he had signed up the used-car man, he would walk around the corner to tell the tire man that he was a fool to allow opportunity to pass him by. “Looks like I’ll be selling lots of cars this afternoon,” he’d say. “You know and I know that each and every buyer of a car is a potential buyer of tires.” As a result of this escalator method of salesmanship, he often drove through the streets delivering a scenario involving a dozen local merchants. Late in 1930, the family reached California.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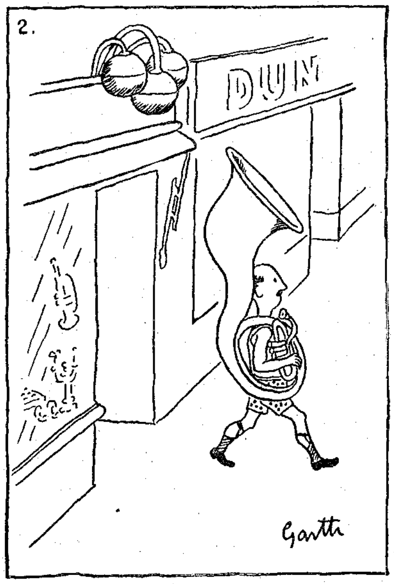
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For several years the only consistent thing about Block’s career was the rapidity with which he changed jobs. During his California, or blue, period, he sold more razor blades, announced motorcycle races over a public-address system, had a second child, sold advertising for a Hollywood trade paper, peddled vacuum cleaners from door to door, and panned for gold near San Diego, while his family lived in a one-room shack on the edge of town. Block was less than happy at this particular occupation—his best day’s receipts came to a dollar and ten cents—but he often reflects upon his life as a prospector with the frontier air of a Forty-Niner. “For days on end, I bent on my knees in those swift-running streams,” he recently told a bug-eyed circle of friends during a Saturday-afternoon game of gin rummy in his apartment. “I’d jiggle the water through the mesh into the pan—out with six, friends, out with six—always peering intently for the fateful yellow gleam that spelled gold! . . . Your deal, Manny.”

Block subsequently drifted a few miles south of the border and became the announcer for Station XEFD, in Tijuana. Until his advent, XEFD had served merely as the personal advertising medium of the station’s owner, a publisher of horoscopes. Several times during the day and evening, as the spirit moved him, the owner would casually switch on his station and offer horoscopes for a dollar apiece. Block entered into a reasonable arrangement by which he kept samples of products he sold over the station and its owner retained the right to interrupt whenever he felt like selling horoscopes. Block soon had enough food and clothing accounts in San Diego to keep his family alive and covered. He might even have turned XEFD into a profitable venture for the owner if he had not become overzealous and taken to broadcasting “Amos ’n’ Andy” in a manner which made listeners think that the network program was originating in the Tijuana station. To accomplish this, he simply placed a radio on a chair next to the XEFD microphone and tuned it to “Amos ’n’ Andy.” Whenever it was time for the network announcer to deliver a commercial, Block switched off the radio, delivered his own commercial, and then turned on the program again. “One morning a little old envelope arrived from the

GRIPSHOLM
DIPLOMAT
GRIPSHOLM SVERIGE

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

558 Americans took vanilla!

They boarded a Swedish ship in a Portuguese port after being released from German internment camps. *And every one brought a long pent-up appetite for ice cream.*

"We must have eaten at least a quarter of a ton of it the first day out," one of the *Gripsholm* passengers reported.

That very human, very American incident has been multiplied many times during this global war—in every sector where Uncle Sam's sons and daughters are serving. Ice cream means birthday parties and strawberry socials and the corner drug store. Ice cream brings a brief taste of *home* to a bearded soldier or a tired nurse.

But ice cream is much more than a pleasant memory or a delicious dessert. Like milk and cream, *ice cream is a valuable food,* rich in vitamins and calcium.

That's why ice cream appears on Army and Navy menus as regularly as possible — and civilians cannot always get *all* they want. But if you'll be content with your fair share, you can continue to enjoy ice cream.

For our part, we'll make as much ice cream as we can—and keep it pure and good—and continue the intensive research that has developed so many nutritious products from milk — nature's most nearly perfect food.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

MUSICAL JAMBOREE
TOMMY TUCKER
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
at dinner and supper
LOUIS PRIMA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
at supper only
NIGHTLY, EXCEPT SUNDAY
Astor Roof
HOTEL ASTOR

HOTEL
MARGUERY
Park Avenue at 47th St.
A small family hotel emphasizing comfort and convenience for year 'round living. Spacious suites, newly decorated and furnished, on yearly lease—a few available for shorter stays.
1 to 3 ROOMS
Mrs. M. M. Grant, *Manager*
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Management

Luncheon
Cocktail Hour
Dinner = Supper
The Café Lounge and Bar
CONTINUOUS DANCING FROM FIVE O'CLOCK
Air-Conditioned—Always Comfortable
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH ST.

States, warning us to cut it out—and *fast*," Block said recently. "Matter of international banditry or something."

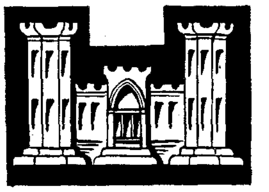
Block turned the station back to its astrological owner, then went north and got a job as announcer at Station KMPC, in Beverly Hills. When, shortly afterward, the station changed management three times in one week, Block got restive and took a train for New York, accompanied by his wife and children. Late in 1934, wrapped to the ears in a camel's-hair coat, he appeared before the receptionist at WNEW. "Tell the manager that Mr. Block of California wants to see her," he said.

He got in to see Miss Bernice Judis, the manager, who gave him the standard test for announcers. Today applicants are presumed to be military experts; they are put in a studio and asked to discourse on the strategic importance of such places as Hottot-les-Bagues, Yap, and Lwów. When Block took the test, an announcer's life was easier. He was first asked to read aloud an old commercial. He was then handed a pencil and told to describe it for five minutes without stopping. At the end of five minutes, he had glowingly pictured not only the quality of the wood and lead but the personality of the manufacturer, and he was hired at twenty dollars a week as announcer on the "dog watch," 9:30 P.M. to 4 A.M. Several weeks later, during the Hauptmann trial, he was put on the day shift. WNEW had installed a commentator, A. L. Alexander, in the gentlemen's room of the Flemington court house, amid a vast tangle of wires. These days, Mr. Alexander conducts the Board of Mediation, a Sunday-evening network show "dedicated to the peace and harmony of the American home." It was impossible to predict exactly when Alexander would come through with a bulletin, and Block's job was to fill in the gaps between regular programs and news from Flemington. On February 3, 1935, in the midst of the trial, he hit upon the notion of killing time by playing phonograph records, and bought four now historic recordings by Clyde McCoy and his band—"Tear It Down," "Sugar Blues," "Basin Street Blues," and "Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye." Block informed his listeners that the music came from a dazzling ballroom, and, between records, he held imaginary conversations with McCoy. After the program, Block told Miss Judis that he thought a program, which he would call the Make-Believe Ballroom, could be built around such recordings, and she suggested, with no great hope, that he find himself an account.

In a few days Block had a supply of records and a potential sponsor, Retardo weight-reducing tablets. The maker of Retardo, a not very well-known pill, agreed to pay WNEW $129.50 for six fifteen-minute periods a week, from 10 to 10:15 A.M., provided that a test broadcast proved successful. Block paid WNEW ten dollars out of his own pocket for the fifteen minutes of the inaugural program. For its part, WNEW promised Block a five-dollar weekly bonus in addition to his salary if he landed the sponsor. Six hundred letters, each containing a dollar bill and an order for pills, came into WNEW the morning after Block's first plea for Retardo: "Ladies, does your husband kiss you when he comes home at night? Or has his attitude changed? And have you tried to find the reason? Maybe, just maybe, you've added an extra curve or two. Now, here's a simple way . . ." Two weeks later, five thousand boxes had been sold, and the owner of Retardo, a man named Shelley Braverman, appeared at the offices of WNEW wearing a fur-lined greatcoat and accompanied by two pet pumas on a leash. "I wish to make it clear," he told the station officials, "that I am pleased with the program." Block promptly entered into a new arrangement, under which he received, from Retardo, ten cents for each box sold, in addition to his salary and bonuses.

Edwin Cigars was the next account to fall into line, and from ten-fifteen to ten-thirty in the morning Block tried to sell dollar humidors containing fifty cigars. Selling cigars to housewives was a bold and unorthodox venture, but the combination of popular records and Block's dulcet appeal ("Now, ladies, do you want to make your husband the happiest man in all the world and yourself the happiest woman? You know how much he enjoys a fine, a truly fine cigar, even though the aroma isn't always exactly what you want around the house. Here's your chance to please him and guarantee that no foul, irritating smells . . .") produced such extraordinary results that the Make-Believe Ballroom became a regular feature on WNEW. When, several weeks later, an angry Bronx housewife wrote that she kept receiving boxes of cigars instead of the reducing pills she desperately needed, Block felt that his program had reached the confusing proportions that mean success.

The Make-Believe Ballroom today averages twenty-two sponsors, many of them national advertisers. Time is sold in thirteen-week "packages." A package consists of three fifteen-minute periods ($650) or six fifteen-minute periods ($1087.50) weekly. Twenty-word "cut-ins"—spot announcements between packages—are $40 apiece. Block begins each quarter-hour period with the announcement that he is playing his records through the "courtesy" of the sponsor, and stops two or three times during the period to speak his commercial. He estimates that a quarter of the Make-Believe Ballroom is devoted to chatter and commercials. He is now guaranteed a minimum of $60,000 a year by WNEW, and receives in addition a substantial percentage of the fees paid by his sponsors. There is rarely an unsponsored moment on the program. In the past nine years, Block has collected thirty thousand popular records, which belong to WNEW. They are filed under the names of the bandleaders who made them and kept on shelves in the Make-Believe Ballroom studio. Block disclaims any knowledge of music, especially the classics, for which he has no use, but the mounting success of the Ballroom has made him an important figure to bandleaders. By May 29, 1938, he had achieved sufficient stature to stage a semi-charitable event called the Carnival of Swing, at Randalls Island, attended by twenty-four thousand frenzied jitterbugs who listened for five hours and forty-five minutes to twenty-five bands, including Duke Ellington's, Kay Kyser's, Count Basie's, Sammy Kaye's, and Stuff Smith's, which performed on the stage. Block was master of ceremonies. After paying for the stadium and the bands, he turned over what was left of the proceeds to the Hospital Fund of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians. Among the high spots of the program was Betty Hutton's rendition of "Who Stole the Jam?" and the singing of "St. Louis Blues" by Ivy Anderson, Duke Ellington's vocalist, who leaped four feet into the air and landed on Duke's back. At one point, a rumor spread through the stands that Benny Goodman was backstage, and several thousand of his followers scrambled from their seats and rushed wildly toward the bandstand. Block said quietly through the loudspeaker, "I will give you exactly two minutes to return to your seats," and a quarter of an hour later order had been at least partly restored, through the efforts of sixty city policemen and a hundred and forty park employees. Block told his friends afterward that only his presence of mind had averted a major riot. The *Times* observed, "The boys were all jiving and the crowd was like jelly," and *Melody Maker*, a British magazine, noted that the crowd had created "turbulent havoc with the field attendants." On the sixth anniversary of the Ballroom, in 1941, dozens of bandleaders and vocalists paid tribute to Block with advertisements in *Variety*. These included greetings from George Hall and Dolly Dawn ("Lots of good luck and best wishes to a nice guy"), Woody Herman ("To Martin Block, the pioneer, for whose help we shall be forever grateful"), the Andrews Sisters ("Three Chips off Martin Block"), and Ray Kinney, of Ray Kinney and his Royal Hawaiians ("Makahiki hou, Martin"). Semiannually, Block appeals to his listeners to mail him a list of their favorite bands. This poll is as closely followed by bandleaders as the Gallup Poll is by Presidential candidates. Glenn Miller won the latest poll, and Harry James was second. More than three hundred thousand ballots were cast.



Block spends a good deal of his leisure time with bandleaders, generally at Reuben's or the Cub Room of the Stork Club. He is inclined to wear loud Countess Mara ties and twenty-dollar silk shirts from Saks-Fifth Avenue. For several years he has had ulcers, an occupational ailment. He is often visited in his office by autograph seekers, usually young girls in bobby socks. As one recent delegation handed him their autograph books, one of them began to scream and fell to the floor. A minute later she was back on her feet, clutching some tiny pieces of dried grass that had slipped from her book. "From Frank Sinatra's lawn," she said. "We picked it Sunday afternoon." Block was divorced in 1939, and his wife got the custody of the two children. He and the second Mrs. Block and their one child live in a triplex apartment on East Fifty-seventh Street, equipped with an onyx bar and a television set, which is in the dining room.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Harry STOCKWELL Evelyn WYCKOFF
ST. JAMES. Air-Conditioned. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
46th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE HIT ICE SHOW OF THE CENTURY."
—Garland, Journal-American
75¢ $1.25 & $1.65 Plus Tax
Sat. Nights Only 75c-$2.40 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
HATS OFF TO ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Eves. 8:40: Sun. 8:15. No Monday Performance
Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat. 2:40; Sun. 3. Mail Orders Filled

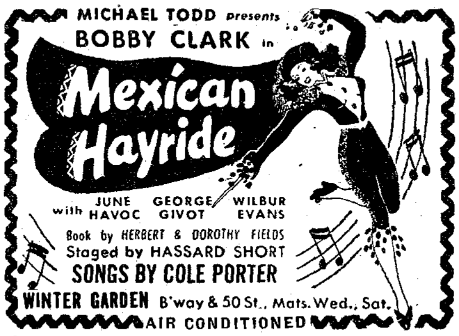
"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with MARY PHILIPS • SIDNEY BLACKMER
AIR CONDITIONED—PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45th St.
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
AIR-COND. BROADHURST THEA. West 44th Street • Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 34


MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St., Mats. Wed., Sat.
AIR CONDITIONED

MOTION PICTURES

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN 50 YEARS OF MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
WILSON
TECHNICOLOR
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY LAMAR TROTTI
20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
World Premiere
ROXY
TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1st
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES DAILY, THEREAFTER

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
M-G-M's Production
"DRAGON SEED"
KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON • ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF • TURHAN BEY
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

An Old World Spot off 5th Ave.
Cortile
37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
(Opposite Stern's)
Dinner from 75c
Luncheon from 50c
Cocktail Bar
AIR-CONDITIONED

REFRESHING SEA FOOD SALADS Served at
The King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
FAMOUS SEA FOOD HOUSE
On 3rd Ave. Bet. 53rd-54th Sts.
Tel. EL. 5-9309
OCEAN-FRESH SEA FOOD PREPARED TO ORDER

"The place is genuine Louis Sixteenth," Block often says. Mrs. Block, a slim, pretty blonde who was secretary to the manager of WNEW, is mildly exasperated by her husband's habit of turning on the television set during supper. "For heaven's sake, Martin, put on the lights so we can see what we're eating," a recent dinner guest reports that she exclaimed. Block, who was absorbed in the adventures of four British soldiers deep in the Sahara, stared at his wife through the semi-darkness. "You know and I know," he said in a hurt tone, "that soon every home in the land, yes, every home in the land will enjoy the miracles of television—the mighty stream of world events passing before your eyes while you eat—in simple, inexpensive, and practical sets."

Block conducts the Make-Believe Ballroom in a long, narrow studio lined with records. In front of the glass partition that separates the studio from the control room is the nerve centre of the Ballroom—the two phonograph turntables, with a microphone between them. People in the studio may talk as loudly as they like during the program, since the microphone is turned on only while Block delivers his commercials, the recorded music being carried directly from the turntables to the control booth. Each session begins and ends with a theme song recorded by Glenn Miller, music by Harold Green, lyrics by Mickey Stoner and Martin Block. It goes:

It's Make-Believe Ballroom time.
Put all your cares away.
All the bands are here
To bring good cheer your way . . .
It's Make-Believe Ballroom time,
The hour of sweet romance,
Here's your Make-Believe Ballroom.
Come on, children, let's dance! Let's dance!

Block recently invited me to attend a morning broadcast of the Ballroom. I arrived while he was delivering a commercial in his shirtsleeves. "If mornings are hectic," he was murmuring, "turn to Grennan Banana Flips! Ready-wrapped, individual sponge cakes—they're perfect for lunchbox desserts. Only five cents each for Grennan Banana Flips. . . . You know, folks, last night Frank Sinatra came back from the Coast and the first thing, he went to see his little baby. Well, appropriately enough, ha-ha-ha, he's going to sing 'I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night.' Come on now, Frank—on Stage Two." Block spun the record on the turntable to his left and sat down beside me, next to a metal table. He looked tired and unshaven. I could hear the music coming through a loudspeaker over the studio door. "Skill in running the phonograph," Block told me, "comes from giving the record a quarter-spin just before you play it. Then hold her till you're ready, let go, and the music starts right off." He plugged an electric razor into a wall socket and began to shave, meanwhile looking over a pile of mail that was lying on the table. One letter was from a soldier on the Normandy beachhead, who had written, "Play 'My Heart Tells Me,' Martin, and dedicate it to Miss Porter of Brooklyn. Is Sammy Kaye related to Kay Kyser? Has Freddy Martin ever played at the Paramount?" Another was a postcard signed "Pooie" and said, "Hey, Bubblehead: Why don't you stop shouting about vitamins and cold pills when you're always ailing yourself?" The studio door swung open and a girl walked in, took a record from one of the shelves, and started out.

"Hello, sunburned," said Block.

"Hello, beautiful," she called back.

"I think I want to hear Jimmy Dorsey next," Block said to me, taking a record from a shelf behind him and walking to the microphone. He put the record on a turntable and nodded to the engineer behind the partition, who nodded back.

"That was a real treat, Frank," Block said into the microphone, stopping the turntable with the Sinatra record. "Now, before we hear Jimmy Dorsey on Stage Three of our beautiful crystal ballroom, I just want to say there are lots of things you buy all over town and you know exactly what you want—like ladies buying vegetables and men buying clothes. But what about that once-in-a-lifetime purchase, a di-a-mond. Hmm? Suppose you go into a jewelry store and the fellow hands you a di-a-mond and then he gives you the little glass, why, friends, let's not kid ourselves, you don't even know how to put that glass in your eye. So you need a jeweller with a reputation. Finlay Straus. In business sixty-six years. Di-a-monds with no flaws, no cracks, no spots. O. K., Jimmy, let's hear 'Bésame Mucho.' "

He switched on the turntable, gave the Dorsey record a spin, and sat down beside me again. "My ulcer hurts," he said after a while. "Speaking of 'hello, beautiful,' like that girl did just now, reminds me of an early triumph, while I was still climbing the golden stairs. Face-cream account. One morning I was in a jocular mood and suddenly I just went to the microphone and said 'Hello, beautiful,' softlike and friendly, and do you know, that greeting swept the country? Gotta change a record," he said, picking another from the shelves and putting it on the empty turntable. "Imagination is what turns the trick. Why, we had an account here a while back that was loafing along with a vitamin, just loafing along, until I called it the 'natural vitamin.' There's a peg to hang your hat on! Once we had a shampoo that wasn't moving so well. 'What's in it?' I asked the advertising manager one day. 'Well, it's got ucuhuba oil,' he said to me. '*Ucuhuba oil!*' I said. 'You mean ucuhuba oil from South America? Why, I can sell *millions* of bottles of something with *ucuhuba* oil in it!'... Be back in a minute," he said, jumping to the microphone.

"Ladies," he said, "this morning I'm supposed to talk about Del Monte fruits and vegetables, but oh no, that's not what I'm going to talk about. I'm going to talk about Victory gardens to our friends in the country, people with a little plot out in back, a little brown earth all their own. I'll just bet all the commuter trains are buzzing these days with talk about Victory gardens. 'Cause there's a war on! So even though there's nothing in the world we'd rather do than supply you with Del Monte fruits and vegetables, we expect you to do your own canning this year. Get those Victory gardens going—and we'll win the war—and bring the boys back home—and then—once again—we'll be able to sell you Del Monte fruits and vegetables! ... And so, until this evening at five-thirty-five, when we will be back with more music by your favorite bands and songs by your favorite singers, this is Martin Block saying good morning to you and you," he said, getting into his jacket, "and especially to you!" Block switched on the theme song, signalled to me to follow him, and made for the door. "Talk about ucuhuba oil!" he said to me as we walked down the hall. "Well, sir, a couple of years ago we had a nosedrop on the Ballroom, and one smell of that little old bottle convinced me . . ."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Army and Navy Journal*]

DEWEY BACKS ARMY AND NAVY

SO THE ENEMY *IS* LISTENING!

The enemy is listening and he hears well.

So the enemy *is* listening!

Not even the "superman" of the "master" race can hear the gliders . . . the gliders that settle silently in the darkness . . . the gliders that land their tough, airborne infantrymen and weapons far behind the lines.

That's why the enemy stirs uneasily behind the walls of his beleaguered fortress . . . watching with a million eyes . . . listening with a million ears. But never knowing —never, until the walls are breached.

THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio, U.S.A.

WACO's wartime job is designing and building gliders for the Army Air Forces . . . and providing engineering supervision for the eleven other companies which are manufacturing gliders according to WACO plans and specifications. WACO's peacetime job, as in the past, will be building better planes for better flying.

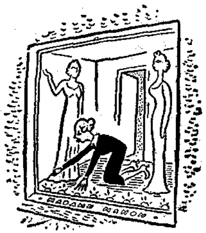
Waco

WACO AIRPLANES

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

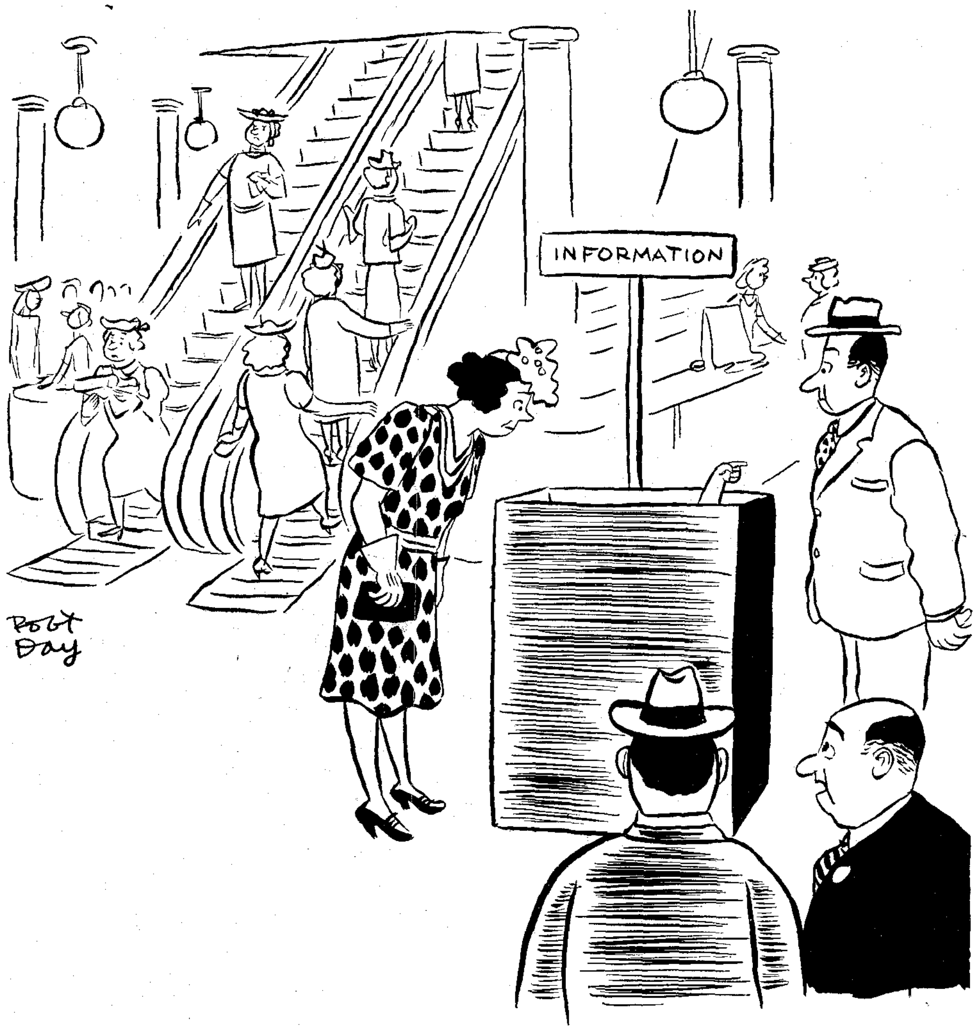


AFTER looking at the autumn custom-hat collections, I guess that it is my duty to report that I have seen some rather dreadful things. The impression I got was that the more radical millinery designers have found their inspiration among the formidable hat fashions of the early nineteen-hundreds. Among the results are flamboyant black velvet platters heaped with full-blown roses, and hats with such wide crowns that it is hard to tell where the crowns end and the brims begin. I might as well say that I hope these excesses are doomed to failure, for this seems scarcely the time for a splurge of lushness. Some of the hatmakers appear to feel the same way.

Lilly Daché, like most milliners, would be happier to see women wearing much more hat than they've been in the habit of doing lately, but she isn't insistent about it; she gives you your choice of the same hat in three sizes. For instance, her black felt Napoleonic affairs range from the whittled down to the boldly stupendous. Her towering gray felts, pinched in with grosgrain lacings, are called berets, for no good reason, and are fine with suits. She has always liked height, as you may remember. Her newest turbans are charmers, particularly the ones of changeable taffeta with a spanking chou placed at one side and spreading out like a fan. Mme. D. hopes that you will wear all of these tilted far to port. For more down-to-earth ladies, she has smaller gray felt hats, which seem to be a cross between a sailor and a cloche, with brown grosgrain tied casually around the crown. I love them. Whether they're tailored or frivolous, almost all these hats have detachable tulle veils—a misty and flattering trick that makes one feel as fascinating as a cover girl. For evening, Daché's enthusiasm runs to discs topped by layers and layers of black tulle ruffles. They are supposed to be worn perched on the forehead. I think they'll look as right in January as they do in July.

Sally Victor's new collection is as breezy and youthful as ever, even if an added inch or two of hat does creep in here and there. Her latest brain child, a silhouette called the Brazilian Bulge, is a honey in spite of its name. It has roundness and substance, but not to excess. I especially liked it as a tangerine, felt-draped turban and as a dashing pea-green off-the-face number with iridescent coq feathers poised against its fat, curving brim. There is even a small black satin evening version, with a veil swathing the crown to supply its only decoration. This sample is so restrained, in fact, that you could wear it any time after noon. Another artful performance, labelled Double Talk, is a two-in-one idea, as its name is supposed to tell you. It starts off with a gray crocheted baby cap, which shows the hairline. This is to be worn by itself or topped with a small or large Kelly-green Breton, which may also be worn by itself. Practically triple talk, if you want to know what *I* think. The Double Talk cap, which may have a strap under the chin if anyone feels that babyish, would be perfect with a fur coat. Warm, too. One version, an impertinent rose wool jersey cap, trimmed with bright wool embroidery and beads, is accompanied by a tiny matching peaked beret. The effect is giddy rather than razzle-dazzle. Still another example, a purple suède jersey snood, comes with a little round hat, which looks something like a man's felt hat with the brim cut way down but is made of gaudily striped upholstery fabric. All these may sound weird, but I have an idea that you're going to like them.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's hats are just about top-notch in workmanship and design. Among them are sailors, with small and straight or wide and curled-up brims, that look like a brand-new stunt because they have more crown than you have been used to seeing. They are usually in felt or velours, and almost all of them sport barnyard feathers of some kind—fat, fluffy pompons or tailored sprays bursting out at



"And the hell of it is, we're even going to lose her as soon as school starts."

one side. None of these are for timid women. Another B. G. pet is a mushroom business with feather curlicues encircling its oversize crown. This was inspired by Elsie Dinsmore, they tell me, but don't let prejudice affect you if you find the hat becoming. Women with small, heart-shaped faces, who dare not try more than a mere smitch of a hat, will like Bergdorf's modified fezzes, which are banded with velvet ribbon and bows. And just about everyone is sure to take to what the shop calls a gnome cap—actually a wool jersey stocking cap with the longest end you ever saw. You wrap this end around your head and throat and get a combination turban and scarf. Somehow, it doesn't suggest Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs at all. Really it doesn't.

Bendel is paying no attention to the present inclination toward bulkiness in hats, certain, apparently, that the notion will blow away no later than the next equinoctial storm. This place prefers featherweight turbans (a rare treat these days) made of black satin with openwork crowns for late summer and fall. For women who do not mind looking their age (whoever *they* are), there are black velvet boat-shaped affairs whose narrow sides are caught up with old-blue velvet bows. Those who feel that sweeping brims add to woman's

TO OUR READERS

The New Yorker is now accepting subscriptions for its Overseas Edition, which the Army and Navy have recently been distributing in limited quantities to men in the services. The Overseas Edition is printed on lightweight paper and is a miniature of the regular edition, the page size being reduced to about six by nine inches and the number of pages to twenty-eight. It contains most of the text and pictures of the regular edition but no advertisements. It is sent by first-class mail. A subscription may be entered for anyone with an Army Post Office or Fleet Post Office address. Subscriptions cannot be accepted for addresses within the United States or for prisoners of war. The rate is $4 a year. The Overseas Edition may be sent to men in the armed forces of the other Allied Nations for $5 a year. If a subscription is discontinued, _The New Yorker_ will make a refund for the unexpired portion. A subscriber who returns to this country may either take this refund or, paper supply permitting, switch to the regular edition.

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 43rd Street
New York 18, N. Y.

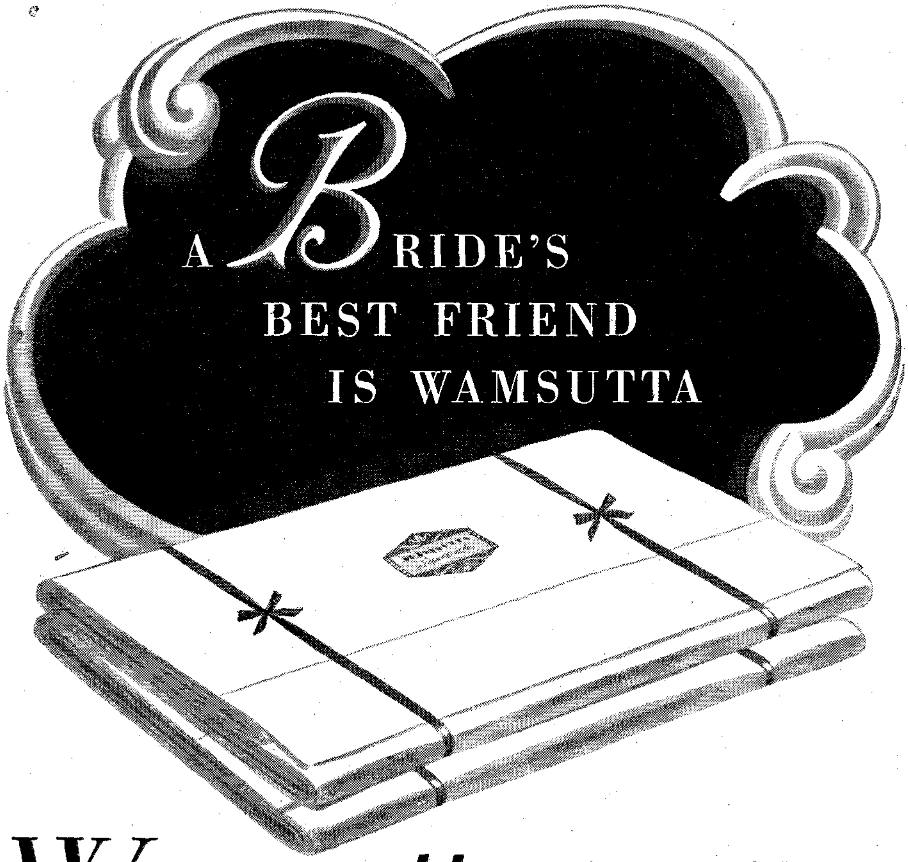
MAN'S GOLD WRIST WATCH	$145.
GOLD LINK BRACELET	120.
GOLD, AMETHYST AND RUBY EARRINGS	201.
GOLD SLEEVE LINKS	35.75

PRICES INCLUDE 20% FEDERAL TAX

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK



Wamsutta SUPERCALE* SHEETS
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Somerset Towels • Springfield Blankets

charm should like Bendel's black felt sailors with blue ostrich fronds spaced around slender crowns. Anyway, they delighted me.

Reine, of 4 East 57th Street, and something of a newcomer, is a firm believer in small hats, despite the fact that, at the moment, she's using more trimming than she customarily does. All her hats are to be worn far forward, Continental fashion. Even her fedoras are impressive, and one of them, a black suède-finished felt with gold tissue and green ribbon twisted around its crown, could be worn out to dinner anywhere. Reine has a nice eye for color. A black felt hat, for example, has its miniature crown cuffed with orange, orchid, and turquoise ribbon. A pert black sailor has light- and deep-turquoise ostrich tips and two shades of cyclamen satin building up its lowish crown. Nice. For evenings when you want to look your loveliest, she provides open-crown chéchias banked with ostrich in beige, gold, bronze, and chartreuse—regular Indian-summer colors.

WALTER FLORELL's current experiments run to height and dignity. Among his inventions are a golden-brown boat-shaped suit hat, which looks twice its size because a propeller-shaped bow emerges from its front, and a saucy cinnamon-brown peaked bonnet, which also looks enormous because of a Mediterranean-blue chou just above the forehead. Romanticists should admire a pale-blue felt number, decked with gray flowers, dubbed chinchilla roses, across its wide, thick brim. This is decidedly 1903, but it's pretty rather than cluttery and is not meant for hoydens. Florell has a knack for combining stateliness and softness. In place of fur, he resurrects marabou, and removes any suggestion of the boudoir by dyeing it in what he calls dark, fur colors. I liked a black felt tricorne, outlined with matching marabou, and a brown Breton lavishly massed with fluff. There are marabou muffs, too. The shop is at 29 East 53rd Street.

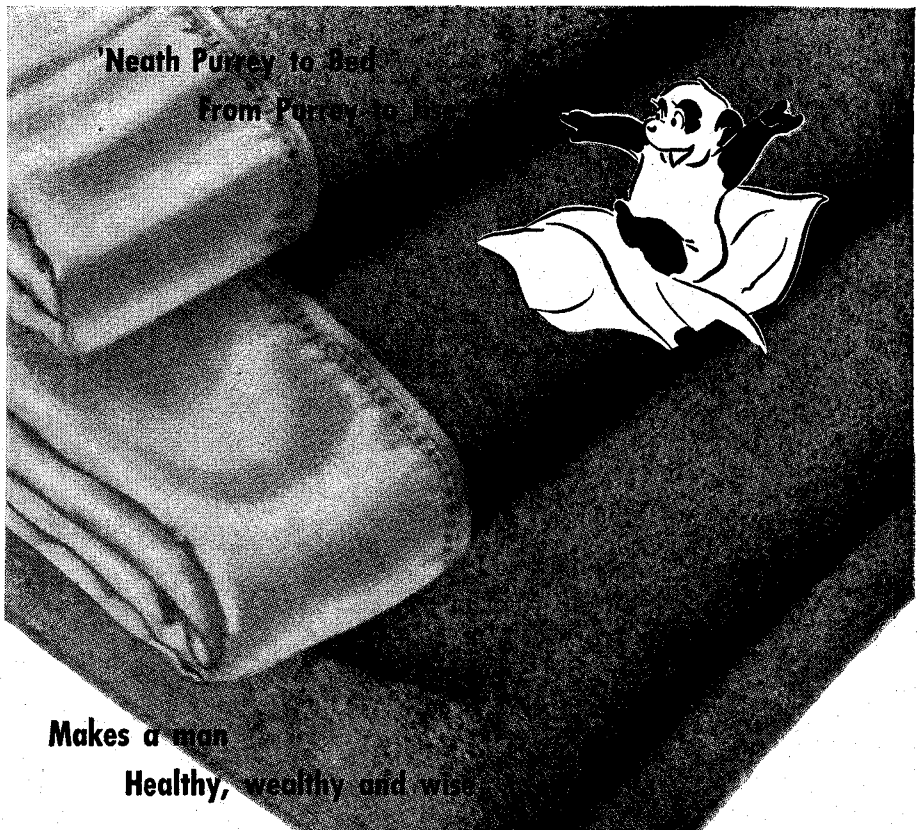
And now, if you don't mind, I think I'll sit where it's cool for a moment.

—M. M.

•

HOLLYWOOD—(AP)—SCREEN ACTRESS RITA HAYWORTH AND HER HUSBAND, ORSON WELLES, FOR WHOM ACTING IS ONLY ONE OF MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS, ARE EXPECTING A CHILD IN NOVEMBER, HER STUDIO ANNOUNCED.—*A.P. dispatch received by a Boston paper.*

An amazing fellow, Welles. Turn his hand to anything.



As the adage says, you—and all your family—will relish the extra vitality that comes from sounder sleep under Purrey. These modern rayon blankets are both warmer and lighter—science proves they hold in more heat than many blankets costing up to even twice as much. This is due to their patented construction—88% Purrey Rayon, wool 12%. Purreys are treated to prevent moth damage, too.

Buy War Bonds Today and save for tomorrow when you can have the perfect sleep combination (Purrey Blankets and Indian Maiden **Combed** Percale Sheets) on every bed in your home. Should you have to renew worn out covers, or need to make an important gift, choose Purreys. You may even be lucky enough to find them in the popular 90-inch extra tuck-in length (7½ feet).

ARMY E NAVY

Awarded to the Men and Women of all our Mills for Excellence in War Production.

Nashua Mfg. Co., 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

PURREY
by **Nashua**
$6.45 SIZE 6x7½ FT.

Regular 72x84 size $5.95.
80x90 double bed oversize $7.45.
All prices slightly higher in West.

Though some stores may have a few of the 90" length, Government regulations permit manufacture, since May 17, 1943, of only the 72x84 at $5.95.

Nashua

INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS
INDIAN HEAD CLOTH • VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS

Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Patent No. 2,208,533

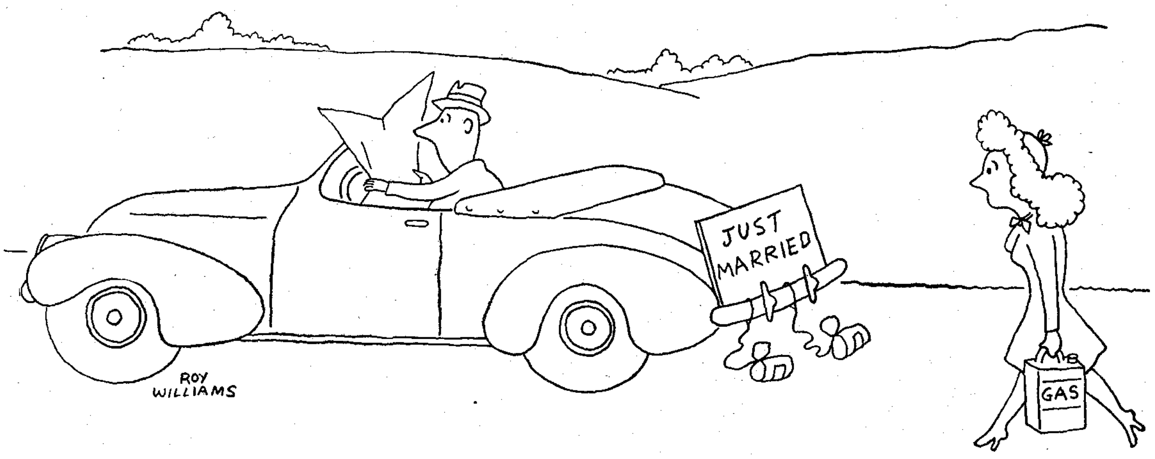
LETTER FROM FRANCE

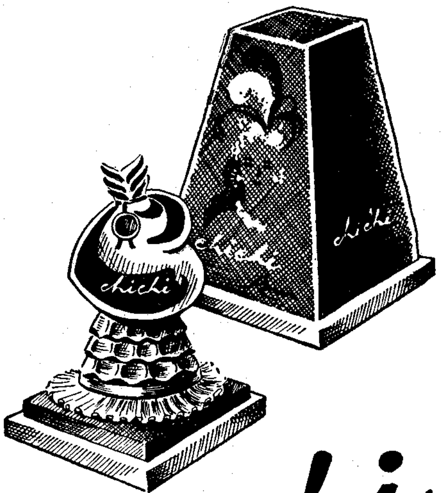
JULY 20 (BY WIRELESS)

THE contrast which existed in the first World War between the front and behind the lines has returned with the present Allied campaign in Normandy. Staff officers drive toward the front along roads upon which the shadow of a strafing plane never falls and, leaving it, return to an area in which traffic and sanitation are as well organized as in Westchester. Nobody worries about the possibility of a flanking movement or a breakthrough by the enemy because our flanks rest on the sea and the enemy has shown no signs of having real striking power. Even within a couple of miles of the front there is only slight danger, because the Germans have disclosed little artillery. The arrival of a shell on a road near a command post is something to talk about for the next three days. The last few hundred yards make all the difference; the fighting is a nasty business in which hedgerows, drainage ditches, and apple trees have assumed the same lethal associations as Tunisian *djebels*. This struggle for orchards and pastures is disheartening because it is so repetitious. There is, as Army men say, no observation in this country, which means that you can't see an enemy position until you have taken the one in front of it. Even then you don't know that it really is an enemy position until a machine gun opens fire on you from a hedge or a mortar in the next field ahead starts dropping stuff in the one you have just taken. It is not safe to assume that any corner of any field you are attacking is undefended. The property sense of the Norman is so strong that no bit of useful land is without its surrounding hedge and ditch. The Germans dig in behind the hedges like moles—moles with excellent eyesight—and the pattern of the fields frequently gives them a fine opportunity for crossfire, which happens to be one of their specialties. The business of rooting them out of these fields is both dangerous and tedious, and it is one phase of war in which airpower is of almost no help, because foliage conceals the defenders from strafing planes and because bombing entire fields on speculation is likely to pay extremely small dividends in dead Germans. Our artillery is useful in inducing machine gunners to keep their heads down, but foot soldiers have to make the actual kills.

After each few days of this hedgerow fighting, one of our divisions comes to a small town, which it takes. The towns, except for their names, are as much alike as the orchards: always the main street that is merely a stretch of the motor highway; the austere gray stone church that had survived eight centuries and then been shattered the week before; the trepanned, amputated houses with glassless windows; and, if there is one café still ungutted, the sign upon it that says "Off limits to military personnel." A unit takes a mild pride in the catalogue of the towns it has captured—such as St. Jean de Daye, known to the troops as Saint John D Day, and La Haye du Puits, called Hooey da Pooey—but that's about all. There are usually several dead Germans in the buildings of these towns, snipers left behind by their retreating comrades and killed by incoming Americans. Our soldiers, preoccupied with the possibility of surviving snipers and with the mortar fire that the enemy is sure to drop back into any town he has abandoned, hurry past the bodies with only perfunctory interest. There is more affinity between a wax dummy and a corpse than between a corpse and a live man. Some of the corpses wear fairly good gray-green uniforms, and others wear nondescript rags. The most impressive corpses seldom come from the best regiments; the most effective German troops here are the starveling adolescents of the new Nazi formations. Older, more fully developed men give up sooner. The Russians, Georgians, and Poles who were starved into enlisting in German coastal regiments are naturally the easiest game of all. Unfortunately, we have liquidated most of these "static" troops and are now meeting a higher percentage of Germans. For all their stubbornness in defense, the Germans have not been making any counterattacks in force. This has led to a certain optimism, particularly in the zone beginning a thousand yards to the rear of the line. Some officers are saying that the situation reminds them of Tunisia late in April, 1943, when the Germans, though still hanging on to good defensive positions, were about to collapse rather suddenly.

Many peasants remain in their homes in the battle areas, despite the efforts of both Germans and Americans to move them out. The Germans have been trying to evacuate people and their livestock before them as they retreat, but the peasants hide themselves and their beasts. When American troops start fighting around their farmhouses, our Civil Affairs officers attempt to get the peasants to move back of our lines, for their own protection, but they usually say that they won't go unless they can take their cattle with them, and since they can't take their pasture along with the cattle this is not practical. A crop farmer can leave his land for a time and find it there when he comes back, but herds will stray or starve or sicken or wander into machine-gun fire if left to themselves, and the Normans stick to their cows. Near St. Lô, a refugee camp has been established for people whose homes have been destroyed. It is an unusual refugee camp, because it does not receive any supplies from the Army; the French authorities provide the food and the farmers of the district donate clothing and furniture. The refugees have organized themselves into a self-governing community and have succeeded in making themselves more comfortable than the American soldiers of the local Civil Affairs detachment, who are now taking French lessons from the refugee children. Almost every family has deaths to mourn, but the tragic aspect of the situation is naturally not comprehended by the children, who consider the affair a sort of large-scale picnic and





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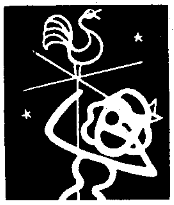

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are not disturbed by the racket of the American medium artillery immediately behind their temporary home. The subway-train noise the shells make as they go over the children's heads merely provokes them to imitative whistles. Very old people are similarly unmoved by the war. A well-to-do farmer's widow, crippled with rheumatism, and her *bonne* were the only inhabitants left in the village of St. André de L'Epine after two days of heavy fighting. When our Civil Affairs detachment got there, it evacuated them in an ambulance. The mistress was seventy-seven and the maid seventy-two, and the thing that had made the greatest impression on them was the fact that they hadn't been able to get any milk or vegetables for several days and had had to eat their pet rabbit. Their house had been badly damaged and every other one in the village had been flattened.

THE Fourteenth of July apparently found everybody in the liberated zone happy. Tricolors that had not seen the light since the Pétain armistice fluttered over houses and draped window sills everywhere, usually along with homemade American flags and often with signs saying "Vive l'Amérique" or "Merci à Nos Libérateurs." The understanding recently reached between de Gaulle and the United States Government seemed to have removed the last suspicion entertained by the French, and the crowds that gathered for the ceremonies in front of the *mairies* were unaffectedly joyous. As one thick-waisted old farmer, an ex-cuirassier, said, "An armored formation has cut up my best pasture, a promising heifer has gone up with a mine, and a bomb has removed most of the tiles from the roof of my house, but, *Monsieur*, I assure you, I was never so happy in my life." And Mme. R., the proprietress of a fine farm near Isigny, said, as she put on her red-white-and-blue rosette (an extra-large one), "Last year I wore a blue dress, my daughter a white one, and my daughter-in-law a red one, and we walked down the street arm in arm, because it was forbidden to wear the tricolor. Now it is different." However, it would be a mistake to assume, because things have gone so smoothly in the part of France liberated up to now, that there will be no serious problems, especially of relief, in *départements* which are either less self-sufficient or which the Germans have had more time to loot. It is also too soon to be able to say that in the big cities the change of regime will be effected with as little violence as it has in the essentially reasonable, rural Normandy. Still, there is every justification for being satisfied with the way things have gone so far.

There was one ceremony on Bastille Day that had not been foreseen—the burial of Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, who had died of a heart attack after surviving more front-line perils than any other general officer in this theatre of operations. Nearly all of Roosevelt's scrapes were of his own seeking; he was as nearly fearless as it is given to man to be. The name "Rough Rider," in white letters on his jeep, was a familiar sight just behind the lines in four campaigns of this war. It had been painted out by the time of the funeral and the vehicle had been returned to the motor pool and anonymity, and there was no other charger to lead behind the scout car that carried this flamboyant little man's body to the grave, but nothing else was missing from the solemnities. The man who used to tell his friends in New York how as a small boy he had put on the shoes of his father, the former President, and walked ecstatically about his bedroom at Sagamore Hill was never a sufficiently acute politician to fill them, but he found his métier in 1940, when he took up his reserve commission in the Army. Old Teddy was a dilettante soldier and a first-class politician; his son was a dilettante politician and a first-class soldier. After serving with the First Division in Africa and Sicily and with the French in Italy, he was assigned to a new unit, as assistant division commander, a couple of months before D Day. It was the Fourth Division, which had never fought before, and, by his own example, he gave it much of the lift that took it across the beaches and all the way to Cherbourg. It is no longer a run-of-the-mill division but one of the best in the Army, and his death has endowed it with a tradition. In the circumstances, it was easy to condone his indiscriminate passion for reciting poems, which he rolled out with the large facility of a juke box full of quarters. He was a man you had to see fight to believe in.

THE taking of St. Lô was the climax of the hedgerow phase of our campaign. St. Lô, at the juncture of several major highways, is a larger version of the rural crossroads that are the prizes of smaller operations. The correspondents, going out every day in jeeps to the St. Lô sector of the front, got to know every turning in the lanes, bordered by the omnipresent hedges, that led to the suburbs where the final attack was to be made. Troops fanned out from these lanes to fight their way through the fields. Each day it was possible for vehicles to get past one or two more turnings in the lanes; one remembered these new turnings by the burned-out halftracks or by groups of dead cows. The jeeps that carried the correspondents breasted a seemingly regular stream of other jeeps with litters, each bearing two seriously wounded men, strapped to their hoods. The stream was regular because the casualties in this sort of war, though they vary from field to field, don't vary from day to day. You lose a few more men in one hedge-fenced pasture and one or two less in another; there is never a spate of casualties, but the stream never dries up, either. There were about as many German as American wounded on the litters, but we seemed to see many more German than American dead on the ground, probably because we were advancing over terrain that had been hammered by American artillery, whereas the enemy had employed comparatively little artillery. We also got to know every sizable gap in the ragged seven- to ten-foot-high hedges along the lanes, for the gaps enabled enemy snipers and mortar crews to see and to shoot accurately. A rapidly moving jeep raised a cloud of dust that might bring down mortar fire even where there was no gap; a jeep creeping at the ten miles an hour that is prescribed in the area seemed to the occupants to be minutes getting past each gap. When, by the evening of July 18th, the Americans had fought themselves out of the turnings and hedgerows, they rushed into the town of St. Lô with all the joy of a band of claustrophobes released from a maze.

The Germans, as expected, broke out what artillery they had and bombarded St. Lô as soon as our troops came in, and our tired infantrymen, lying face down in the streets at the foot of the buildings, realized that life is just a succession of frying pans and fires. The correspondents, flat on their faces like the rest, wondered whether the Pulitzer Prize was worth all this trouble. They were further depressed by the magnificent aplomb of the brigadier general who walked erect down the centre of the street, directing troop movements with a cane. When a sniper's bullet went through his right arm, he transferred the cane to his left hand. That gesture will be hard for us to match in our autobiographies.
—A. J. Liebling

Henry!
What are you doing at Niagara Falls?
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THE QUARTER POOL

THE line in front of the mess hall was the longest I had ever seen it. Sergeant McKee and I fell in at the end, in back of a Regular Army man whose name was Hayes. Soon a dozen more men, their hot fatigues marked with airplane grease, were behind us. The line shuffled forward, some of the men reading mail they had picked up at the orderly rooms and one group laughing down a corporal who was repeating a rumor about an overseas shipping list being made up in Personnel.

McKee pulled his fatigue hat down against the Texas sun. "Lieutenant told me to be back in half an hour," he said. "Why, hell, we'll be a half hour sweating this line."

I told him I thought we'd get through the line in fifteen minutes.

"Not going like this," Hayes said. "We haven't moved thirty feet. Forty minutes is closer."

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" McKee exclaimed, grabbing my shoulder. "We'll get up a pool, a quarter pool!" He looked at his wrist watch. "It's eleven-ten. We'll guess what time it is when we get to the end of the line. A quarter."

Hayes looked around, then remarked with a tired expression, "You blowing your top?"

"Who wants to get in?" McKee said, taking a pencil and a laundry slip from his pocket.

Corporal Gann, a big, cotton-haired boy who was three places ahead of Hayes in the line, drawled, "You'll have to make it what time a certain one of us reaches the end of the line, won't you?"

"All right," McKee said, nodding. "We'll make you the one. Hear that, everybody? We'll make it the time Gann picks up his drink at the end of the line. O.K.?"

A few of the men reached into their pockets and Gann passed a quarter back to McKee, saying, "Put me down for eleven forty-five."

I guessed eleven thirty-five. One by one, eight others handed over their money and McKee wrote their names and the times they chose on the back of the laundry slip. He looked down the line and called out, "Anybody else?"

It was then that he noticed Corporal Harris, the second man behind him. Harris was, by Army standards, a middle-aged man; his shoulders sloped, for all his careful effort to stand erect, and deep lines creased his neck. His thick, silver-rimmed glasses were trained on a letter; his head was bobbing in concentration.

"Hey, Pop," McKee shouted, "how about it?"

Harris's head shot up and he blinked. "How about what?"

A roar of laughter went up and two or three of the men yelled, "Get on the beam, Pop!"

McKee explained how the pool worked, speaking loudly and with exaggerated slowness. Harris fumbled in his pocket and held out a quarter. "Certainly, Sergeant," he said, "I'll make a bet."

"What time do you want?" McKee asked.

Harris's face grew red. "What time for what?" he stammered.

By this time everyone in the line knew what was going on and was laughing.

"Wake up, Pop! The war's over; we can all go home!" someone yelled.

McKee repeated his explanation and Harris chose eleven fifty-five. McKee marked the time and shook his head in wonderment. "That's one I can't figure out," he said to me. "A guy like that, and he passed the bar examination for lawyer."

AS we neared the mess hall, McKee announced the time every two minutes. When we were inside, picking up our trays and silver, it was eleven-forty and most of the men, having guessed earlier times, had been eliminated. McKee studied the list and announced that it looked as if Gann would be the winner.

Gann would have won, too, if the meat hadn't run out. When the K.P. carried the pan back into the kitchen, the waiting men whistled and banged their silver on the metal rail along the counter. The news about the pool had reached everyone in the mess hall and a half dozen voices shouted, "Mac, who's it look like now?"

"Pop's probably got it," McKee answered. "He has eleven-fifty-five and it's eleven-fifty. Hayes is still left, but he's too high with twelve-ten." Harris flushed and the man behind him pounded him on the shoulder.

"How about lending me two bucks, Pop?" somebody called from one of the tables.

The K.P. brought back the pan filled with meat, and the line began moving again. We had filed past the vegetables and the bread and the celery, and I was holding out my tray for dessert when one of the men in front shouted, "Hey, no more iced tea! They've run out of drinks!"

Gann asked a K.P., "No more iced tea in the kitchen?"

"Nope," the K.P. said. "Here are the cups if you want to get water."

Gann started laughing. "No pool, then!" he shouted. "It was supposed to be the time when I picked up my drink! No pool, no pool!"

It was taken up along the line. "No pool, no pool! Too bad, Pop!"

"I don't win, then?" Harris said, staring up and down the line, his eyes wide.

"Of course you don't win!" the man behind him said. "Nobody wins! There aren't any drinks! That's rough, Pop, mighty rough!"

When we reached the empty iced-tea can at the end of the counter, McKee turned and waited until Harris got up to him. He held out the money and grinned. "Here you are, Pop," he said. "Don't spend it all in Carrie's place."

Harris's mouth dropped open. "But—but I didn't win," he said, his eyes straining through his thick glasses. "We guessed what time it would be when Gann picked up his drink and there weren't any drinks. The pool is called off. Everyone should get his money back." McKee laid the bills and silver on Harris's tray and walked away. Harris took two quick steps after him. "You heard what the fellows said," he insisted. "The pool is called off. Everyone gets his twenty-five cents back."

McKee whistled softly through his teeth and turned around. "They were kidding you, Harris," he said. "Don't you know when you're being kidded?"

Gann looked back over his shoulder and said quietly, "Sure, Harris, it's your money. You won. It was just a gag, what we said."

We sat down at a table, Harris staring at the money on his tray. "I don't feel right about taking this," he said. He looked around, but we all went on cutting our meat. "Fellows, do you know what I'm going to do with this money? I'm going to give it to the Red Cross."

"Oh, for God's—" Hayes began, and then stopped.

A staff sergeant turned quickly to the man next to him. "When the hell are you guys going to get off your butts," he said, "and pull that inspection on five zero eight?"

Harris leaned forward and looked down the table. "I'll be in headquarters this afternoon, Mac!" he called loudly, the lines in his gray face deep and anxious. "I'm going to stop in at the Red Cross office and give them the money!"

Nobody glanced up. Everyone was looking at Sergeant Bowman, whose wallet, opened to a photograph in a transparent pocket, was being passed from hand to hand. "Her name was Rosa," Bowman said, his teeth even and white as he grinned. "Hell, for a half buck they'll pose any way you want them to."

—Sgt. Edgar Cole

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!
(DAILY EXCEPT SAT. AND SUN.)

Unruly sun,
Why do you shine invariably from Mon.
Through Fri.?
Oh, *why* do your celestial rays
Choose these unholy days to bring me intimations
Of Merrick, Montauk, and the intermediate stations?
Old fool, where are you when my work is done,
On Sat. and Sun.?
Daily,
While the gentlefolk recline
On the Beach of Bailey,
You shine.
But Sundays, when *I* would lie prone, and bask with my fellow-drones,
On the Beach of Jones,
Why, then the heavens are dun.
    Haven't you heard? This is the day of the Common Man.
    Would you deny us all our Common Tan,
Sun?
All week you smile upon Southampton sand.
All week *we* toil, and when our work is through
The voice of Weather 6-1212
Proclaims increasing clouds throughout the land.

—Nina Bourne

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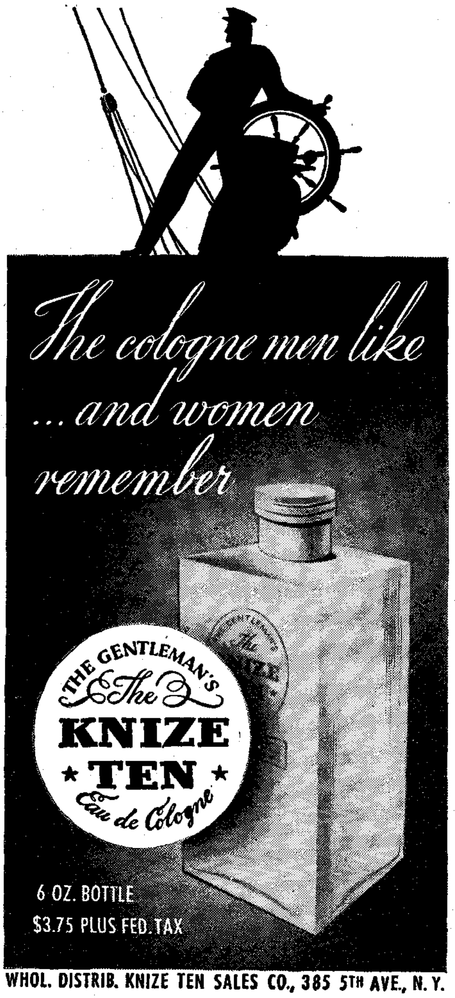

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Assorted Epics

IN "Dragon Seed," a lot of Hollywood actors are draped in the costumes of Chinese farmers and villagers, licked over lightly with just enough "Chinese" makeup to render them pretty silly to the eye, and asked to reproduce the lives, thoughts, and experiences of a people absolutely unknown to them, in a land absolutely unknown to them, under circumstances—such as murder, rapine, and starvation—which I judge offhand to be unknown to most of them. All they have to go on is a book by a lady (Pearl Buck) who once lived in China and the very subdued example of some Oriental extras. In "Since You Went Away," another expensive Hollywood cast is mustered for what would seem to be technically a much easier job of make-believe; a kick in the pants, in fact, by comparison. Here the performers wear the clothes of this day and moment. They do and say things which the people in their audiences do and say. That, at least, is their sponsor's notion, and his general plan is to suggest through these normally clad if costly operatives the spirit and character of the American home front in wartime—life around us here and now. By these specifications, "Dragon Seed" should be a charade and "Since You Went Away" a human, living, breathing document. The results, as you have probably guessed from my buildup, are more or less the reverse.

CINEMA
SUSAN

There's no gainsaying that the kitchen-theatricals aspect of "Dragon Seed" gets in the way of the picture. Walter Huston has a goatee, Katharine Hepburn wears her eyes at a slight slant, Aline MacMahon appears to have been dipped in a mild solution of leg tan, and their confederates are Sino-ized in the same hasty way. Then, all hands are directed to counterfeit the quality of Chinese speech by talking stilted English, with "do not" replacing "don't" throughout. Each does this in his or her own special brogue, ranging from Akim Tamiroff's Russian to Miss Hepburn's mixed Atlantic seaboard. But the players are never self-conscious under these burdens, and gradually their steady faith in the illusion, their quiet acceptance of the terms, produces the state of mind in a spectator which Elizabethan audiences achieved regularly in the face of bare stages, biting draughts, and boys impersonating women. Mr. Huston and Miss MacMahon, as the patriarch Ling Tan and his wife, are especially single-minded and convincing. Miss Hepburn remains more Hepburn than southeastern Chinese, but that detracts in no way from her attention to duty, and her rôle, an insubordinate young wife who leads her own life and kills her own Japanese, is rather tailor-made anyway. Her major scene, wherein she dispatches quantities of Japs by poisoning the gravy at a roast-duck orgy, has a Hitchcock touch which makes it somewhat incongruous. I won't say it couldn't happen, though, and it's not bad Hitchcock at that.

Miss Buck's story told of the life of country people in one of the richer, more familiar parts of China just before and in the first years after the Japanese arrived. There are opportunities for violence and melodrama here which the producers, as in Miss Hepburn's poisoning scene, make the most of. There is also a chance to show the effect of such violence upon the minds of peaceful, philosophic citizens, and here Mr. Huston and Miss MacMahon, when they are not asked to be cosmic types, do fine work. Turhan Bey, as Miss Hepburn's puzzled husband, and Mr. Tamiroff, as a collaborationist, are competent ersatz Chinese. The landscape is more shrewdly made up than the actors, and photographed with skill. If the film ignores most of the political problems and social complexities of China today, we might remember that it is only in the past few weeks that Americans have been given much reason to think that Generalissimo and Madame Chiang are not the twin sweethearts of all China and that war pictures date very fast politically.

"SINCE YOU WENT AWAY" runs two hours and fifty-one minutes to "Dragon Seed" 's 2:25. Its creator, David O. Selznick, carved it down to this stature from something over four hours, possibly so as not to tarnish the memory of his own "Gone with the Wind." Mr. Selznick does not say that "Since You Went Away" is better than "Gone with the Wind." He merely asks his performers, including Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, and Jennifer Jones, to state in writing that "Since You Went Away" is the finest motion picture in which they have ever appeared. So they do that little thing, through the advertising department, and how they will reconcile it with their consciences is strictly up to them. Miss Colbert appeared in "It Happened One Night," Mr. Cotten in "Citizen Kane," Miss Temple in "Little Miss Marker," and Miss Jones in "The Song of Bernadette." It would be piling up statistics to report how many millions of dollars Mr. Selznick spent on the picture, and besides, I don't know. He saved money by writing the screen play himself, from an adaptation of Margaret Buell Wilder's book, and there I think he cut the budget too fine. A hired writer might have known where to dig for brighter platitudes. Three or four hired writers, pooling their stuff, might have emerged with one entirely fresh angle, to be inserted at the end of the first hour and twenty minutes, a chronological point at which many filmgoers begin from habit to button their vests or recage their feet and grope for the aisle.

Mr. Selznick means his tale to be moving and simple, along epic lines, but you do not express simplicity, or even plainness, by keeping your dialogue pedestrian and your situations devoid of surprise. It may be, of course, that the trouble with this story of the wife and children of a soldier serving overseas lies deeper than that. One genteel home in the Middle West is not the home front. No one, as a matter of fact, has yet packaged the home front in America successfully. Things are somewhat more complicated among us than in places behind the enemy lines. Mr. Selznick has picked himself one nice, wishful post-card version of the home front and overtrimmed it. At a wild guess—there is nothing in the screen acknowledgments to bear it out—I'd say that Mr. Selznick saw "Mrs. Miniver" at some time or other. His picture asks you to cry in much the same places, and if you comply at all with this wish, the cast will be responsible. In view of what its members said in Mr. Selznick's advertisements, they have probably tried to square themselves with themselves.

BENNY FIELDS, a minstrel, is supposed to be playing himself in "Minstrel Man," but there never was a minstrel like that outside a book or film studio. Mr. Fields in real life is a much happier man, who goes to ball games.

—JOHN LARDNER

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FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
YES!
Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco
L.S./M.F.T.
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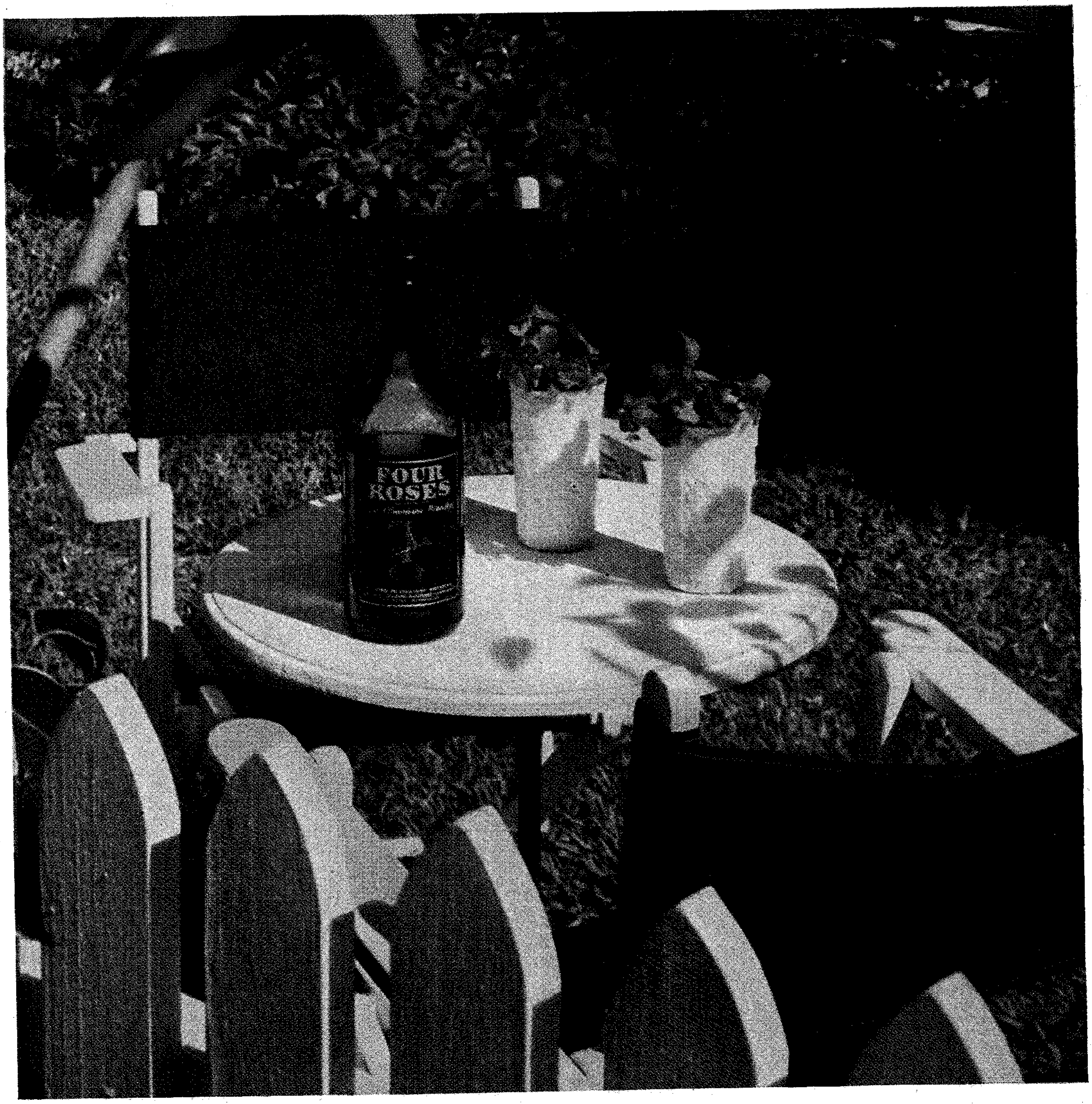

Why the grass is greener on the other side of the fence

THERE'S NO denying that the other side of *this* fence looks more inviting.

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Take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Just one thing more: Although Four Roses, as any Julep-lover will tell you, is *the* Julep whiskey, this superlative whiskey isn't so plentiful today as it was before the war. So, if you can't get Four Roses the first time you ask for it, please be patient and remember we're doing our best to allot the available supply so *everybody* will have a fair share.

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A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 23 (BY CABLE)

WHEN the first reports of the crisis in Germany started to filter through, people here seemed determined not to allow themselves to think how good the news might actually be. The feeling appeared to be that if Germany was starting to crack up behind the lines, it was fine, but that if she wasn't, there was no point in doing any premature cheering. Even the most skeptical Londoners, though, soon began to feel that howsoever things might turn out, they looked pretty good at the moment, and their spirits reacted smartly. There's still no extreme optimism and, as the doodlebugs rasp overhead, lots of citizens remark grimly that the Nazis in the Pas-de-Calais don't seem to know about the rumored disaffection. Germany's internal troubles, at any rate, are everybody's absorbing topic of conversation right now, even eclipsing Montgomery's eagerly awaited breakthrough in Normandy, an event which stirred up an enthusiasm that was temporarily checked by the gloomy discovery that bad weather isn't always on the English side of the Channel.

Londoners can't help paying a certain amount of respectful attention to the robot bombs, but the city appears to have settled down to its inconvenient new routine very calmly. As a matter of fact, it's something of a problem for the authorities to get people to abandon that calmness and to duck, when the occasion arises. The Ministry of Homes Security recently issued some hints to the citizens, telling them, among other things, not to feel sheepish, during a raid, about being the first to take precautions, since Londoners are apparently more frightened of appearing frightened than they are of the bombs. The fear of rising from your knees and finding that the man behind you is still nonchalantly upright and that the doodlebug has exploded two miles away is something only a few narrow escapes will cure. It's often difficult, anyway, to judge when the moment for taking precautions has arrived, for in the busier parts of town the noise of the street traffic blots out the noise of any traffic overhead. The other day a passenger in a taxi which, because a flying bomb went off nearby, executed several somersaults and came to rest upside down crawled out and gave the driver a talking-to for what he thought was simply careless driving. Bus drivers say that doodlebugs would practically have to land on their running boards before they could hear them when they're careening along during the rush hour. A newspaper cartoon recently showed one Londoner saying to another, "It's ridiculous to say that these flying bombs have affected people in the slightest," as they walk along a street on which every pedestrian in sight, including themselves, has sprouted an alert oversized ear.

DURING the past fortnight, lots of things have joggled back to at least an approximation of normal. In the first, unsettling week of the robot bombing, many plays closed, including the Lunts' production of "There Shall Be No Night," but most of the ten theatres still open report that receipts are looking up. All the big stores, factories, and offices now have their own roof spotters, to announce approaching danger, but they announce it in a variety of ways, and there will probably soon have to be some sort of standardization. Many spotters ring bells, but on one West End street the shops are warned by a thin, tooting noise that sounds like the horn of a French railway guard. At one railway station the usual tinkling bells are supplemented by a lady announcer who coos over the microphone, "Enemy raiders are overhead. You are advised to take cover," in the same emotionless accent she uses to impart the information that the ten-fifteen will leave from Platform 8. Everybody hopes that Mr. Morrison will soon come forward with the official method of warning he has promised, because now it's quite possible to stroll placidly along under the impression that three bells means "danger past" when, in the part of town you happen to be in, three bells means that danger is uncomfortably present and that it's no time for placid strolling.

An evacuation of children and mothers has been successfully in progress for the past two weeks. The already overtaxed railways have coped nobly with the job of removing two hundred thousand persons from the danger zone. Judging by their spirits at the railway stations, many of the children felt that fate was awarding them the summer holiday which the grownups had said they couldn't have this year. There was, apparently, rather less hilarity in some of the towns which received them, notably in the coastal districts, where landladies, since the tourist ban had just been removed, were hoping to wind up a disastrous season by filling their best front double bedrooms with something more profitable than London schoolchildren. On the other hand, there have been indignant protests from the many willing reception areas, whose inhabitants resent the press publicity which has unfairly linked them up with the reluctant few. Meanwhile, any kids left in town spend their nights in Anderson or Morrison shelters at home, in the tubes, or in one of the newly opened deep shelters which finally have been made available to the public. Priority for these last is given to families who have been blasted out or have no adequate shelter. A large number of Londoners prefer to hunt up the ear plugs and stay right in their own beds, acting on the philosophical theory that appointments in Samarra are kept, as often as not, by trying to dodge them. But the main thing which sustains everybody these tricky days is the belief that Montgomery's and Bradley's boys will soon have the Nazis moving so fast they won't be able to give much thought to setting up bomb-launching platforms.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Kay Kyser, one of America's foremost band leaders, and his beautiful bride, the lush torch singer Georgia Carroll, well known "cover girl" and former Powers model who has been singing with the band for the past year, were week end visitors at Del Monte lodge. Their marriage took place last week. They registered from Rocky Mount, N.C., which is evidently Mr. Kyser's home town.—*Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald.*

You better not go putting two and two together.

•

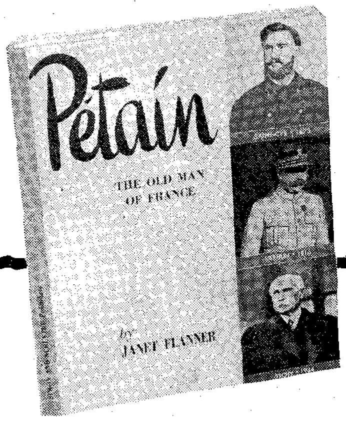
THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Senator Burton K. Wheeler in an interview with the Associated Press, December 3, 1943:

Expressing doubt that any Democrat could win the Presidency in 1944, Senator Wheeler, Democrat, of Montana, predicted today that President Roosevelt will not be a candidate for re-election next year regardless of the state of the war. "War or no war," Mr. Wheeler said in an interview, "a definite Republican trend has set in and the President will be able to sense this far more quickly than any of his advisors."

Drew Pearson, columnist and radio commentator, in a broadcast, August 28, 1943:

President Roosevelt will not run for a fourth term.



READERS OF THE NEW YORKER will recall Janet Flanner's recent four-part profile on Marshal Petain. This profile, in slightly expanded form, is now published complete in book form. It is called *Petain, the Old Man of France*. Appearing at a time when the France of Petain is very much in the eyes of the world, Miss Flanner's incisive portrait is a political document in the best pamphleteering tradition. It is, as well, a compact, miniature history of the Third French Republic, under which Petain spent all his life. That history strangely parallels the ignominies, paradoxes, and subtle ironies of the Marshal's unhappy career. Just published, paper-bound, $1.00

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OF ALL THINGS

THE air has been filled with rumors of revolt in Germany and the execution of many high officers. These reports are vague and discordant, but they fall like music on the human ear.

•

The reports of unrest in the Reich have caused some uneasiness in Wall Street. A number of financiers fear that we may be dragged into peace at any moment.

•

In this time of sorrow, the Germans are getting no sympathy from their eastern neighbors. On the contrary, the Russians are being offensive in eight different places and eighty different ways.

•

Citizens of Moscow are now indulging in some innocent relaxation after their lengthy ordeal. They recently enjoyed a parade featuring fifty-seven thousand supermen on their way to jail.

•

Herbert Brownell, Jr., Republican National Chairman, has upbraided Roosevelt for delivering his acceptance speech from a naval base on the West Coast. He seems to think that the President should stop making campfireside chats.

•

Though its position in the Baltic States is precarious, there is no indication that the German Army is being withdrawn. The Nazi soldier is supposed to stay at his post until called away by the Führer or the Grim Reaper.

•

Radio listeners found the latest Chicago convention louder and funnier than the G.O.P. one. The brash Democrats have an engaging way of broadcasting their family squabbles so that the whole nation can listen in.

•

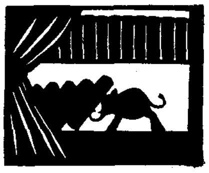
Esquire is still denied second-class mailing privileges on the ground that it has no educational value. The government forgets how much that magazine has done to encourage the study of human anatomy.

•

Truman's nomination is bound to cause some embarrassment to Republican newspapers. They have often spoken highly of the Missouri senator, never once dreaming that anything like this would happen. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

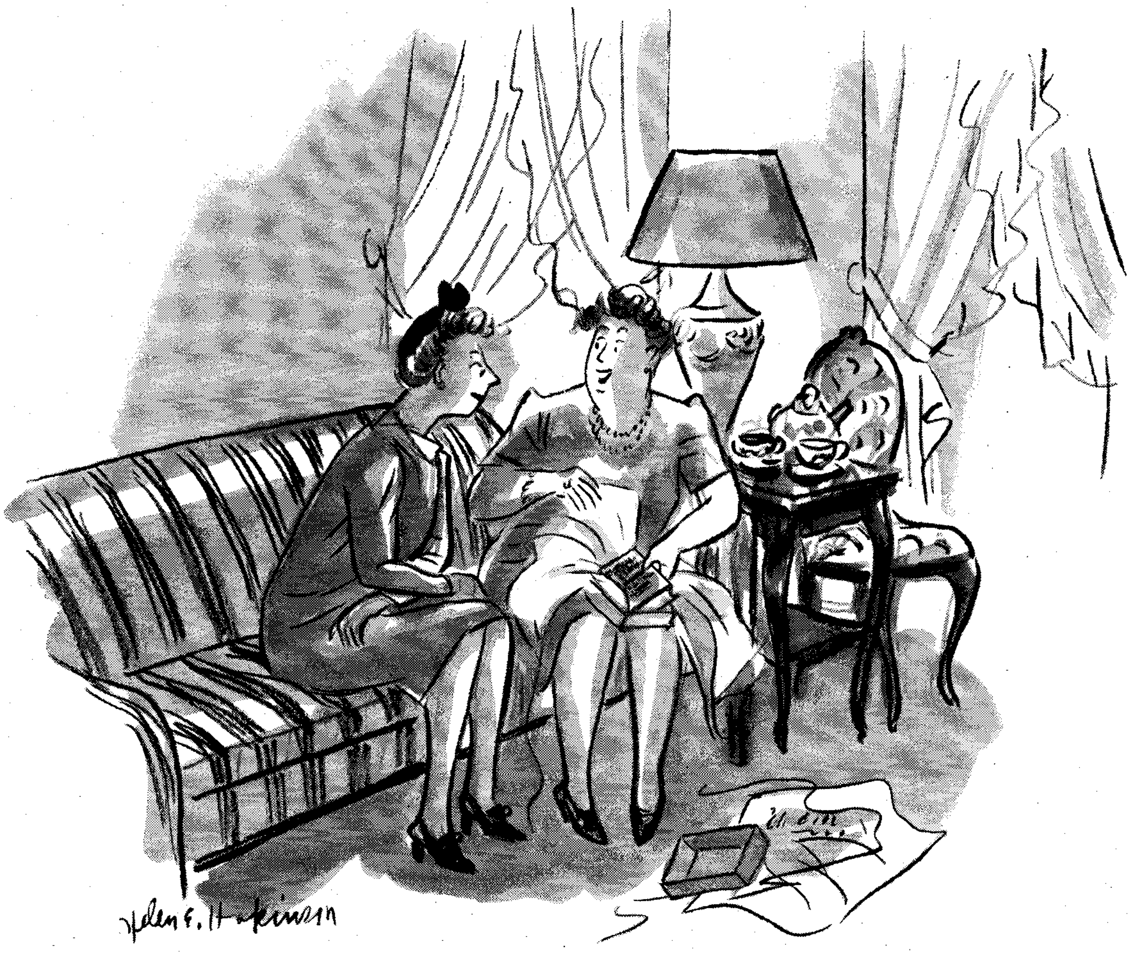
Dos Passos' Reporting—Woollcott's Letters



"STATE OF THE NATION," by John Dos Passos (Houghton Mifflin), is the account of a long swing around the country between December, 1942, and December, 1943, that takes in the Maine shipyards, the Detroit motor factories, the new settlement of the South by war workers, a view of Washington, with its old-fashioned Congress and its new-fashioned bureaucracy, the coal miners of Pennsylvania, the corn country of Ohio and Iowa, the Grand Coulee Dam, and the waterfront of San Francisco. This book has the remarkable qualities of all Dos Passos' writing as a reporter. One of the chief of these is his faculty for getting the sense of a community, a project, a meeting, or a movement: his ability to disregard the official publicity of slogans, programs, and plans and to see how the human beings directly concerned are really feeling and behaving at the moment. He avoids all the various kinds of generalizations that are so often made to obscure these actualities—Liberal editorializing, conclusions from statistical reports, the theorems of political geometry. "State of the Nation" is a simple presentation of a series of individuals, all more or less engaged in war work, whom the author observed or with whom he talked. The series is enormously varied, because Dos Passos has no inhibitions of either the ideological or the social kind. He even seems to take a special satisfaction in jolting the closed systems of persons or groups by shoving them up against the systems of other people who have quite contradictory sets of assumptions. The result is a book from which you can learn certain things that you will find in no other reporting.

It has always been Dos Passos' function to take us behind the front pages of the newspapers and provide us with a newsreel of his own, in which we see the drama of history enacted by real men and women instead of in terms of Industry and Labor, Wall Street, the White House, etc. It is still the common human weakness to tend to believe in half-gods that have their residences somewhere else than in the neighborhood where we happen to live. This tendency, of course, is due partly to the fact that we do feel forces, of which a group may become the agent or a gifted individual the spokesman, that seem to possess an energy and a purpose beyond the individual's power or plan. For the German, the individual is merely the conductor of these forces; or rather, they are hypostatized as gods of which the life of a generation is merely a pulse of the blood in their veins. The best trend in the American tradition is directly the opposite of this: we do have a national myth, but it is the myth of the individual making good, and our habit is to see ourselves as men contending with practical problems. Dos Passos is in line with this tradition when, conscious of collective forces and sustained by our republican idealism, he shows us the "war effort" in terms of a great many different kinds of Americans living in particular places and trying to do particular things.

And yet there is a striking difference between John Dos Passos as a soldier in the war of 1914-18 and as a civilian in the present one. "Three Soldiers" was an inexpert and immature book, but it gave as perhaps no other book did the feeling of our Army in France and it had in it images that stick because they are stamped with the passion of humanity's awakening rebellion against the barbarity of war; later he concentrated the currents of feeling that were set free when hostilities ceased in what is by far his most intense piece of writing: "1919." It had always been characteristic of Dos Passos that he was inclined to hold the world at arm's length, and he did not succeed, even here, in getting particularly close to his people; he very rarely gave the reader the illusion that author and reader both were living a character's life. But at his best he got a poetry and a drama that few other such writers have equalled out of the stresses and strains set up by the relations be-



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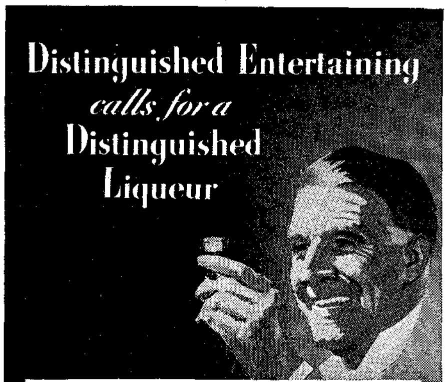

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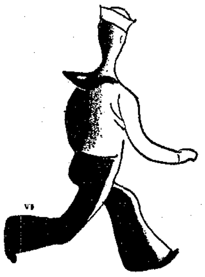
tween the social groups of which the characters are always seen as representatives.

The American world as it presented itself in the three novels that made "U.S.A." was an organism that seemed sometimes to portend, and at all times urgently to call for, the beneficial readjustment—it would be wrong to say panacea—of social-economic revolution. The dominant values of this world were the false values that had been generated by commercialism under the competitive capitalist system, and its norm was the white-collar worker who had absorbed and identified himself with these ideals; the man of genius or the simple craftsman was either broken by this system or sucked in by it. It cannot be said that the series leaves you—just after the Sacco-Vanzetti case—with any extravagant hopes of the effectiveness of radical action; but the emphasis of the earlier installments seems to lead you in this direction, and certainly the author had meant to make you feel that there was little in the competitive system except the machinery and the organizational methods that ought not to be resolutely scrapped, and that the suicidal modern wars were products of the working of this system. But then he saw the rapid emergence in Germany of a new kind of successful bourgeoisie, who, far from being on the point of collapse, seemed all ready to start in afresh to mold society to fit their interests; he saw the gradual taking over of the controls in Russia by a class of technicians and careerists whose ambitions Marx and Engels would have considered bourgeois; he saw the destruction of the Spanish Republic between the Fascists, who openly attacked it, and the Communists, who sabotaged its defenders; and he finally found his own country involved in another and even bigger war, in which it did not seem to him possible for a radical to repudiate our rôle, since our enemies were the forces of Fascism. The world, in a small space of years, had thus shifted and moved away and left Dos Passos no longer holding off a conflict that threatened to embroil him but with his arm outstretched in the air, not braced against anything solid. The two novels that followed "U.S.A."—"Adventures of a Young Man" and "Number One"—which seem to me among his least satisfactory books, represent his slightly reeling efforts to right himself and find a new equilibrium, and the historical studies of "The Ground We Stand On" were in the nature of a sounding out of the American political tradition (rather than that of international socialism) as a base from which to look at the world.

In "State of the Nation," now, he moves up on the new disconcerting situation to make contact with this world again. He peers at it, quietly questions it, and listens to what it has to say; he makes mental comparisons, reflects on it, and he tries to put into words what he finds going on around him. But the imagination he now brings to bear on it is no longer involved with the material in quite the same way it was in his earlier books of reporting, "In All Countries" and "Journeys Between Wars." A society that has been compelled to direct almost the whole of its effort to waging a gigantic war can never command his sympathies like a world which seemed disgusted with wars and straining to redeem industry from its slaveries. The Dos Passos of "State of the Nation" has learned a good many things that the Dos Passos of "Three Soldiers" did not know; but there are no longer here those moments when the emotion of the writer fuses with and illuminates the thing it encounters till the reader is completely convinced that what this emotion has written is the meaning of the thing itself. Nor is this, I believe, altogether a matter of youth and middle age. One feels that Dos Passos, in this new world at war, has had difficulty in finding his way back into the picture, in schooling himself to look and to judge, to see what is really there.



And yet it is the same old picture, and the writer is the same old Dos Passos who vindicated the I.W.W. and who got one of his books into trouble by being bitter about J. P. Morgan. That his convictions have not changed as to the only sound basis on which modern society can be built is proved by the plain-speaking prefatory "Letter to a Friend in the Theatres" (of war), in which he defends against some angry service man the rights of labor in wartime as a vital part of American liberties. His interest in the farmers' coöperatives is inspired by the belief he has always held that the value of collective enterprise is to be tested by the extent to which it has been originated and developed by the producing groups themselves; and the instinct that made him the antagonist of those groups in the capitalist economy who were divorced from and indifferent to the producers sounds a warning

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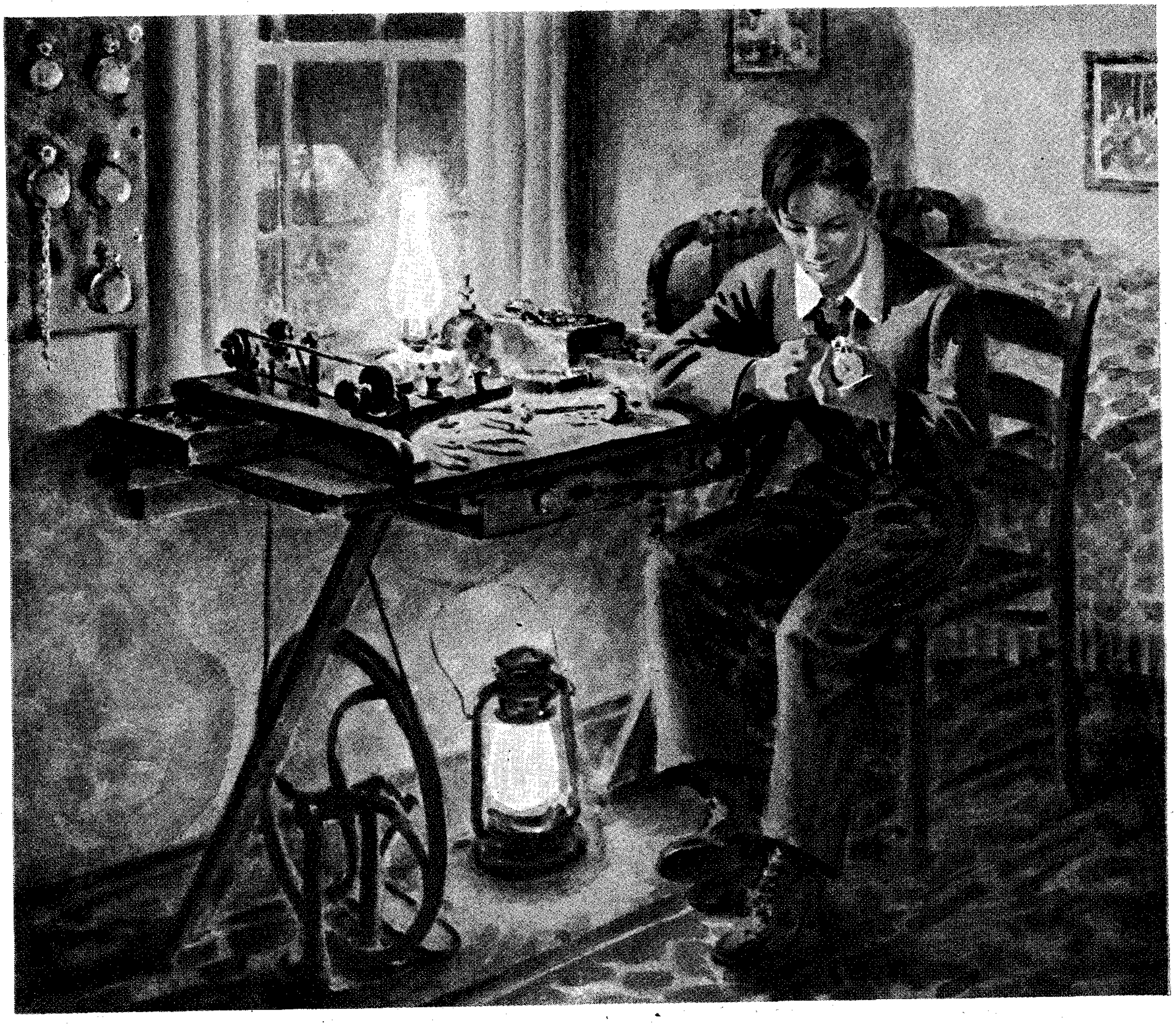

Needles and nails made his first watch tools . . .

THE March wind rattled the bedroom window. But the lantern on the floor gave a steady glow to warm the boy's feet.

Then his head bent even more closely to the work. He nudged the balance wheel—and life and motion came back into the timepiece.

Watch repairing was coming easier to young Henry Ford. He had started at 14 and the first watch (today in his collection at Dearborn) had been mended with a shingle nail, tweezers made from a corset stay, and knitting needles. Now he had real tools. After school, he was neighborhood watch repairer. Everyone was enthusiastic about his work, particularly because he didn't charge for it. But it wasn't money that interested Henry Ford. Here was an opportunity to *learn by doing*—and he was making the most of it.

Years later, the watchmaker's touch and the creed of precision learned by Henry Ford in those winter nights were to guide the building of 30 million cars and trucks. Moreover, it was Mr. Ford's knowledge of watchmaking that prompted inauguration of the assembly line. This in turn brought shorter working hours, increased wages, made life easier, and is today speeding equipment to preserve our American way of living.

New cars belong to the future. But when tomorrow's Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars arrive, they will reflect anew the watchmaker's skill, the workmanship and engineering resourcefulness that are typical of the Ford Motor Company.

As in the past, they will be motorcars that are reliable and economical, smart and comfortable . . . priced within the means of the greatest number. For Mr. Ford has declared: "The profits we are most interested in are those the public gets from using the things that we produce. The only real profit is the public benefit."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

when he finds himself in the presence of those top layers of the administration which seem out of touch with the people: he feels uneasy when a high official —evidently Harry Hopkins—talks too much about business transacted "on the level of the four leaders" and keeps speaking of facts known and decisions made by "only a handful of men." "State of the Nation" is sometimes disappointing in the impression it gives that the author is writing from the outside, and that he has tried, as in his latest novels, to make up by naturalistic description of the surfaces of people and things for a lack of close acquaintance with their interiors. But he has shrewdly perceived and even dramatized here the social phenomena produced by the war—the effect on the American population of going to work for the State—in a way that had not yet been done.

I HAVE found "The Letters of Alexander Woollcott" a great deal more enjoyable to read than anything else of his I have seen. This is not saying very much, perhaps, because I never particularly liked what he wrote. But I always had a certain respect for him, and these letters have distinctly increased it. There is very little here of his rudeness, of his venom, of his exaggerated demands for homage, or of the rather awful public personality that he gradually built up for himself. The editors of this collection explain that they have not included any of his "angry, cutting, and sometimes cruel letters" because nobody sent them any. The closest thing one finds to this vein is a letter to Ira Gershwin beginning, "Listen, you contumacious rat, don't throw your dreary tomes at me," and upbraiding his correspondent for trying to defend the misuse of "disinterested" for "uninterested." But this letter, like most of the rest in the volume, represents the really admirable Woollcott: the benevolent old-fashioned uncle (of many adopted nephews and nieces as well as of his actual ones), who liked to advise them in a worldly way and give them unexpected presents, the able journalist of a generation now, alas, growing gray or dropping off: Franklin P. Adams, Heywood Broun, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, to name writers of varying capacities. All these men exploited their personalities in a way that is no longer fashionable and to a point that was sometimes tiresome, but they had, also, in regard to their writing, a sense of personal responsibility which seems to be growing rare. And they were all men of education, with good standards of reading and

The Blue

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George Hicks

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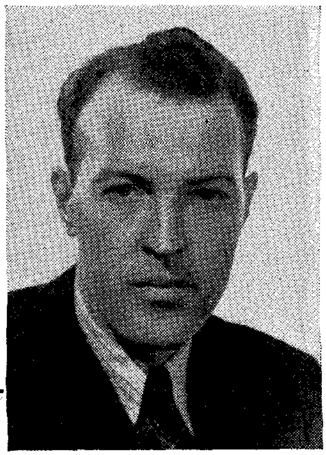
A Program of His Own

EVERY TUESDAY & THURSDAY
FROM 10:15 TO 10:30 P. M. EWT



FROM George Hicks, Blue Network correspondent with the Allied Invasion Forces, has come what Variety calls "the top job of documentary reportage" on the Invasion. Proof of this lies in "the hundreds of requests that have poured into the four networks asking for repeats of Hicks' eye-witness account" of the Invasion seen from the gun turret of a warship.

With the expiration of the "pool" arrangement which put him at the disposal of our contemporaries, George Hicks reverts to The Blue and we are proud to present him in *a program of his own.*

Those of you who have heard Hicks' broadcasts need no words from us to picture what may be expected. But we believe that this new series will prove to be one of the greatest dramatic and human-interest accounts of the post-D-Day story.

WHAT THEY SAY OF HICKS

TIME: (June 19) "George Hicks, the Blue Network's tall, begoggled, modest London news chief . . . turned in the best recordings of them all."

NEWSWEEK: (June 19) ". . . the most realistic radio reporting yet to come out of the European war."

BEN GROSS—N. Y. DAILY NEWS: (June 11) ". . . left dialers all over the country respecting his courage and calmness and grateful for the detailed picture he gave them."

VARIETY: (Headline of Hicks' story, in June 14 issue) "George Hicks of Blue Grabs Top D-Day Laurels."

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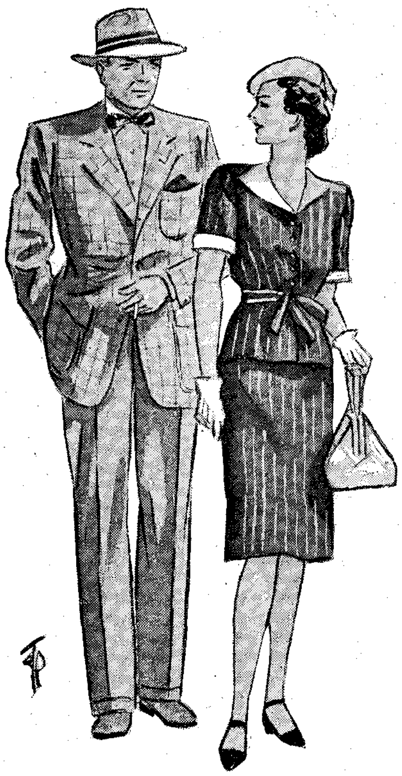

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writing; they cared nothing for public careers which did not involve independence and principle. Woollcott did not belong in the top rank of these (though one is struck, in reading these letters, by his sure hand at easy prose), but he was one of them, and you find on every page here the proofs of the seriousness with which he took his work. "At the risk of sounding self-important," he wrote the vice-president of an advertising firm with whom he was discussing a radio program, ". . . I am reluctant, in such times as these, to vanish into the depths of any project which does not seem to me a form of public service."

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

EAST BY SOUTHWEST, by Christopher La Farge (Coward-McCann). Ten brief, sharp sketches of men and matters which the author observed during recent travels in the islands of the Southwest Pacific. Mr. La Farge has chosen to cast his book in a form somewhere between straight eyewitness stuff and fiction. His observations are set forth with grace, good humor, and a perceptive intelligence.

SIMONE, by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by G. A. Hermann (Viking). The author tells a story similar to that of Joan of Arc (a theme which almost inevitably has a novelist licked before he starts) about a heroic village girl at the time of the fall of France. The undertaking involves all the problems of presenting a saint in modern dress, and though Herr Feuchtwanger, an accomplished practitioner, does manage to avoid most of these difficulties, there are still certain incongruities in evidence.

ALIBI FOR ISABEL AND OTHER STORIES, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar & Rinehart). An assortment of smooth, hot-weather confections which includes nearly every standard variety—love stories, mysteries, stories about spies, and adventure stuff, all nicely constructed, cheerful, and absolutely no tax on the brain.

GENERAL

GERMANY AND EUROPE, by Benedetto Croce (Random House). Mr. Croce, who has just emerged from almost twenty years of semi-imprisonment under the Fascist regime to become one of the members of the new Italian government, has written four essays, now translated by Vincent Sheean, that explain his attitude toward Germany. It is his belief, stated in the limpid prose that has always made him one of the most readable of philosophers, that there is a spiritual breach between Germany and the rest of Europe which is caused largely by the Germanic concept of race. "Offense and defense," he writes, "is the mad but nevertheless terrible form of an attack against Europe and the whole world on the part of a people which, calling itself a race and an elect race, wishes *not* to conduct all the others to a higher civilization by means of higher ideas—as Greece and Rome and Italy and France and England did in certain periods of their history—but to enslave them all to its power without ideas." It is his opinion, however, that, despite all the crimes Germany has committed, she must not be cast into the outer darkness. "Since the dissension between Germany and Europe which history has called forth can and must be composed by history," he says, "it is quite clear that toward this end all the forces of European civilization should tend . . . from rigor to indulgence, from exclusion to collaboration, from severity to cordiality, from conflict to conciliation." Mr. Croce, for all his humanistic reasonableness and philosophic calm, insists that means must be found to make this war the last attempt by Germany to dominate the world and that that nation must be made to "take its place in humanity, not as the barbaric master and butcher, but as one of the peoples among peoples." There is probably little hope that the German problem will be solved in this spirit, as Mr. Sheean points out in his biographical introduction, but this does not detract from the largeness of Mr. Croce's vision or from the value of his thought-provoking book.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE LOST PEACE, by Thomas A. Bailey (Macmillan). Another indication that books about the twenty-eighth President of the United States, regardless of what happens to his soul, will probably keep right on marching on. This study, by a professor of history at Stanford, confines itself to the period from the outbreak of war in 1914 to the Treaty of Versailles and tries to show, in an objectively scholastic manner, how Wilson's idealistic peace program was blown to bits by European power politics. The de-

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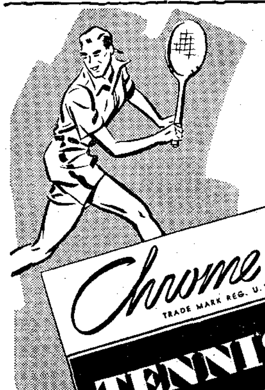

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structive effect of these, according to the author, was only slightly greater than that of a few booby traps, both plain and fancy, that Wilson laid for himself. The conclusion of the book, which is that "statesmen must ever remember that mankind is shortsighted and perverse, and that he who would make haste too fast will almost inevitably fail," seems a little more cautious than it need have been, and is not really worthy of a most excellent recapitulation of the military and diplomatic history of the first World War.

THE ASHLEY BOOK OF KNOTS, by Clifford W. Ashley (Doubleday, Doran). Here's a book which, if accompanied by a piece of twine, ought to keep a lot of people happily occupied from now until Christmas. Mr. Ashley, in one of those strange passions that sometimes take possession of people and are harder to shake off than malaria, has assembled an encyclopedia of knots, telling how they began, what they are used for, and how to tie them. This handsome volume contains seven thousand drawings, describing thirty-nine hundred knots, and is just about the best piece of escape literature that has come along in some time.

SLEUTHING IN THE STACKS, by Rudolph Altrocchi (Harvard University Press). About the *unravelling* of scholarly mysteries—the unmasking of literary forgeries and the tracking down of the sources of fictional plots. One of the most interesting parts deals with a search for the origins of the Mowgli-Tarzan legend of the child brought up by the animals.

AMERICAN DIALECT DICTIONARY, by Harold Wentworth (Crowell). An interesting compilation of material for the great American lexicon that is yet to be. This dictionary confines itself mainly to "localisms, regionalisms, and provincialisms." It contains "more than fifteen thousand terms, a large proportion of which are not now found in any other dictionary or reference work, and sixty thousand quotations."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE KNIFE WILL FALL, by Marten Cumberland (Doubleday, Doran). The police in prewar Paris find themselves temporarily stumped by a murderer with a remarkably catholic taste in victims as well as a gift for persuading young women to leave home. The Commissaire eventually solves his case, but not before he and his colleagues have tried out all the well-known tricks of detection and a few very unusual ones, too. A complex story, set against a solid, authentic-sounding background.

JETHRO HAMMER, by Michael Venning (Coward-McCann). Mr. Hammer, a wealthy New York curmudgeon, hires Melville Fairr, a private detective, to protect him from his many potential murderers, all of whom have excellent reasons for wanting to do away with him. The detective isn't able to prevent the murder, but he does an excellent job afterward in chasing down clues which reach back as far as twenty years and which include a rather high percentage of red herrings. For readers who like a slow tempo.

NO BONES ABOUT IT, by Ruth Sawtell Wallis (Dodd, Mead). The members of three small-town Massachusetts families, all closely interrelated and highly unpleasant, run into trouble when they try to suppress a scandal. The resulting murders are capably solved by Lieutenant Lund, of the local police, who combines romance with his detection. Better than "Too Many Bones," the last mystery by this author, who is obviously on her way up.

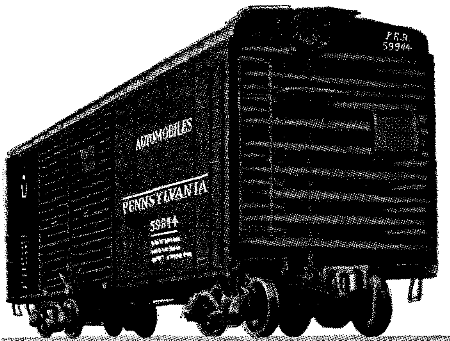
BERMUDA CALLING, by David Garth (Putnam). Zach Taylor, ostensibly a young lawyer on vacation, goes down to Bermuda to investigate the rumor that something big in the line of espionage is brewing there. When some of the less innocuous residents of that island figure out that Taylor has something to do with Military Intelligence, they make his sojourn a strenuous one. All right, even though not too plausible.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD, by Elizabeth Daly (Farrar & Rinehart). Henry Gamadge, a pleasantly unassuming private detective, takes on what seems to be a simple investigation involving a young man who died of leukemia. Gamadge, working chiefly on clues furnished by marginal notes in an old copy of "The Tempest," finally finds himself saddled with a formidable case that has ramifications in Vermont, Long Island, and New York. Nicely told, if not well assembled.

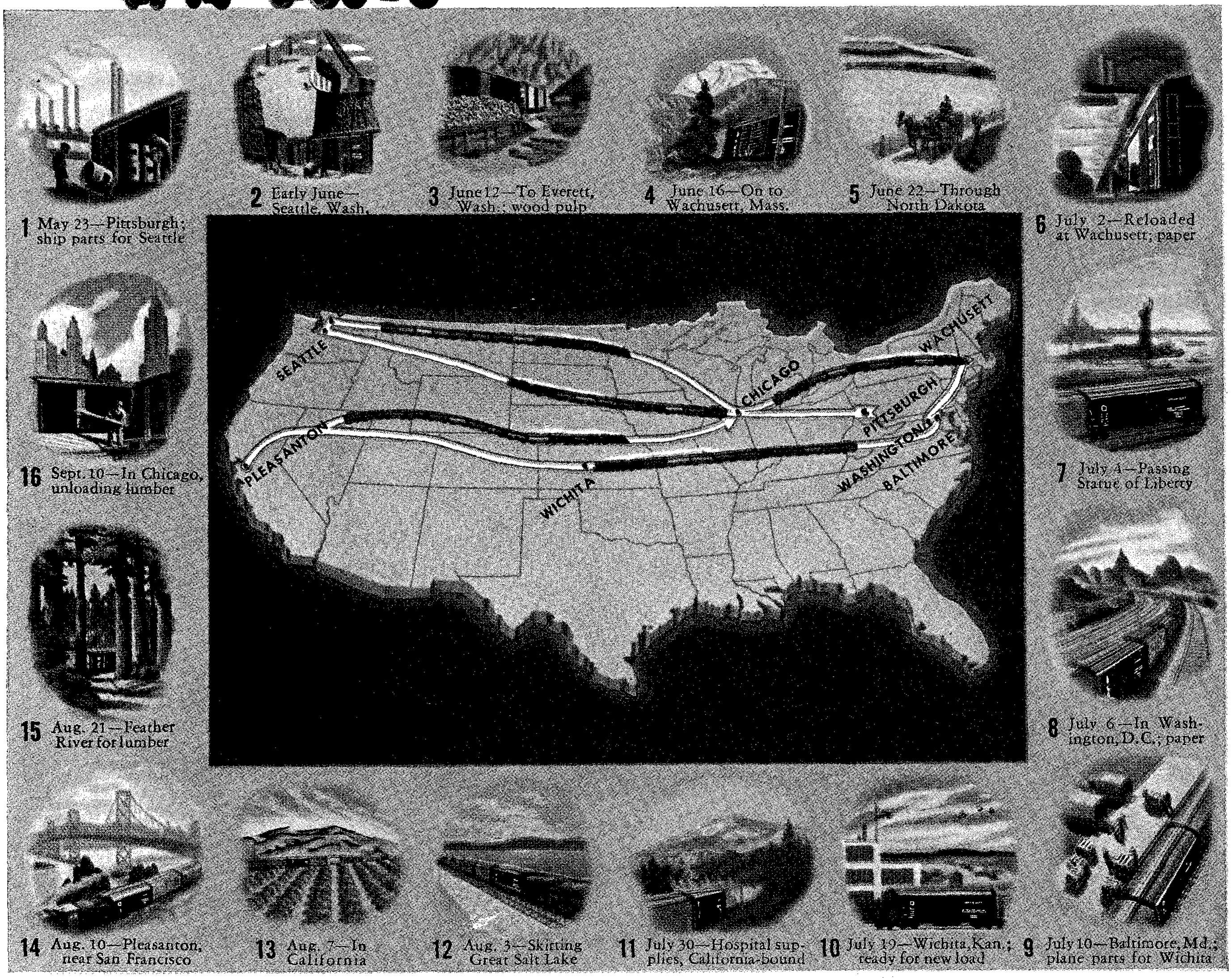
•

. . . worshiping the Duce whom they thought would lead them to new and greater triumphs.—*Times Magazine.*

The Eternal Whom in the Eternal City.



DIARY OF A WARTIME FREIGHT CAR -PENNSYLVANIA 59944



1 May 23—Pittsburgh; ship parts for Seattle

2 Early June—Seattle, Wash.

3 June 12—To Everett, Wash.; wood pulp

4 June 16—On to Wachusett, Mass.

5 June 22—Through North Dakota

6 July 2—Reloaded at Wachusett; paper

7 July 4—Passing Statue of Liberty

8 July 6—In Washington, D.C.; paper

9 July 10—Baltimore, Md.; plane parts for Wichita

10 July 19—Wichita, Kan.; ready for new load

11 July 30—Hospital supplies, California-bound

12 Aug. 3—Skirting Great Salt Lake

13 Aug. 7—In California

14 Aug. 10—Pleasanton, near San Francisco

15 Aug. 21—Feather River for lumber

16 Sept. 10—In Chicago, unloading lumber

LET'S EXAMINE the "work sheet" of a typical freight car . . . Pennsylvania Railroad 59944. Let's see where it has been . . . what it has carried . . . how much work it has done.

The period covered is a short one, slightly more than three summer months of 1943. Yet note over how much territory No. 59944 has traveled, the variety of shipments it has delivered; approximately 15,000 miles of travel, over many railroads besides its "home" line . . . the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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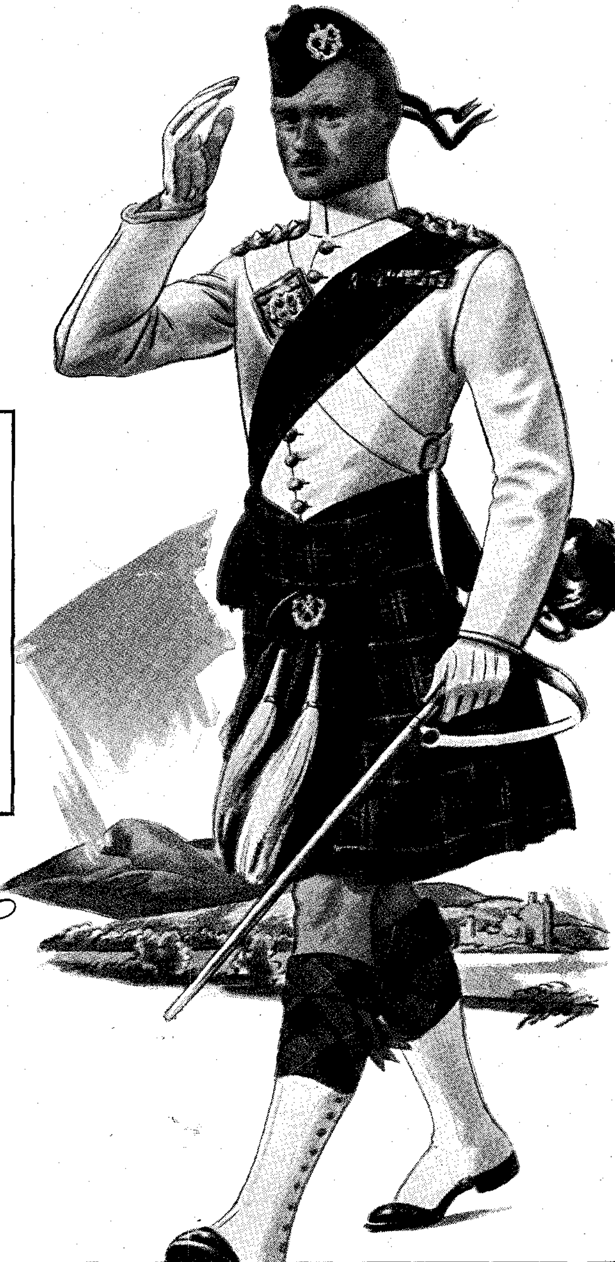

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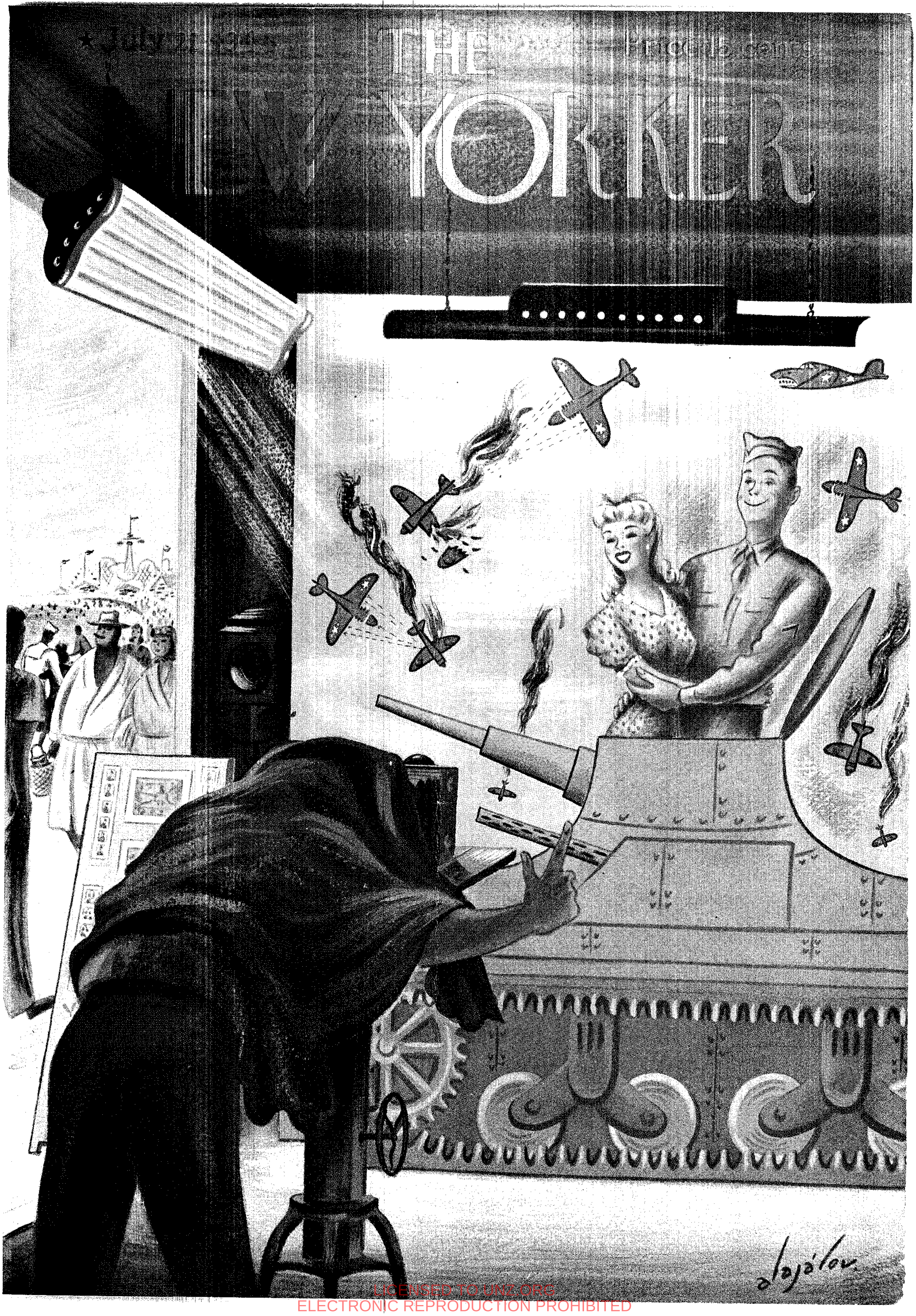

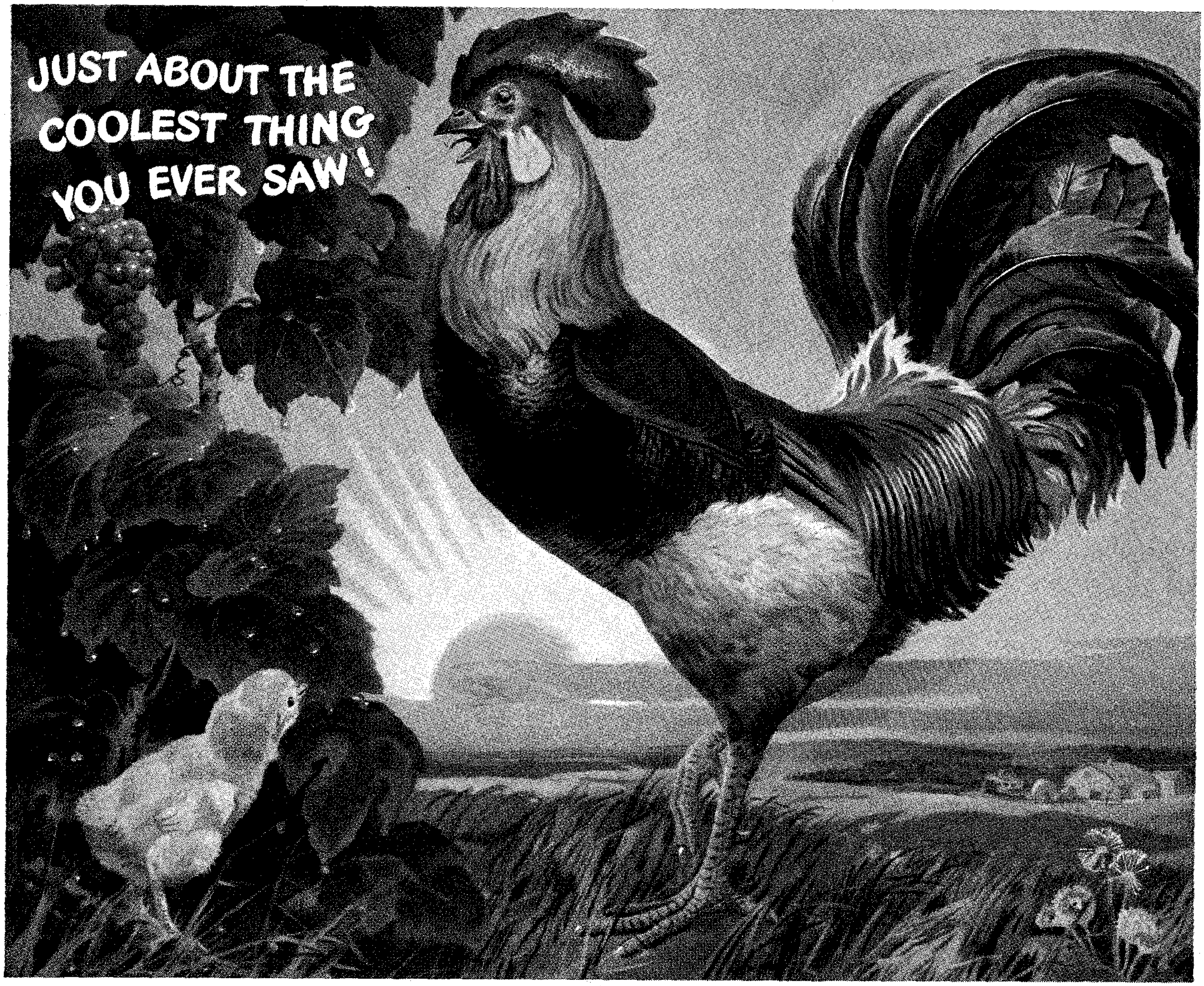
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WANT to taste something as cool as the breezes of a sunny country morning? Then . . . take ice, take mint, take the whiskey that's "Like Sunny Morning in Your Glass" . . . and make a thirst-provoking SCHENLEY Reserve Mint Julep!

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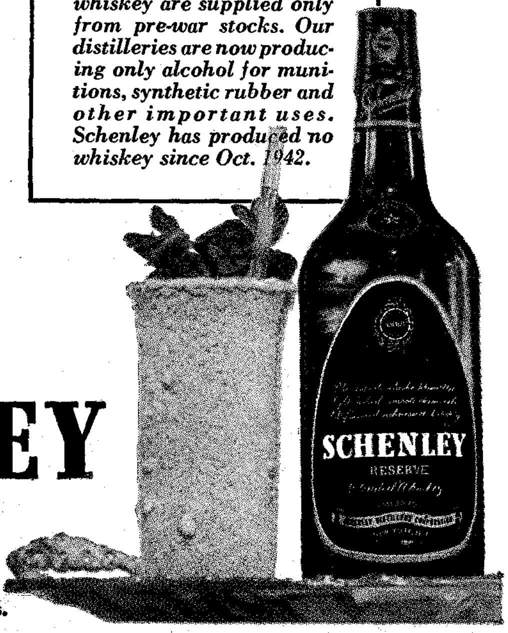

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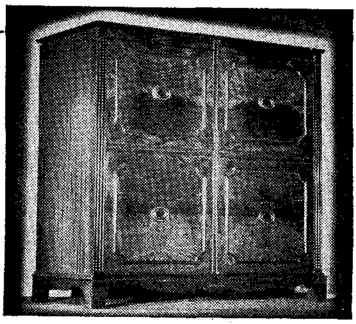
OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for victory to bring our boys home!



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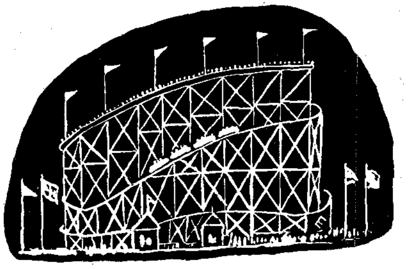

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 29.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French are among the ladies who upset the Government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 29.)

JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

KISS AND TELL—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

PICK-UP GIRL—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. Possibly more interesting as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE SEARCHING WIND—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. A little confused and disappointing but certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Claudia Morgan, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Fri. Eves. at 9; other Eves., except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

CARMEN JONES—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MEXICAN HAYRIDE—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—First-rate musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II; and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle and many, many others. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, at 8:35. Mat. Sat. at 2:35. Closes Sat., July 22.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Cool, spacious, and summery. Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dancing.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Burl Ives, Hazel Scott, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra; that is to say, no room for improvement.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with music by Ed Hall's orchestra and a show including Josh White.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with dance music by Shep Fields' orchestra and a show headed by Bert Wheeler. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Morty Reid Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the mind reader, being clever in the opulent Cotillion Room, and you can dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as pleasant as a roof can be. Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the big and decorative Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof there's a trio of acrobats (yes, acrobats) at suppertime, along with Mischa Borr's waltz-and-rumba band. Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays all evening; Guy Lombardo's band takes its place on July 27. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): forthright merriment by Eddie Mayehoff; smooth music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her songs about the special problems of life in New York. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano in this quiet, cool room while the young folks talk.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's band plays throughout the evening, and Louis Prima's alternates at the supper hour. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts., (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

●

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): jazz and nothing but, by Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Miff Mole, and Eddie Condon; no dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): a new club and a new band, headed by Max Kaminsky, with James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith playing the piano in between times; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; no dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the noise is supplied in quantity by Oscar Pettiford's band and Hot Lips Page's new quintet, which includes Cozy Cole and Don Byas; no dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' magnificent saxophone and his band, plus more fine saxophone music by Pete Brown; no dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): intricate piano playing by Art Tatum, and there's also Tatum's trio; no dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala and his band play for their admirers; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away.

AL FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

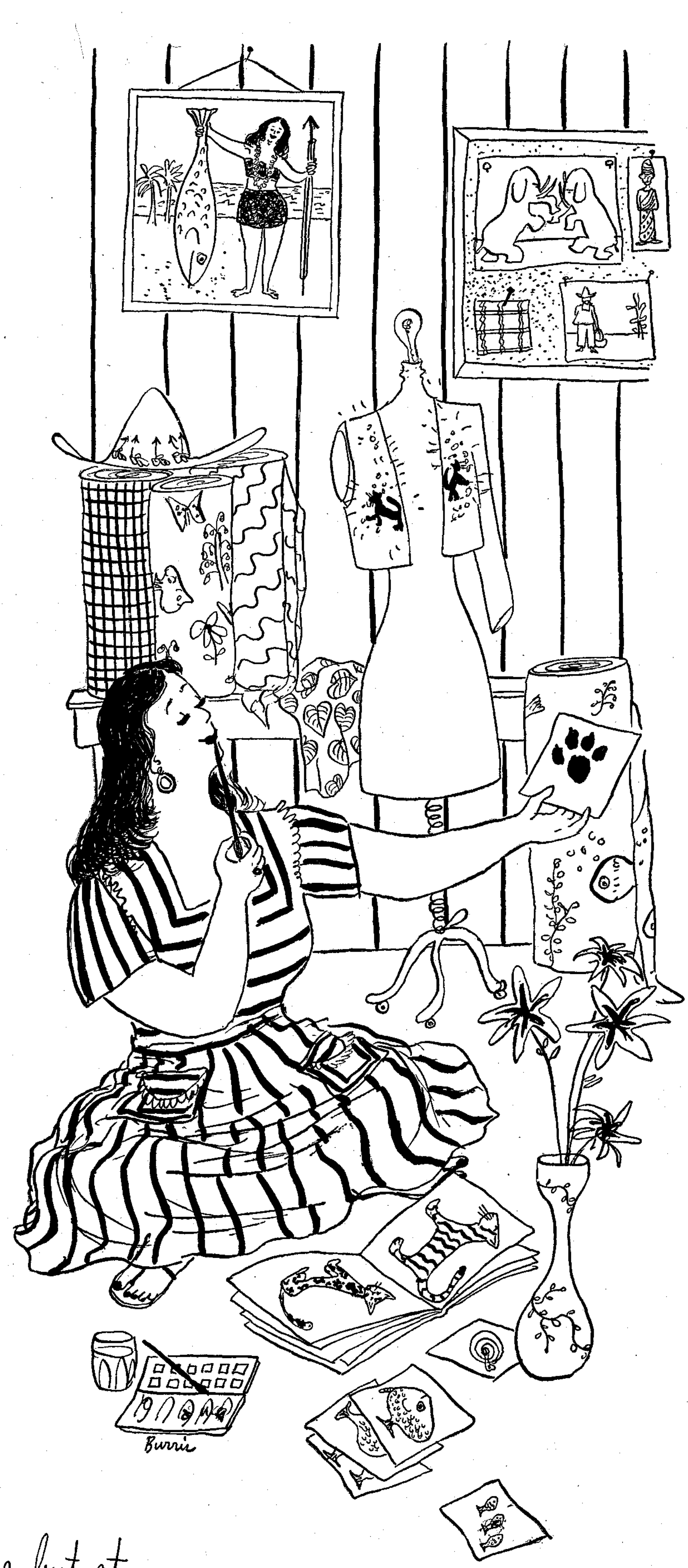
ART

BRITISH WAR ART—Fifty paintings of war scenes by official British artists: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 22.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of the artist's nephew (through Sept. 24); also, paintings and drawings done in New Guinea by

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 23, July 22, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation. in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

This is our Miss Teedle



Miss Teedle is a Philadelphia Quaker who went deep-sea fishing several years ago and has never been the same since. While swimming around carrying a spear and looking for likely fish, she saw some tropical plants and thought "Ummm. Nice design." (This is a liberal translation of how a woman talks to herself under water.) Before you could say Barracuda, Miss T. was designing sea-prints and selling them to Saks Fifth Avenue. Right now Saks has some of her Marine Garden print swim-suits that would rock Philadelphia back on its heels. And as everybody knows, Philadelphia doesn't rock easy.

Even on land, Miss Teedle has a rather impetuous way of collecting designs. Recently, she wanted the print of a tiger's claw for a tasty design on a Saks negligee. With a piece of fabric in one hand and an ink pad in the other, Miss Teedle rushed to the Bronz Zoo. All she asked was to have a tiger stick its paw in the ink and walk on the fabric, but the head keeper said No very coldly. Men are so unreasonable.

The natives of Long Island are also inclined to view Miss Teedle warily, now that she's bought a house there and is trying to arouse their interest in deep-sea fishing. They have no desire to trudge around under water with a spear, and in a way you can't blame them, but it makes Miss Teedle awfully sore.

Oh Miss Teedle- where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 29.

American and Australian service men (through Aug. 7). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

CHILDREN'S ART—Drawings, water colors, and prints, of which several are better than usual, by European and American children: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. *Daily 9* A.M. *to 6* P.M.; through Fri., July 21.

CHINESE—Contemporary woodcuts recently brought here from China; sponsored by the China Aid Council and the American Committee for Chinese War Orphans: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 28.

THOMAS EAKINS—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

EUROPEAN—At the LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Fri., July 28.

FRENCH—At the ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 15.

GROUPS—At the REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Aug. 31. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: pictures by Chagall, Dali, Hélion, Miró, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Peter Hurd, Andrew Wyeth, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 28. . . . NIERENDORF, 53 E. 57: sculpture and painting by modern European and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9. . . . PUMA, 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 18.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

ENRIQUE MORET—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and *motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by* Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

LOUIS SCHANKER—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 28.

MARIA SWARTWOUT—Flowers and still lifes: Kohn, 608 5 Ave., at 49. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 21.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony—Conductors: Robert Stolz, Thurs., July 20; Antal Dorati, Fri., July 21; Ignace Strasfogel, Sat. and Sun., July 22-23; Alexander Smallens, Mon. through Fri., July 24-28; W/O Thor Johnson, Sat., July 29. Highlights: Herta Glaz, contralto, and Mario Berini, tenor, July 20; General Platoff's Don Cossack Chorus, July 22; Amparo Iturbi, piano, July 23; "Carmen," with Bruna Castagna and Raoul Jobin, July 24-25; Josef Hofmann, piano, July 27; S1/c Arthur Whittemore and S1/c Jack Lowe, piano duet, and Sgt. Eugene List, piano, July 29. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. Mon. and Tues. Eves. at 8; other Eves. at 8:30. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square nightly, beginning at 6:44 P.M., at twelve-minute intervals.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Fraser Gange, baritone, Thurs., July 20; Donald Dame, tenor, Fri., July 21; *Naoum Benditzky, violoncello, and Muriel Kerr,* piano, Tues., July 25; John Harms Chorus, Wed., July 26; Britt Trio, chamber music, Thurs., July 27; Barbara Holmquest, piano, Fri., July 28. *(Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave.,* at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs., July 20 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Fri., July 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat., July 22, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., July 23 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon., July 24, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tues., July 25, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., July 26-27, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sat., July 29 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. and Fri., July 20-21, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., July 22, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., July 23 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon., July 24, at 8:45 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tues. and Fri., July 25 and 28, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., July 26-27, at 8:45 P.M; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sat., July 29 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Ike Williams vs. Julie Kogon, lightweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., July 20; Lee Q. Murray vs. Turkey Thompson, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 28. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

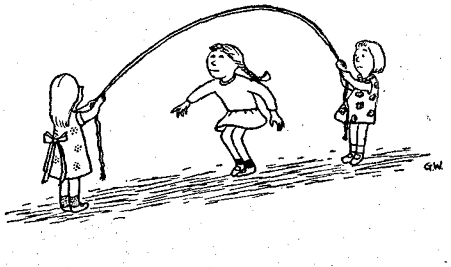
GOLF—Long Island G. A. Amateur Best Ball, Garden City C. C., Garden City, L. I., Thurs., July 20. . . . Long Island G. A. Amateur Championship, match play, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L. I., Sat. and Sun., July 22-23.

RACING—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., July 29. (Questionnaire Handicap, July 22; Wakefield Stakes, July 26; The Butler, July 29.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

YACHTING—Championship regatta on the Sound: Stamford Y. C., Sun., July 23, at 2 P.M. . . . Larchmont Y. C. Race Week, Wed., July 26, through Sun., July 30.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the INTERNATIONAL BLDG., 5 Ave. at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 4. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: *the development of the* U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces *show featuring a troop*-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: *a collection, assembled by the* Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 457 Madison, at 51: photographs *showing* Free French *activities on the* Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.



CHESSMEN—The *Gustavus A. Pfeiffer collection of* unusual chess sets from all over the world, dating from the ninth century to the present: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays *10* A.M. *to 5* P.M.; Sun., *1 to 5* P.M.; *through* Sept. 17.

AMERICANA—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 17. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: models of famous old American ships; old uniforms, logs, and letters; the diary of an ensign who was with Perry in Japan; and other material relating to the history of the U. S. Navy. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting; soloist, Alexander Kipnis, bass; Sun., July 23, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 21 and 28, and Wed., July 26, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., July 22 and 29, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: Questionnaire Handicap, Sat., July 22; The Butler, Sat., July 29; at 4:15 P.M., WEAF, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ATTACK!—One of those Army documentaries which *have to be seen. This one is about the* New Britain campaign. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., July 25-26. . . . *Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs.,* July 25-27.)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY—A girl from Vermont marries an attractive but spoiled Southern aristocrat, *with gloomy consequences. Deanna Durbin and* Gene Kelly. Based on a novel by Somerset Maugham. (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Tues., July 25.)

COVER GIRL—A *nice musical, with Gene Kelly,* Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers, and a platoon of beautiful models. Music by Jerome Kern, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. (68th Street Playhouse, *3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., July 20. . . . Colony, 2* Ave. at 79; Sun through Tues., July 23-25.)

48 HOURS—A neat bit of conjecture by the British on what might have happened if German parachutists *had landed in one of their villages back in pre*-invasion days. Leslie Banks and others. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 28.)

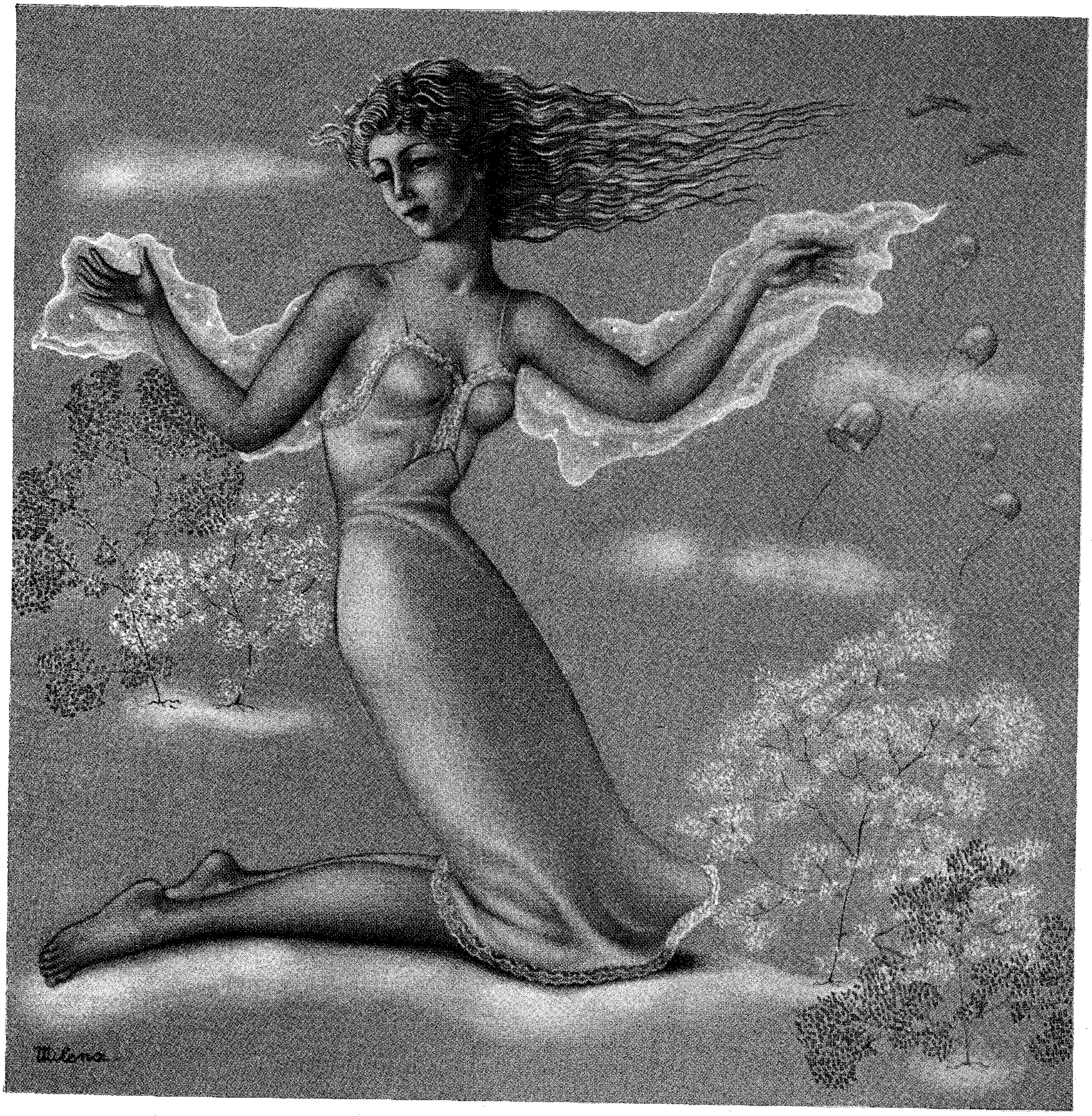
GASLIGHT—Not quite as well acted as "Angel Street," *a play with the same story now running* on Broadway, but just about as scary. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., July 24.)

THE HAIRY APE—O'Neill's play about the frustrated coal heaver has been considerably altered for the movies, but its new shape has a few merits of its own. William Bendix and Susan Hayward. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., July 28.)

IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie in a picture which speculates fairly comically on the consequences of a man's knowing what's going to happen twenty-four hours ahead of time. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 22. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., July 24.)

MR. SKEFFINGTON—Bette Davis again holds a long, somewhat bumpy picture together with her acting. She plays a giddy heartbreaker, and Claude Rains plays her patient husband. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—The bright side, brightly done, of basic training. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., July 26. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., July



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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 29.

22-26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 25-29.)

The Song of Bernadette—A likable, human account, distinguished by good acting, of the girl who saw visions at Lourdes. The cast includes Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., July 20. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Thurs., July 21-27. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., July 26-27.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism of a Navy doctor on Java. The story has been handled ponderously, but a good deal of the doctor's actual achievement survives. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

Ball of Fire (1942)—Professors, gunmen, and American slang. Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 21. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; through Sun., July 23. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 25-27.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., July 24.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., July 26.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 20.)

The Cross of Lorraine (1943)—Hans Habe's "A Thousand Shall Fall," about life in a German prison camp. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Tues., July 25.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

The Girl in the News (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., July 22.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 21-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 23-24.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 25-27.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 25-27.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Mon., July 24.)

The Mayor's Dilemma (1940)—French life during the last war. In French, with Charpin and Annie Vernay. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., July 25.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 25-27.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., July 21. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Sat., July 22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Wed., July 26. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., July 21-24. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., July 23-24.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 21-24.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—John Garfield as a fighter with underworld troubles. With the Dead End Kids. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Wed., July 23-26.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Bauer, and Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Tues., July 25.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., July 26.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., July 23-24.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films produced by the War Department, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., JULY 23: "The Battle of Russia." . . . FROM MON., JULY 24: "The Negro Soldier."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women to work about four hours a week for the Committee of Refugee Education, teaching English and instructing refugees in American customs. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings, and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for, and serving at, service men's clubs (RE 4-5982). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, or dietary or ward aides; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as clinic aides or librarians, or six daytime or evening hours a week as ward aides.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs volunteers, especially women, for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A. W. V. S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park Ave., at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired by soldiers at Halloran Hospital and given to service men. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, but especially drums and brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 2 Ave., at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the Marine Library, 45 Broadway, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

M-G-M's MIGHTY PRODUCTION of Pearl Buck's Famous Novel

Not since "THE GOOD EARTH", such a picture!

Dragon Seed

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

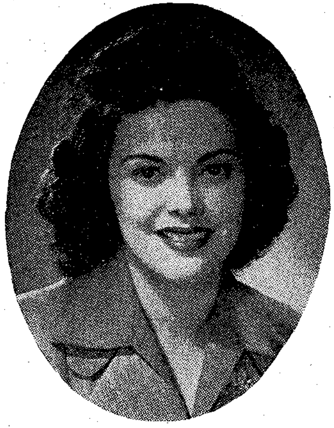
Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

Now Playing
WORLD PREMIERE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

We asked 5 foolish women why they don't check ceiling prices

"The storekeeper might get mad"

You're wrong there, lady. Good merchants appreciate customers who keep an eye on ceiling prices, who don't ask them to buy on the black market, who never ask for rationed goods without points, who share and play square with scarce goods.



..."It's too much trouble"

It isn't a lot of trouble to do the little the Government asks—just remember to ask every time you make a purchase, "Is this the ceiling price?" And it's well worth the trouble—if it holds prices down, lessens the danger of inflation.

"We can afford to pay more"

Maybe *you* can, but how about the millions of soldiers' families who must live on Army allotments? Every time you pay black market prices or buy rationed goods without points, you're helping to send prices up—that's the way inflation comes. And *nobody* can afford inflation.

"My store doesn't display ceiling prices"

All retailers will if you keep asking them, "Is this the ceiling price?" It's the law. Ceiling prices must be displayed wherever goods under ceilings are sold. That's the system which has helped to keep prices so much lower in this war than they were in the last.

"I just don't want to do it"

No—and our boys don't want to fight! But they're doing it—magnificently! It's up to you on the home front to do your part to head off rising prices and inflation, help prevent producing a depression for our boys to come home to. Don't be a SABOTEUR on the home front!

Check and be proud! You should be proud if you're the kind of loyal, patriotic American citizen who never pays more than ceiling prices, who pays her ration points in full, who shares and plays square with scarce goods!

It is because of you and millions of women like you—cooperating with American merchants—that the cost of living has gone up only 7 per cent since your Government's price control started.

But the end is not yet. So keep up the good work. Ask *every time*—"Is this the ceiling price?" Never buy a single thing that you can do without. Save your money—in the bank, in life insurance, in War Bonds. When you use things up, wear 'em out, make 'em do, or do without . . . you're helping to HOLD DOWN PRICES!

YOUR STORE WILL BE *GLAD* TO HAVE YOU ASK:

"Is this the ceiling price?"

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War Message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information.

Mrs. JACK CHRYSLER

With her officer-husband, scion of a fabulous family, she does some of Washington's pleasantest informal entertaining

Goblets, bowls, and glasses in the American Prestige design. Decanters and ashtrays also of Libbey crystal.

WITH ROSES IN GOBLETS, FRUIT IN FINGER BOWLS, MRS. CHRYSLER COMPOSES A BEAUTIFUL AND UNUSUAL TABLE SETTING

Lovely Edith Chrysler has adapted completely to a purposeful wartime life. Her full-time war work: American Women's Voluntary Services—where her golden-haired beauty is a familiar sight. Her homework: entertaining with, despite her youth, a sureness and flair that are already famous. Her taste is flawless.

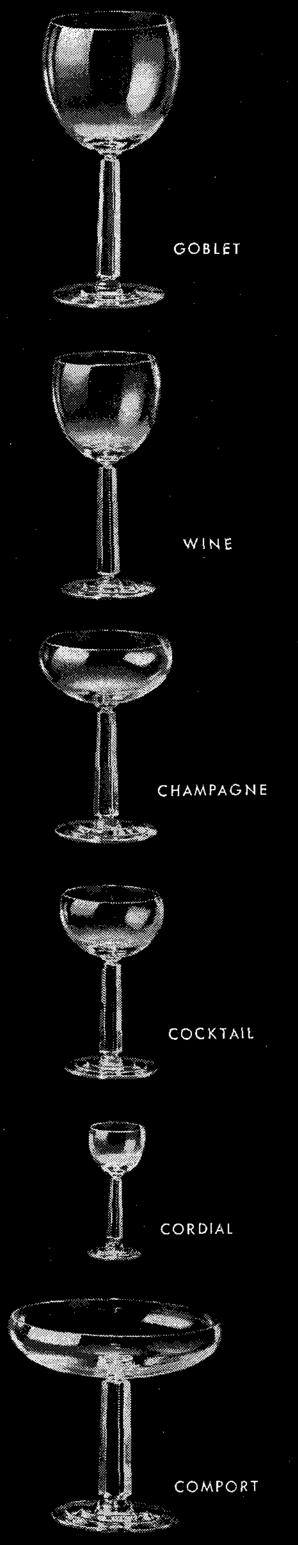
"When I plan a 'formal-informal' luncheon I choose table-glass that has the same feeling," says Mrs. Chrysler. The graceful and stately pattern you see on her luncheon table—American Prestige—is just one of many hand-blown patterns of Libbey Glass. Although Libbey master craftsmen are now making glass products helpful to the war effort, you may still select your Libbey pattern in America's leading stores. Purchase a few pieces now. After the war, you can always add to them.

LIBBEY GLASS

Established 1818

A PRODUCT OF OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Libbey
American Prestige
design
shown on Mrs. Chrysler's
Table



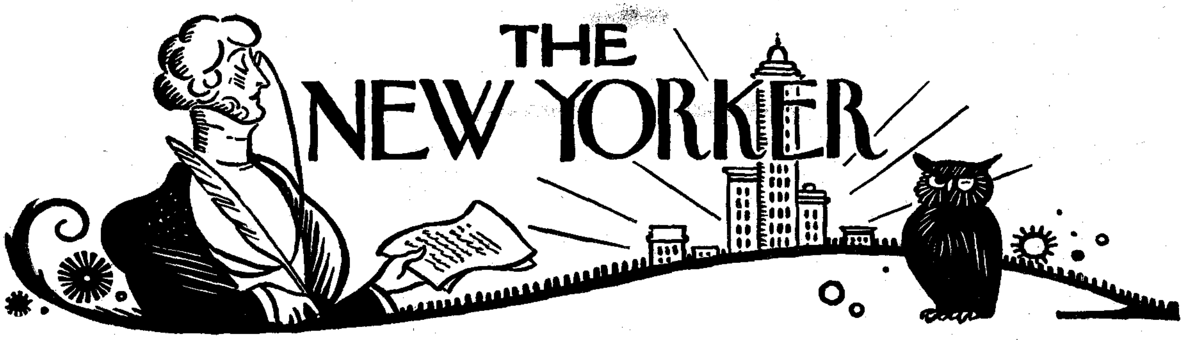
Hand-etched on every piece—Libbey

YEAR 'ROUND

Corduroys

from California. Wonderful, washable casuals in beautiful shades of aqua, raspberry or lime. Sizes 10 to 18. Left: two-toned box-jacket, combined with beige, 17.95. Solid-color slacks, 12.95. Right: cardigan jacket, 17.95. Skirt to match, 12.95. sportswear, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

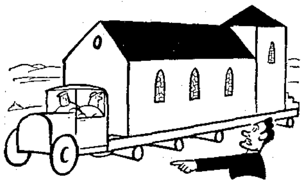
NOTE ON THE INVINCIBILITY OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN MIND: Our own Manhattan telephone directory leads off with AAA NY hdqtrs Hotel Penna, but the Los Angeles telephone directory leads off with AAAAAAAAAAAA Alteration & Repair Co Main Ofc 3417 W 1st.

WORD finally reached us on how Headquarters, that mysterious entity which seems to exist apart from and above all human beings, took the invasion. It came to us in a letter from a weather officer stationed somewhere in England. He tells us that all during D Day his teletype machine was burning up with weather forecasts for missions, corrections of forecasts, repudiations of forecasts. At nightfall there was a brief lull, and then his machine suddenly spluttered out this message: "Is your typewriter issued to you on a shipping ticket or a memorandum receipt?" That was the moment our weather officer knew that the invasion had succeeded. Headquarters was back in the groove.

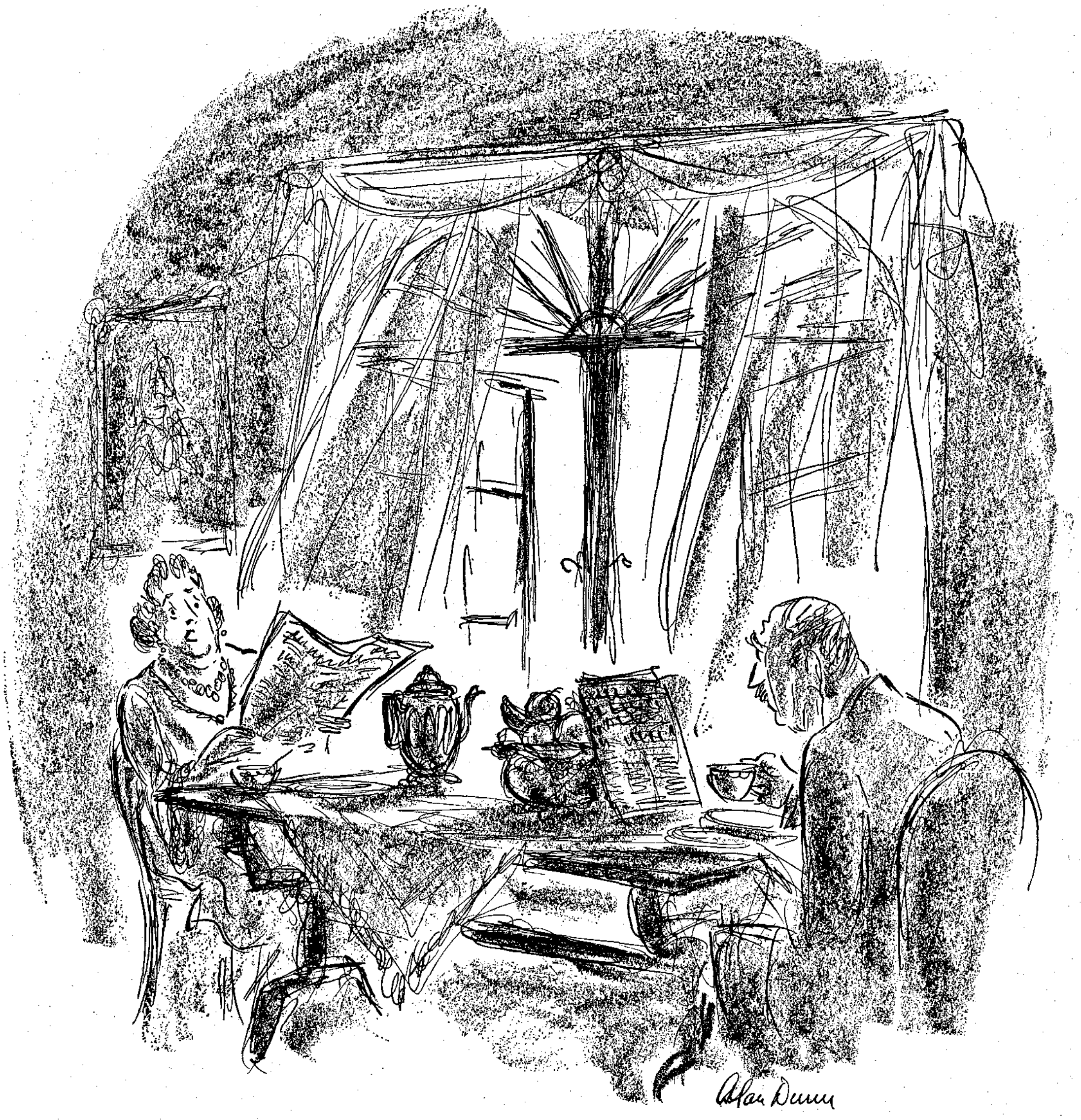
POLITICAL party conventions are responsible, of course, for something more than a good show, but with radio playing the rôle it does these days, it might not be unwise for the politicians to regard the voters, to a certain extent, as *Billboard* does—as customers—and we hope the Democrats will prove more interesting than their predecessors, even though much of their task may be as clearly and as dryly cut out for them. "GOP Convention a Radio Bust," sums up *Billboard*, which does not fool. "Nets [Networks] Coulda Stayed in Bed. Webs [also Networks] spent 50G." It continues with its customary astringency, recording that some radio people called the affair "a flop show without a second-act curtain." *Billboard* then quotes a net exec to the effect that what the Republicans needed was a P. T. Barnum and a good radioman to write their talks and direct their broadcast sessions. The Lord deliver us from recommending any writings by radiomen, but there is probably realistic counsel in that. It certainly would be a mistake, though, to rely for everything on a showman, however able to perk up the works, or, in the diction of *Billboard*, to hypo them. What made the Republican convention a washeroo is obvious, and the moral should be plain to politicians of any persuasion: a party's got to do something more than throw eggs to keep from laying them.

AN early indication of Republican bungling is their choice of headquarters for the National Committee. With hundreds of decently named hotels to pick from, they managed to get themselves ensconced in a place called the Roosevelt. It sounded almost perverse to us until we received the formal notification. The announcement said that the new quarters were "on the tenth floor of the Hotel Theodore Roosevelt." You know, that little old inn on James Madison Avenue.

OUR first definite presentiment of the possible state of things under a new administration came when we read in the *Times* last week about the church Governor Dewey attends when he is in Pawling. The church is about the same size, apparently, as the one President Roosevelt attends when he is at Hyde Park, and after the service the Deweys have usually stood outside awhile and chatted with their friends and neighbors, among them Watson McDowell, a vice-president of the Bowery Bank, Lowell Thomas, and Elliott V. Bell, State Superintendent of Banking. None of this struck us as particularly strange, but the *Times* started going into the history of the church itself, which, it seems, once stood a quarter of a mile from where it is now and was moved because Lowell Thomas didn't like the view. Here, we feel, is a bit of information that Mr. Dewey's campaign managers must play down. If there is one tradition that the American people have indicated no desire to scrap, it is the stability of churches, and the news that a Presidential nominee regularly attends one which may be shifted a quarter of a mile this way or that, depending on where Lowell Thomas thinks the grass is greener, might be just the thing that sends the decisive minority of voters up another alley. It might even start them wondering what would happen if Dewey moved into the White House and his old neighbor Lowell Thomas called on him, glanced out the window, and didn't like Pennsylvania Avenue.



OUR favorite radical party, by a long shot, is the Socialist Labor Party, which recently held its twenty-first national convention at the Cornish Arms Hotel. Edward A. Teichert, a steelworker of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, was nominated for President of the United States, and in his acceptance speech called for "the unconditional surrender of capital and the inaugura-



"Isn't 'renegotiation' something we're indignant about?"

• •

tion of an industrial republic of labor." Since its founding by Daniel de Leon, in 1890, the Socialist Labor Party has never altered its program or basic policies by so much as a tittle, and every once in a while it goes on record that it is renewing its demand that capitalism take a runout powder. During those fifty-four years, it has opposed trade unionism, unemployment insurance, wage-and-hour laws, and every other project of more collaborationist radicals as a treacherous Bismarckian device to distract the attention of the workers from the primary consideration, the immediate overthrow of capitalism. We feel a certain admiration for the Socialist Labor Party, its program, and its candidate. We don't suppose that he will be elected this fall, but if, someday, while the three thousand enrolled Socialist Laborites are marching around the citadel of Wall Street, blowing on their ram's-horns, the walls come tumbling down, we will take it in our stride. We think we'd rather have them overthrow capitalism than anyone else we know.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Some crisp young felon has chalked up on a brick wall on the upper West Side, "My name is George D. I steal."

The Grandma Baking Company of Los Angeles puts out an eerie little pastry called Grandma's Iced Fingers.

There's an office building in San Francisco whose management has solved one vexatious problem of elevator behavior, and very suavely, too. A sign posted in each of the cars says, "TO EXPEDITE EGRESS. Passengers standing nearest the door are requested, irrespective of sex, to go out first."

On Approval

A LADY we know almost succeeded in renting an apartment last week—that is, she found an apartment which was for rent, and it remained only to convince the agent that she was an acceptable tenant. During the interview, she admitted straightforwardly that she has a dog. "Hmm," the agent said. "And what kind of a dog is it?" Just a little dog, she explained—a cocker spaniel. The agent thought for a moment, then cautiously inquired, "What color?"

Our Own Baedeker

EAST PRUSSIA, which was cut off from the rest of Germany when the Treaty of Versailles established the Polish Corridor and the Free City of Danzig, is one of the most feudal parts of Germany, where many Junkers have their big estates and as late as the last century exercised the medieval *jus primae noctis*, or first date with the bride. One of the early kings of the region had an interest in surgery and studied the alimentary system by having his subjects cut up when they were in various stages of digestion. The forthcoming military events will be no novelty to East Prussia. It has seen many wars. The Encyclopædia Britannica says that no portion of the earth's surface has been more fought over. In their early days the Nazis used to talk about breaking up the big Junker estates and distributing the land among the peasants, but they never did much about it, and the peasants still live in essential serfdom. Masurian Prussia, the southwest half of the territory, has many lakes and many forests in which wolves and lynx are still to be found. The Kaiser had a hunting preserve there. Lithuanian Prussia, the northeast half, is mainly cultivated land, yielding oats, rye, flax, and potatoes. There are herring fisheries off the coast, and the usual workingman's meal is herring and potatoes. Potato spirits, mixed with honey, is the local tipple. It is called Bärentrank, or bears' drink, and is pretty powerful.

The East Prussian peasants speak with a marked accent which other Germans consider funny; an East Prussian monologue is apt to bob up in any German variety show. The seacoast is fringed with lagoons formed by long, dune-covered peninsulas, and there are several popular summer resorts there. The famous Vogelwarte, where migratory birds were banded for observation, was at Rossitten, on the coast; Thomas Mann used to have a summer place nearby. About the only city of consequence in East Prussia is Königsberg, the capital. It is a naval and military stronghold and has a university and an outdoor museum for the display of model farms, cottages, churches, and so on. Kant was born there. Königsberg is also an industrial centre of some importance, with mills, machine shops, and iron foundries, and it is the home of a famous marzipan and of *Königsberger Fleck*, or tripe Königsberg style.

Long before the first World War, East Prussian women smoked in public. They and their husbands, too, gambled at Zoppot, the German Monte Carlo. East Prussians do not do things by halves: their birthrate is higher than elsewhere in Germany, and so is the incidence of tuberculosis, influenza, and measles. The Russians will probably be especially thorough in going through East Prussia, because it was there, at Tannenberg, that the Germans gave them a disastrous licking in the first World War. In August, 1914, the Czar's troops crossed the border and penetrated some miles into East Prussia. Ludendorff arrived to take charge of the defense, and Hindenburg came along the next day. They succeeded in wiping out two Russian army corps and in reducing three others by fifty per cent. There was some question which leader deserved the credit for the victory, but this was decided by the appearance, after the war, of a good ten-pfennig cigar called Masurenheld, or the Hero of Masuria, which had on the box a picture of Hindenburg.

There is a story of the original Russian advance into East Prussia. As the German Army officers prepared a retreat, they instructed the peasants to poison an advancing Cossack force by encouraging them to drink gasoline drained from damaged vehicles the German soldiers were leaving behind. The East Prussians obeyed orders, telling the Cossacks that the gasoline was German vodka. They drank it down, but, instead of dying, they came back next morning asking for more.

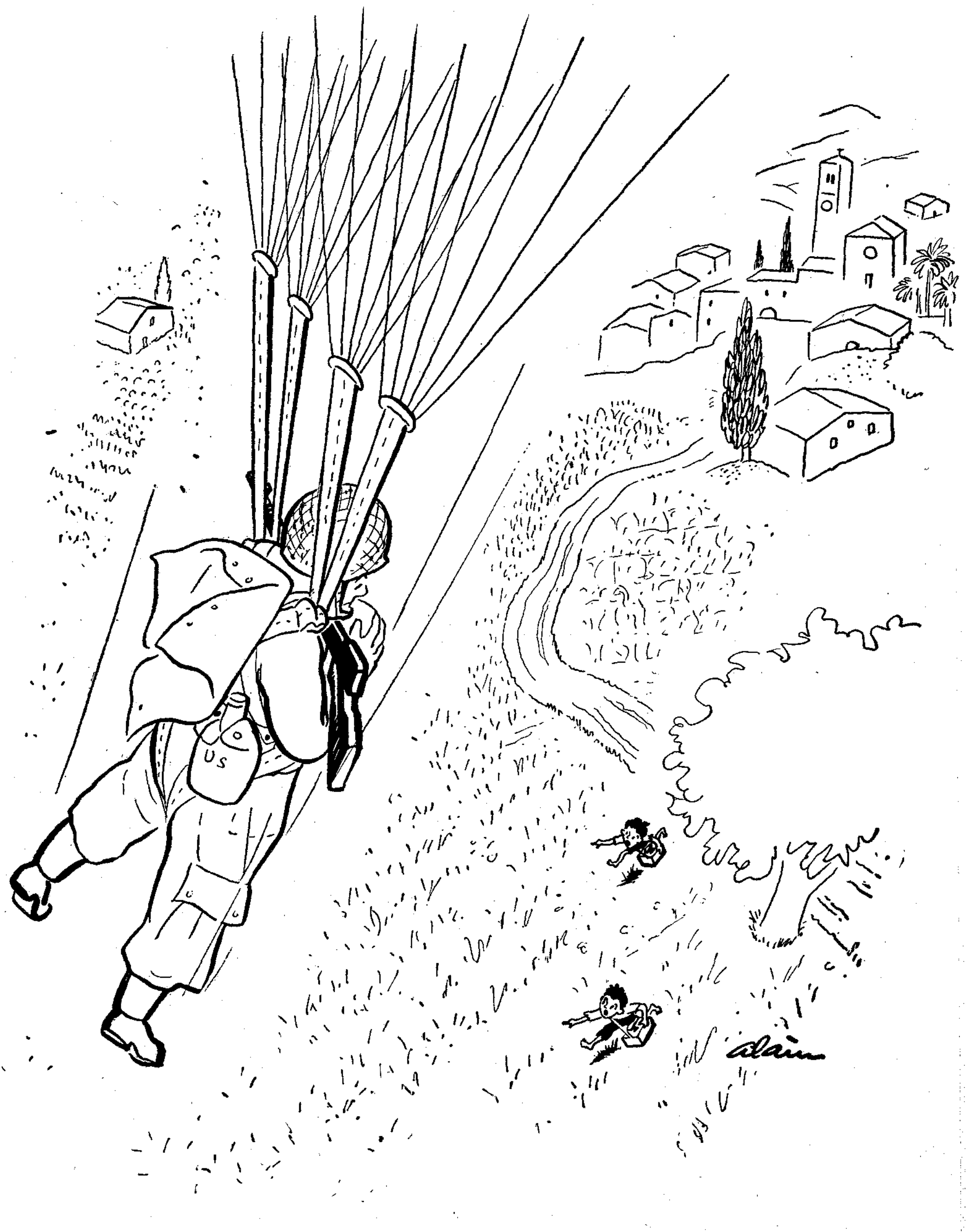
Comparison

WE walk more slowly than we used to, possibly because of some molecular change, and this sometimes keeps overheard conversations within earshot longer than before. The other day, on Park Avenue, we caught quite a sizable chunk of an argument between a young man and his woman companion as they strolled by us. He was defending the New York *Times* as a great institution, but the lady sniffed. "Well, what's greater than the New York *Times?*" he demanded. Her answer was the last word we caught. "Love," said the lady promptly and firmly.

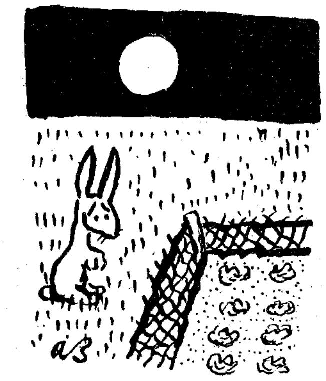
Sculptor

ONE of the best-adjusted sculptors we have ever met is a middle-aged, one-armed Midwesterner named Philo Truex. His medium is sand and his present atelier is a vacant lot on West Fiftieth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, right next to a White Tower. His income, though purely a matter of cash contributions from bedazzled passers-by, is reasonably substantial and fairly predictable. The shower of small change from the public averages enough to fill three pint containers every four hours, and Truex has no difficulty in paying a rental of eight dollars a day for his twenty-by-twenty plot, as well as the salary of a night watchman, who takes over at 3 A.M. Late evening and early morning are, as you would expect, Truex's most profitable business hours.

We would say that Truex's show is well worth whatever small change you want to donate. There's a wounded horse, life-size, rolling over on its fallen rider, and a lion, a mother bear with three cubs, a sow with three sucklings, a rabbit crawling through a log, and an American Eagle. Truex apologized, when we talked to him last week, for the fact that heavy rains had taken the sharp edges off some of his creations. Others, which he had



coated with transparent liquid cement, had pulled through O.K. The use of liquid cement, we gathered, involves a nice ethical point. Truex was definitely scornful when he told us that some of the sand sculpture now on view at Atlantic City is eighteen years old and has been preserved with liquid cement. On the other hand, he does occasionally use cement himself, but he starts from scratch every time he sets up in a new location, which is frequently. He has exhibited all over the country, supporting a wife and raising three children on the proceeds. He admits that he is not by any means the best man in the business; his nomination is a Negro who makes his headquarters in Asbury Park. This fellow, who happens also to have only one arm, specializes in portraits of public personalities like Roosevelt and Churchill.



Truex became a professional sand sculptor in 1913, while he was still in his teens. He had been in a Miami hospital with a bad case of typhoid and spent his convalescence lying on the beach. (As a farm boy, he had always liked to dabble in modelling.) Then one afternoon, when he had nothing else to do, he executed an equestrian figure in the wet sand. While he was working absorbedly at this job, he was hit on the head by a silver dollar. "I looked up at the boardwalk and saw a smiling millionaire," he told us, "then I looked down and found the beach around me covered with silver dollars. I was in." He immediately went into the business. "No riffraff in Miami then," he says. "Folks didn't carry any coins smaller than silver dollars." When democracy and small change came to Miami, Truex began a series of nationwide tours. By and large, he says, it's a good investment to hire a vacant lot in a business district and have sand trucked in; on a beach the majority of the crowd is apt to be wearing bathing suits, and, as Truex pointed out, when you are in a bathing suit you usually haven't got much small change with you.

Sales Talk

IF the sale of bonds among Army personnel reached its quota in the drive, it was because of such efforts as that made by a captain we've heard of, a Southerner who wound up a bond-selling talk to his company with these handsome words: "And remember, men, these bonds will be good just as long as No'the'n money is good."

The White Plume

AN old Republican expression was brought down from the attic and used at the recent Republican convention when a delegate said that Governor Bricker was "wearing the white plume of Henry of Navarre," and this set us to doing a small job of research into recent history. We are practically certain that this is the first use of the white plume since 1920, when Harry Daugherty tried to pin it on Warren G. Harding by calling him "the plumed knight." In Harding's case the tag never became popular, possibly because of a misfit, but in the eighteen-eighties everybody could have told you who the plumed knight was—James G. Blaine. This famous Bricker predecessor was first called "the plumed knight" in the Republican convention of 1876, when Robert G. Ingersoll put his name up for nomination: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor." The opposition to Blaine was too much for eloquence that year and he didn't get the nomination, but thereafter he was known as "the plumed knight" and Ingersoll was known as one of the great American orators. Blaine was brushed off again in 1880, but, as you probably will recall, he was nominated in 1884. The turning point of that convention came when a group of Blaine delegates marched onto the floor carrying a huge American flag. Above it, on the end of the flagstaff, was a helmet of flowers surmounted by a white plume. Prolonged cheers. Blaine ran on a Hard-Shell conservative platform and was nudged out by Cleveland, who had the help of the liberal Republicans, or Mugwumps.

The original white plume, of course, was worn by Henry of Navarre, way back before James G. Blaine. It was a long, waving feather which he wore in his helmet during battle and on his best hat in peacetime. A sixteenth-century account book of the House of Navarre is extant, and contains a notation of the purchase of the first white plume. Anybody who ever read Dumas has some notion of the violent life Henry of Navarre led. Being the leader of the Protestant faction at the Court of Henry III, he was put on the spot by the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day and made a phony profession of the Catholic faith in a hurry in order to save his own skin. He became king when Henry III died, but it took him five years to reach the throne, fighting pitched battles with his old enemies, the Catholic Leaguers. Shortly before his final victory, he embraced Catholicism in earnest. It was in the battle of Ivry, which was part of this campaign, that the white plume acquired its modern Republican significance. Henry called his leaders together before the battle and said, "Companions, God is with us. You are to meet His enemies and ours. If, in the turmoil of the battle, you lose sight of your banner, follow the white plume upon my casque. You will find it on the road to victory and honor." It *does* sound rather like Bricker, at that.

Undelivered

A PALLID little minion of one of the Washington bureaus was horrified the other day when there arrived at his desk an envelope, containing a form letter, that had been mailed from his department a couple of months earlier to a government official in Manila. Apparently nobody had revised the mailing list since Pearl Harbor. He felt even more frustrated when he saw the Post Office Department's rubber-stamped reason for non-delivery of the letter: "Not Known at This Address."

The Real de Gaulle

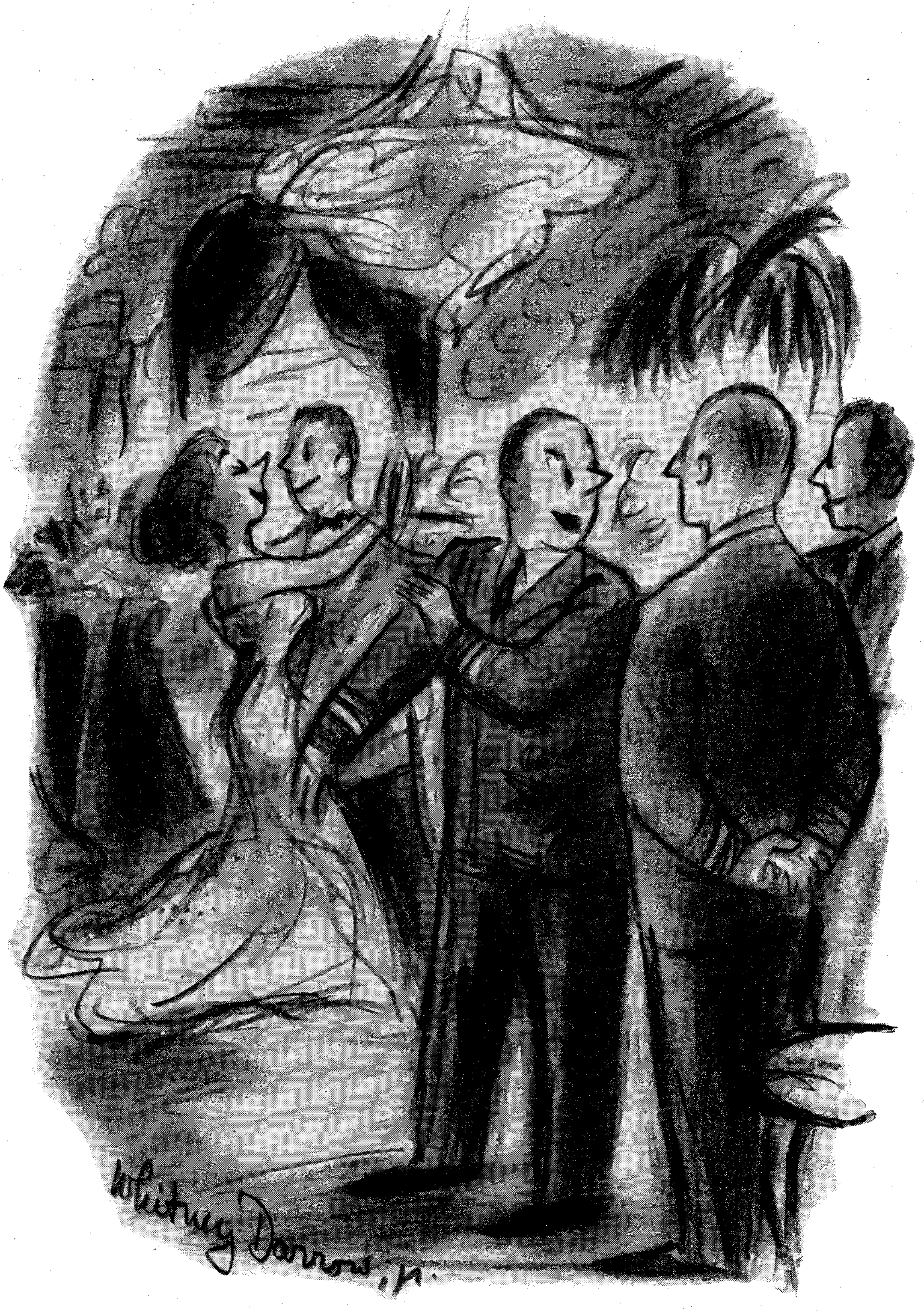
WE didn't get to see General Charles de Gaulle when he was in town, but we did have a talk with Mlle. Laura Roth, who saw him in a behind-the-scenes sort of way, and we have her word for several things, including the fact that he is "more soft-looking" than the photographers make him out. Mlle. Roth is an American who was brought up in France, and she speaks English with a pretty, French accent. She is secretary to M. Guérin de Beaumont, Agent General in New York for what used to be called the French Committee of National Liberation but now is known forthrightly as the Provisional Government of the French Republic, and she served de Gaulle briefly and enthusiastically in a similar capacity while he was here. While de Gaulle was attending the reception at the Waldorf-Astoria, she was in his suite, on the forty-second floor, transcribing from his longhand the speech he was to deliver in Ottawa. The General writes a large, flowing hand, we learned; under close questioning, Mlle. Roth admitted that it is very, *very* hard to read.

Mlle. Roth was just sitting in her office in Rockefeller Center one day last week when she looked up and there was General de Gaulle. It seems that he had dropped into his New York headquarters to see de Beaumont after making the customary visitor's tour of the Center. Mlle. Roth told us that when she saw him striding past, she never dreamed that she would dine in his suite that evening. "Oh, I got a marvellous impression of him," she said. "I think I am still delirious with joy. He looked so sweet, so gentle, so soft—not severe, the way he does in the pictures." She added, naturally, that he was tall, too.

De Beaumont recommended her for the typing job, which began at four-thirty that afternoon and ended at one-thirty the next morning. Her dinner came up on a tray. She was well chaperoned in de Gaulle's apartment by three city detectives, who warned her even against themselves. "Never believe a man is a police officer unless he shows his badge," one of them told her. She was introduced to de Gaulle when he returned to his suite, just as she was finishing up the speech, but what with one thing and another she doesn't remember what he said to her. "I know we shook hands, though," she told us. She was saying goodbye to the detectives when the French captain who had superintended her work came up with General de Gaulle's compliments and gave her an autographed photograph of the General and a small Cross of Lorraine. The medallion was much smaller than the one Mayor LaGuardia got. "The Cross of Lorraine! What a surprise!" she said. "But now I'm afraid to wear it for fear I might lose it." She showed us the photograph. We thought de Gaulle looked rather severe and decided that he is a victim of the limitations of photography.

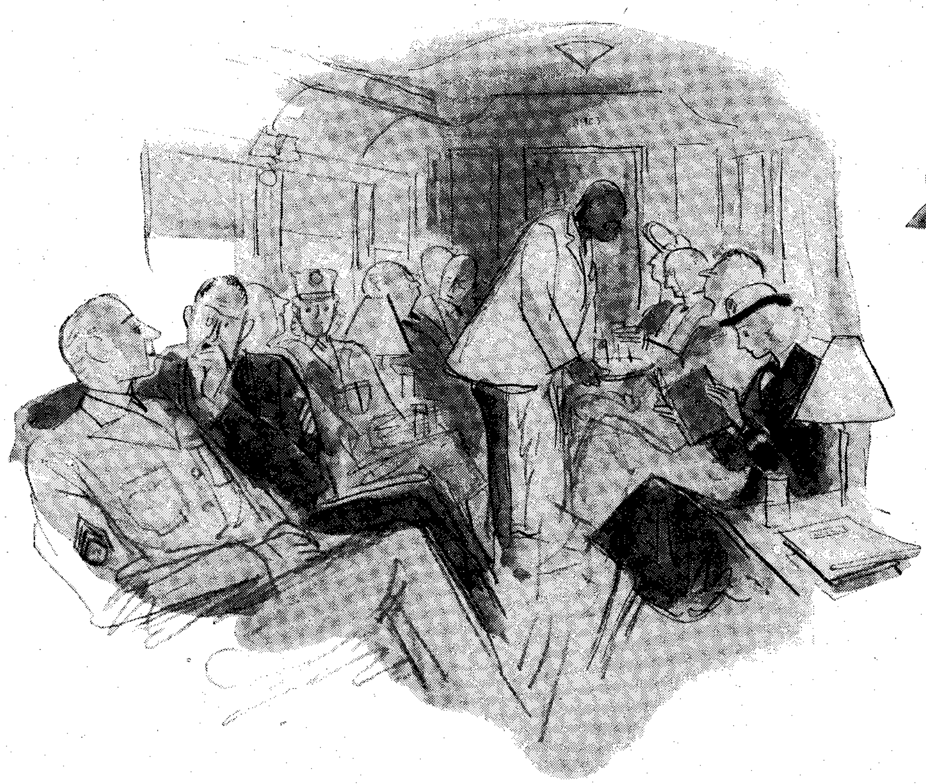
Complaint

ON American fighting fronts the Army prints little one-sheet newspapers, in the enemy's language, giving full, accurate, and late war news on one side and on the reverse setting forth the advantages of immediate surrender. The sheets are dropped in back of the enemy lines by plane or shell. Well, the other day in Normandy a Nazi surrendered and, in the course of his interrogation by our intelligence officers, pettishly asked what had happened to the little newspapers. His platoon hadn't had any news for several days, he said, and was getting bitter about the service.

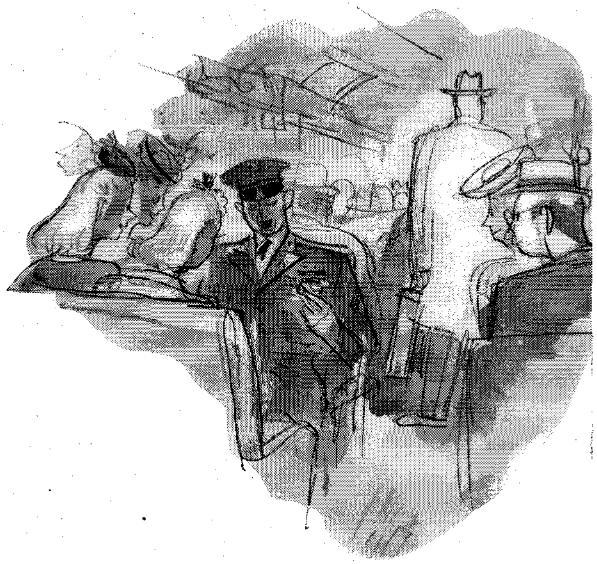

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Watch out for that Rogers girl. She has lint."

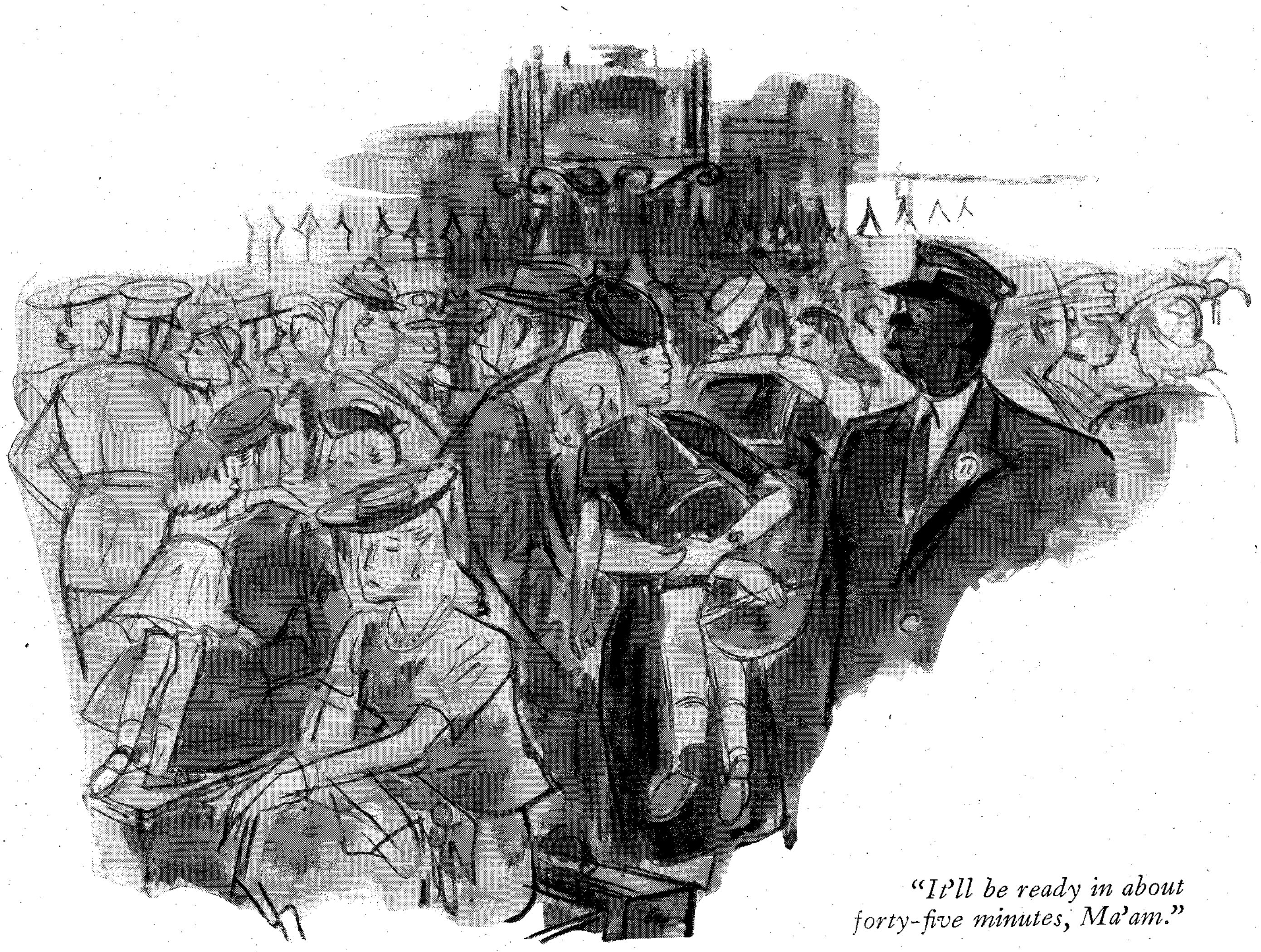
TRAVELLERS



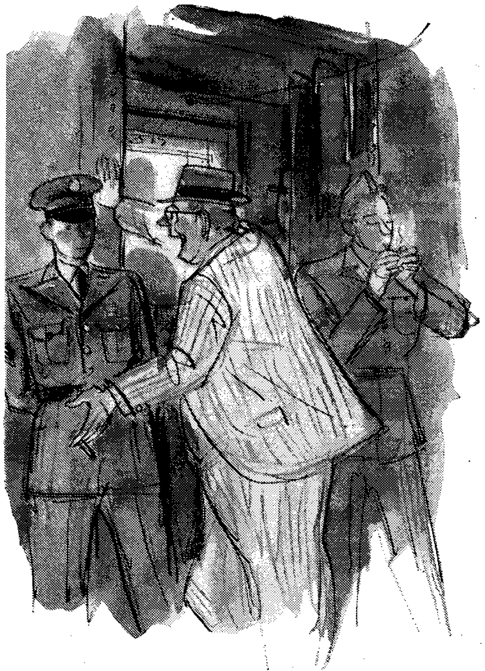
"She sure is literary."



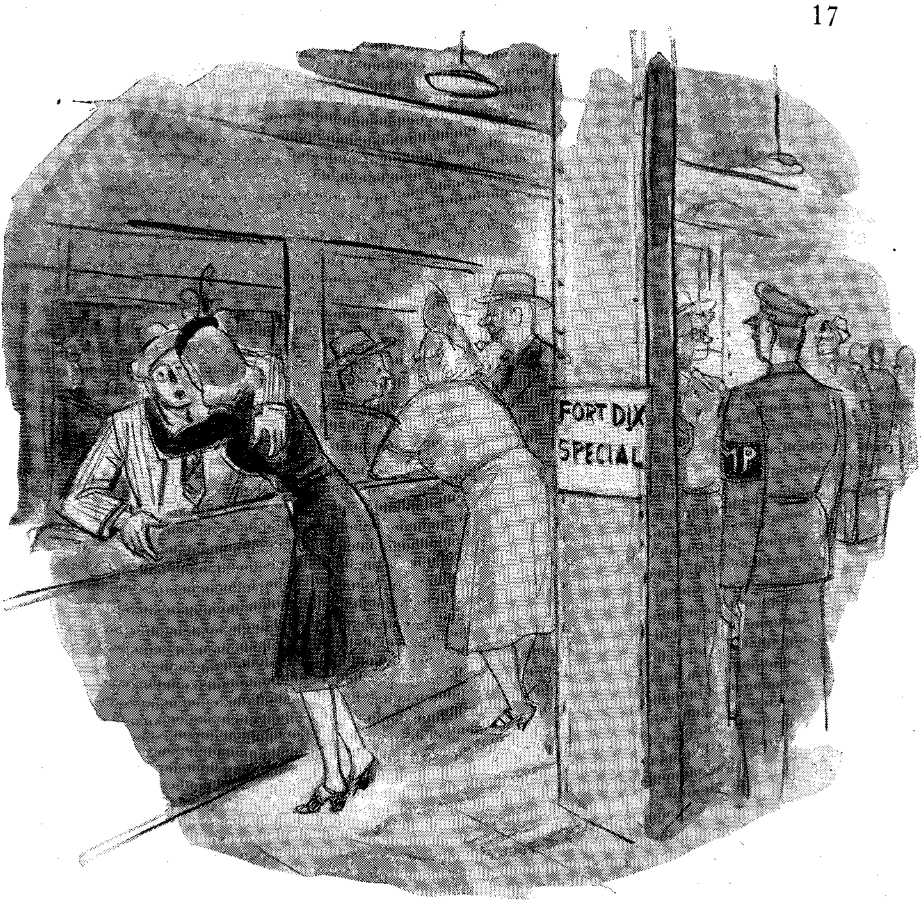
"It seems I was kinda handy with the old machine gun, so they gave me this one. Now the one here with the red just means . . ."



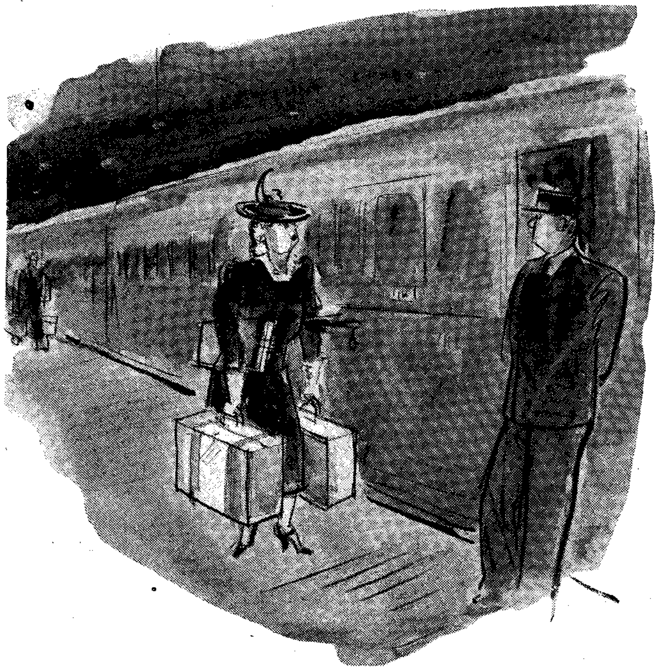
"It'll be ready in about forty-five minutes, Ma'am."



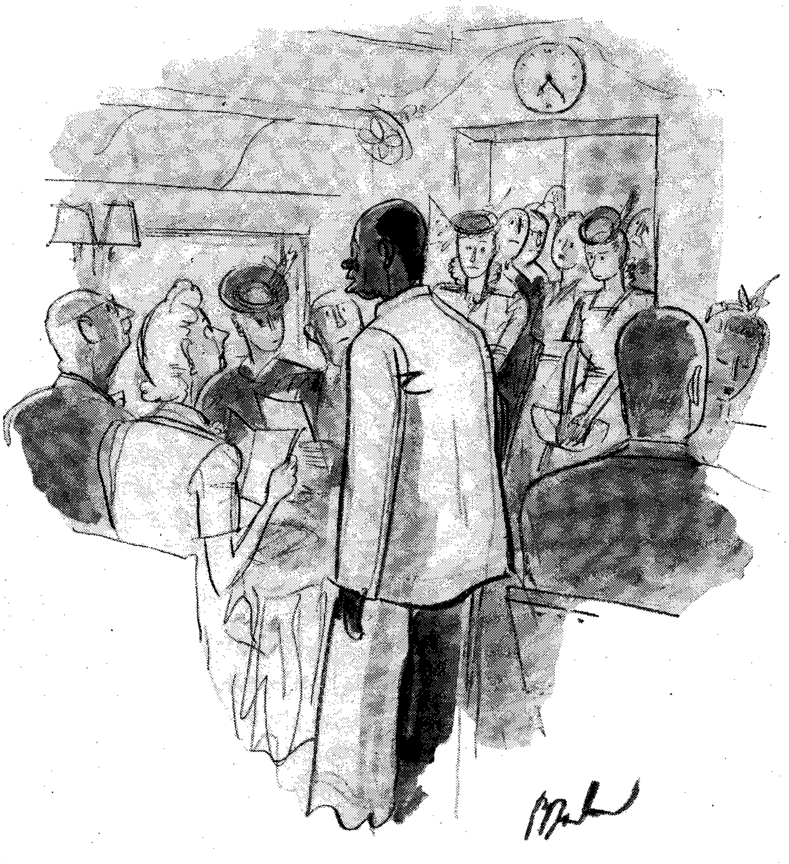
". . . so then we got out of our forty-and-eight after two days and three nights, and naturally we were all set to do a little stirring around. Now this Chanzy-le-Bocage was a sleepy burg of about five hundred population—sleepy till we blew in, I mean! Well, being right in the heart of that Médoc wine belt, naturally we didn't crave any water. Well, we started to celebrate. The mayor made a speech, and the whole town and more mademoiselles than I ever dreamed of turned out . . ."



"Don't take less than six hundred dollars for it. Tell them that the upholstery is in perfect condition and the tires still got a lot of miles left in them. . . ."



"How many more to F21?"



"Sorry, Ma'am. Chicken's all gone. Lamb's all gone. No more trout. But we got plenty of Spanish omelette."

MY BROTHER OSONG'S CAREER IN POLITICS

WHEN he was twelve, my older brother, Osong, left our Philippine town and stayed away for three years. Then he came back home for a short visit, bringing many gifts for our parents. My younger brother, Nicasio, wanted to go away with him when the visit was over, but Osong told him that he must stay at home and be the scholar of the family. He took Nicasio's hand and walked with him through the town. He pointed to the barefoot men and women in the market place, the naked children in the school yard, and the tall marble monuments to our national heroes in the plaza. "These are all ours," Osong said. "Go to school and find out why these are all ours."

Nicasio had no idea what Osong meant, but he was persuaded to go to school. (Nothing much ever came of it, though.) This time Osong went to northern Luzon, where he recruited dispossessed peasants to work for a sugar company. When the provinces were drained of young men, he quit his job and went to Manila and joined the Philippine Scouts.

Osong was a good soldier, but after three years of distinguished service, he had a serious illness and came back to live in our town. When he got tired of living in town, he took me with him to a nearby village where my father owned a farm. Father had given him a piece of land there that was covered with brush.

My brother and I set a fire in the brush the night we got there and in the morning began digging out the roots and stumps. When that was done, we got a carabao and started plowing. The bright nights came and we worked under the silver moon. Sometimes I sat down to rest on the edge of an irrigation ditch which ran through the field and watched my brother following the plow and the carabao pulling it, swishing its tail back and forth in the moonlight.

As summer drew near, Father came out and watched us work.

"This soil is good for rice," Father said.

"It's rich, all right," Osong said. "But I'll plant tobacco."

"Tobacco?" Father said, in surprise. "We don't plant tobacco in this part of the country."

"I'm starting it," my brother said.

"What'll you do with tobacco?" Father asked. "I don't smoke. You don't smoke. Only your grandmother has a liking for tobacco. But she eats it."

"I don't know what I'll do with it," my brother said. "It's a beautiful plant, though."

"Do you think you will need tobacco, son?" Father asked me.

"Maybe I'll eat it, like Grandmother," I said.

"It's a beautiful plant to eat, all right," my brother said.

Soon he and I began to plant tobacco seedlings. We covered them with banana leaves in the morning and at night we uncovered them, so that the dew would fall on them. We hauled water from the village well and sprinkled it on the plants. They grew rapidly and we were very excited.

ONE day Father came to the farm and told us that the mayor of our town had died of eating too much raw goat meat. He said the meat had swelled in the mayor's stomach and choked him to death. "The town needs a new mayor," Father said.

"I'm not a politician," Osong said.

"You've got a loud voice," Father said. "And I've already given this good tobacco plantation to your grandmother."

"It's my tobacco," my brother said.

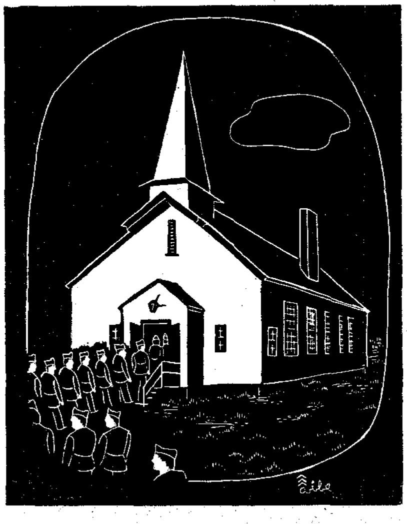
"It's your tobacco, all right," Father replied. "But it's my land. And you used *him*." They both looked at me. I shifted my weight from one foot to the other.

"What do you say, son?" Father asked me.

"Maybe I can eat the tobacco later, in town," I said.

So we turned over the tobacco land to Grandmother and went to town. Father and all the rest of us boys campaigned for Osong. Mother never paid any attention to us; she thought politicians were lazy and untruthful. She said, "They want to sit in a nice office all day and talk about this and about that."

Father's cronies started coming to our house, so Mother and my two little sisters went out to live in the village near the farm. My uncles and their cronies came to help in our campaign for Osong. To the great surprise of Mother, my brother was elected mayor. Her distrust of politicians became greater.



The day after the election, Father and my uncles gathered some musicians in the yard. Father killed six goats and one of the defeated candidates donated three big jars of wine. The celebration lasted three nights and three days. It ended with a fight and six men were badly hurt. When the guests went away, they took every movable thing they could find—the tables and benches, the utensils and dishes, the empty wine jars, and any scraps of food which remained; the house and the yard were stripped clean.

The next day, Mother and my sisters came back to town, smoking big homemade cigars, and Father returned to the village to plant corn. A month later he came to town again.

"If you'd like to be reëlected," Father said to Osong, "you must start some scheme."

"I can't think of anything," my brother said.

"You can build a bridge across the river," Father said.

"There are already too many unnecessary bridges across it," my brother said. "They were built by several mayors before me."

"How about a new cemetery?" Father asked. "Everybody dies. There is no reason why we shouldn't have a new cemetery."

Osong liked the idea and appropriated all the money there was in the town treasury to lay out a new cemetery. The old cemetery was beyond the town limits and was surrounded by wide rice fields. It was always covered with water, and sometimes the fishermen caught frogs among the gravestones and sold them in the public market. My brother decided to have the new cemetery in town, near the presidencia, the town hall. "So that everybody will become familiar with death," he explained.

The townspeople were elated. They bought lots in the new cemetery and erected headstones. They went to the old cemetery and dug up the remains of their dead and reburied them in the new cemetery. Often they put their own names on headstones, even though they were still alive and strong. They just wanted to be ready. Sometimes the children used the new cemetery for picnics. Osong had made it a beautiful place; the people had become familiar with death in a most human way.

WHEN Osong's term was nearing its end, Father came into town with a new idea. "You must hold the faith and confidence of the voters," he said.

"I've not thought of a plan yet," my brother said.

"Why don't you build a big monument in the plaza?" Father asked.

"All our heroes have monuments already," my brother said. "They are all over the plaza."

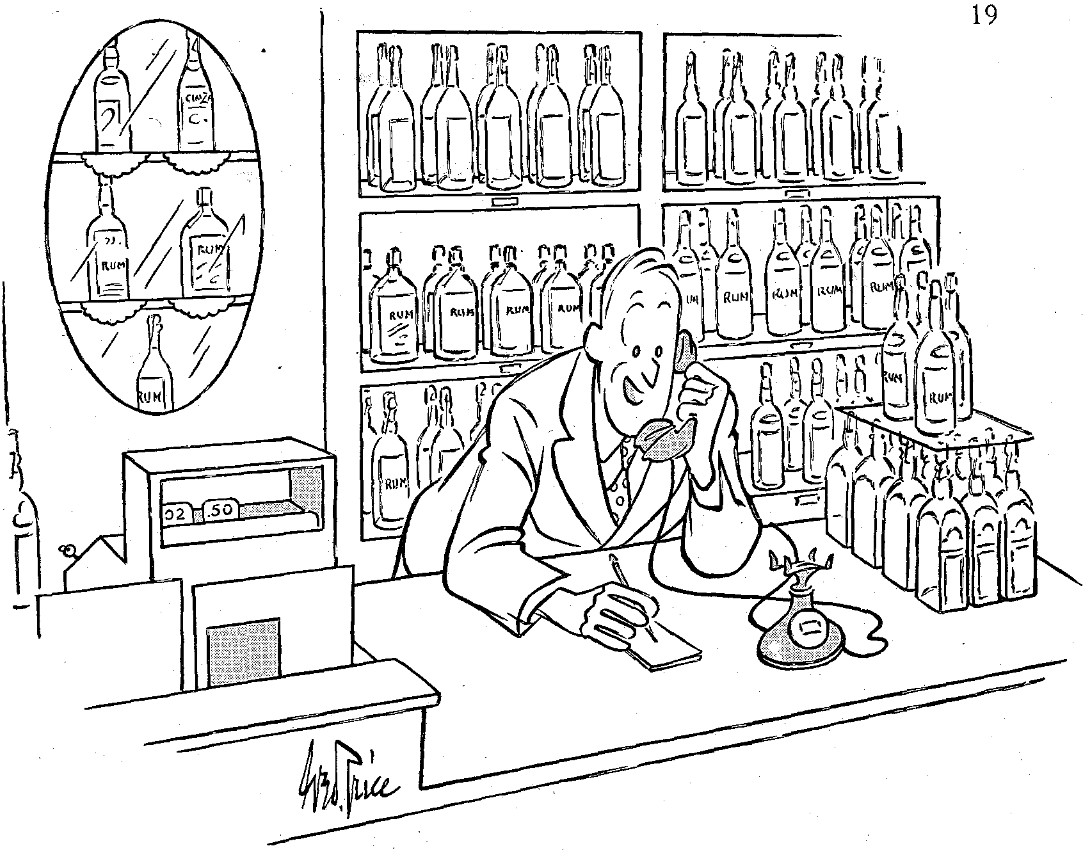
"That's just it, son," Father said. "When we build a monument, it's always for a national hero. What about a town hero?"

"I didn't think of that," my brother said. "Do we have a hero in this town?"

"I'm looking at you, son," Father said.

"I think I'm sort of a hero, all right," my brother said.

"What do you think of it?" Father said. "People sit in the plaza every day. Your monument would remind them of their duty."



"No, we haven't, Mrs. Walton, but how about yo-ho-ho and a bottle of you know what?"

Taxes were collected every other year in our town and it was not the tax year, so there was very little money in the treasury. What there was, my brother appropriated for his monument. It was built at once. The foundation was made of cement and bricks, but my brother's figure was marble. When election came, the voters cast their ballots and slept under the shadow of my brother's monument. After the ballots were counted and it was found that my brother had been reëlected, the voters chipped pieces off the monument for souvenirs and returned to their homes. That was all they got from the election.

Toward the middle of my brother's second term, a gambler set fire to the public market and it was burned to the ground. The people demanded a new market. The taxes had been collected, but the treasury was again empty, because Osong had appropriated everything a few months earlier for a new town hall, which he had had built and inscribed with his name in large letters. He did not know what to do now, because the people were getting restless.

He and Father got hold of the gambler who had set the market on fire, brought him to our house, and questioned him. "Why did you do it?" they asked.

"I didn't know I did it," the gambler said.

"Did somebody pay you to burn the market?" my brother asked.

"No, sir," the gambler said.

"How did it happen?" my brother asked.

"The chief of police and I were playing cards with some of the teachers at the back of the dance hall and I lost the church's money," the gambler said. "I work at the sacristy when I'm broke, you know. So I went to the market and lay down in one of the booths. I wanted quiet, so as to plan how to steal my grandmother's cart, which I thought I could sell to the freight company and so pay back the money to the church. I was smoking a cigarette, but I dozed off. When I woke up, it was too late. The whole place was roaring with fire."

"Why weren't you burned at all?" my brother asked.

"Even a gambler could be favored by God," the man said.

WHEN the gambler had gone, my brother said to my father, "What shall I do now? The treasury is empty. The people will throw me out of office in disgrace."

"May I suggest something?" Father said. "Nearly everybody likes to gamble. Why not build some gambling houses in the school yard and keep the betting commissions for the treasury? You would make enough to pay for a new public market."

"It's a nice idea," my brother said. "But not in the school yard. It would tempt the children."

"They will gamble sooner or later anyway," Father said. "Why not start them young? It will give them a good feeling for it."

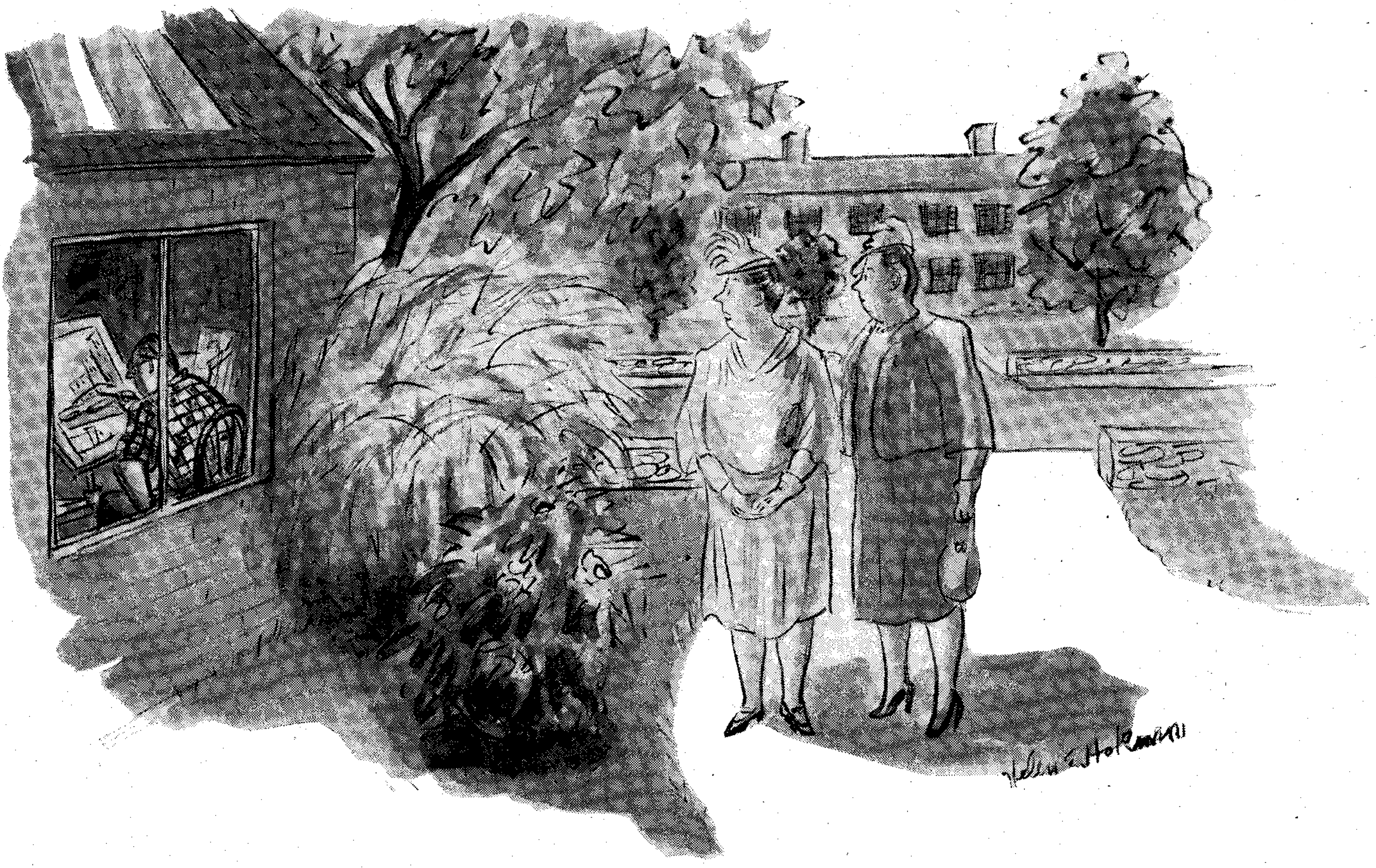
"We could use the church," Osong said.

"And share the commissions with the priest?" Father said. "He's too rich already. Why not use the market place? Everybody goes there to look at the burned buildings."

So my brother told the town secretary to send some carpenters to the market place. The carpenters came and in no time at all built several gambling houses. They were makeshift shacks of grass and bamboo, ten feet by ten in size. Father offered to round up the gamblers, and the man who had burned the market volunteered to drive off the flies, which might distract the gamblers.

"You need somebody to watch the dealers," Father said.

"The dealers are my uncles and



"So that's what that Mr. Smith does. I never realized he didn't have to earn a living."

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cousins," Osong said. "They won't cheat me."

"All dealers are dishonest," Father said. "You need your brother Berto to watch them and to keep track of the commissions."

"But Berto is dishonest, Father," Osong said.

"You need a crook to catch a crook," Father said.

"Can I trust him with so many pesos lying around?" my brother asked.

"He is my son, if that's what you mean," Father said.

My brother Berto was appointed to watch the dealers and to keep track of the commissions. We called him Commissioner.

The gambling houses were such a success that before long there was enough money to pay for the construction of a new market, and Osong hired a construction engineer, an important man from Manila. While it was being built, the gambling was also in progress. Sometimes the carpenters stopped to place a bet on the card tables. Sometimes the engineer played, but he never won. The people came to the market and watched the carpenters; then they went into the gambling houses and played monte. They almost never won, because the dealers were dishonest.

When the market was finished, the engineer stayed around for a few days, until he had lost all his salary at the card tables, and then he left town; the carpenters, who were men from our province, gambled away their money too. They even sold their tools to the professional gamblers. The dealers winked at each other and robbed the carpenters of the last centavo. Then the merchants in the market began complaining about having gambling houses there. They saw that their customers were gambling their money away and didn't have anything left to spend in the market.

By now the end of Osong's second term was near. He wanted to be mayor again, and this term, he said, he planned to wipe out gambling in our town.

"What more do you want?" Father said. "You've a big monument in the plaza. You've laid out a new cemetery. The town hall is named after you. There's a new market. You must not run again."

"Berto is old enough to be mayor," Osong said, hoping that the position would remain in the family. But one day my brother Berto absconded with what was left of the betting commissions and went to America. Since the money had not been recorded in the town treasury books, nobody knew or complained about it.

OSONG did not run for reëlection, and Father went out to his farm to live. The man who succeeded Osong put up a bitter fight against the gamblers and the better families in town sided with him.

After a while, Father came to town again. He told everybody that he was very happy that gambling was now outlawed in our town and that all the loafers and gamblers had been arrested and put to work. Father strutted among the prisoners, who were building a highway to Manila.

"There is nothing better than a town of honest workingmen," Father said. "It has always been my dream to live in a clean town before I go."

—CARLOS BULOSAN

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Do you think joining the Waves will help me to find a husband? J.P.E., Concord.

ANSWER: Yes, we know several girls who joined the Waves three months ago and they're now aviation machinists' mates.—*Boston Globe.*

Next question.

GUNNERS' PASSAGE

"IN Brazil," Whitejack was saying, "the problem was girls. American girls."

They were lying on the comfortable cots, with the mosquito netting looped gracefully over their heads and the barracks quiet and empty, except for the two of them, and shaded and cool, when you remembered that outside the full sun of Africa stared down.

"Three months in the jungle, on rice and monkey meat." Whitejack lit a large, long, nickel cigar and puffed deeply, squinting up at the tin roof. "When we got to Rio, we felt we deserved an American girl. So the lieutenant and Johnny Moffat and myself, we got the telephone directory of the American Embassy and we went down the list, calling up likely names—secretaries, typists, interpreters, filing clerks—" Whitejack grinned up at the ceiling. He had a large, sunburned, rough face that was broken into good looks by his smile, and his speech was Southern, but not the kind of Southern that puts a Northerner's teeth on edge.

"It was the lieutenant's idea, and by the time we got to the Q's, he was ready to give up. But we hit pay dirt on the S's." Slowly he blew out a long column of cigar smoke. "Uh-uh," he said, closing his eyes reflectively. "Two months and eleven days of honey and molasses. Three tender and affectionate American girls, as loving as the day is long, with their own flat. Beer in the icebox from Sunday to Sunday, steaks big enough to saddle a mule with, and nothing to do—just lie on the beach in the afternoon and go swimmin' when the mood seized yuh. On per diem."

"How were the girls?" Stais asked. "Pretty?"

"Well, Sergeant." Whitejack paused thoughtfully and pursed his lips. "To tell you the truth, Sergeant, the girls the lieutenant and Johnny had were as smart and pretty as chipmunks. Mine . . ." Once more he paused. "Ordinarily, my girl would find herself hard put to collect a man in the middle of a full division of infantry soldiers. She was small and runty and she had less curves than a rifle barrel and she wore glasses. But from the first time she looked at me, I could see she wasn't interested in Johnny or the lieutenant. She looked at me, and behind her glasses her eyes were soft and hopeful and humble and appealing." Whitejack flicked the cigar ash off into a little tin can which was resting on his bare chest. "Sometimes," he said slowly, "a man feels mighty small if he just thinks of himself and turns down an appeal like that. Let me tell you something, Sergeant. I was in Rio two months and eleven days and I didn't look at another woman. All those dark-brown women walkin' along the beach, three-quarters out of their bathing suits, just wavin' it in front of your face—I didn't look at them. This runty, skinny little thing with glasses was the most lovin' and satisfactory and decent little person a man could possibly conceive of and a man'd just have to be hog-greedy with sex to have winked an eye at another woman." Whitejack doused his cigar, took the tin can off his chest, and rolled over on his belly. "Now," he said, "I'm going to get myself a little sleep."

In a moment Whitejack was snoring gently, his tough mountaineer's face tucked childishly into the crook of one arm. Outside, on the shady side of the building, a native boy hummed low and wild to himself as he ironed a pair of sun-tan trousers. From the field, two hundred yards away, again and again came the sliding roar of engines climbing or descending the afternoon sky.

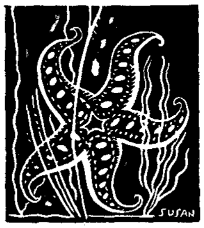
STAIS closed his eyes wearily. Ever since he'd got into Accra, he had done nothing but sleep and lie on his cot daydreaming, listening to Whitejack talk.

"Hi," Whitejack had said as Stais had come slowly into the barracks two days before. "Which way you going?"

"Home," Stais had said, smiling wearily, as he did every time he said it. "Going home. Which way you going?"

"Not home." Whitejack had grinned a little. "Not home at all."

Stais liked to listen to Whitejack. Whitejack talked about America, about the woods of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where he had been in the forestry service, about his mother's cooking and how he had owned great dogs who had been extraordinary at finding a trail and holding it, about how they had tried hunting deer in the hills from the medium bomber (no good because of the swirling winds rising from the gorges), about pleasant, indiscriminate weekend parties in the woods with his friend Johnny Moffat and the girls from the mill in the next town. Stais had been away from America for nineteen months now, and Whitejack's talk made his native country seem present and pleasantly real to him.



"There was a man in my town by the name of Thomas Wolfe," Whitejack had said irrelevantly that morning. "He was a great big feller and he went away to New York to be an author. Maybe you heard of him?"

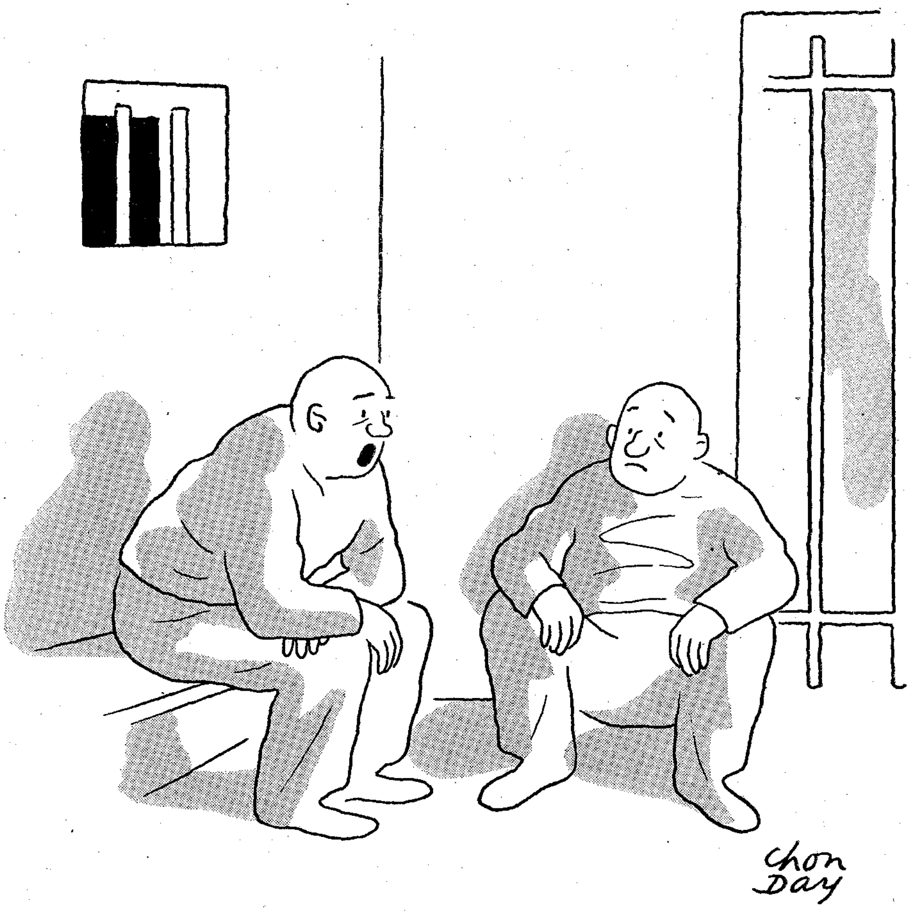
"Yes," said Stais. "I read two books of his."

"Well, I read that book of his," said Whitejack, "and the people in town were yellin' to lynch him for a while, but I read that book, and he got that town down fair and proper, and when they brought him back dead, I came down from the hills and I went to his funeral. There were a lot of important people from New York and over to Chapel Hill down for the funeral and it was a hot day, too, and I'd never met the feller, but I felt it was only right to go to his funeral after readin' his book. And the whole town was there, very quiet, although just five years before they were yellin' to lynch him, and it was a sad and impressive sight and I'm glad I went."

And another time, the slow, deep voice rolling between sleep and sleep in the shaded heat, "My mother takes a quail and bones it, then she scoops out a great big sweet potato and lays some bacon on it, then she puts the quail in and cooks it slow for three hours, bastin' it with butter all the time. You got to try that sometime."

"Yes," said Stais, "I will."

Stais did not have a high-priority number and there seemed to be a flood of colonels surging toward America, taking all the seats on the C-54s setting out westward, so he'd had to wait. It hadn't been bad. Just to lie down, stretched full out, unbothered, these days, was holiday enough after Greece, and anyway he didn't want to arrive home, in front of his mother, until he'd stopped looking like a tired old man. And the barracks usually were empty and quiet and the chow good at the transient mess and you could get Coca-Cola and chocolate milk at the PX. The rest of the enlisted men in Whitejack's crew were young and ambitious and were out swimming all day and going to the movies or playing poker in another barracks all night, and Whitejack's talk was smooth and amusing in the periods between sleep and dreams. Whitejack was an aerial photographer and gunner in a mapping and survey squadron and he'd been in Alaska and Brazil and back to the States and now was on his way to India, full of conversation. He was in



"There's not much use our making too definite plans for the future, Joe. Who knows? Tiffany's may not even be in business when we get out."

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a Mitchell squadron and the whole squadron was supposed to be on its way together, but two of the Mitchells had crashed and burned on the takeoff at Natal as Whitejack's plane had circled the field, waiting to form up. The rest of the squadron had been held at Natal and Whitejack's plane had been sent on to Accra, across the ocean, by itself.

Vaguely and slowly, lying on the warm cot, with the wild song of the Negro boy outside the window, Stais thought of the two Mitchells burning between sea and jungle three thousand miles away, and of other planes burning elsewhere, and of what it was going to be like sitting down in the armchair of his own house and looking across the room at his mother, and of the pretty Viennese girl in Jerusalem, and of the DC-3 coming down slowly, like an angel in the dusk, to the rough, secret pasture in the Peloponnesian hills.

He fell asleep. His bones knit gently into dreams on the soft cot, with the sheets, in the quiet barracks, and he was over Athens again, with the ruins pale and shining on the hills, and the fighters boring in, and Lathrop saying, over the intercom, as they persisted into a hundred, fifty yards, twisting, swift and shifty, in the bright Greek sky, "They grounded all the students today. They have the instructors up this afternoon." And, suddenly and wildly, fifty feet over Ploeşti, with Liberators going down into the filth in dozens, flaming . . . Then swimming off the white beach at Benghasi, with the dead boys playing in the mild, tideless swell, then the parachute pulling at every muscle in his body, then the green and forest blue of Minnesota woods and his father, fat and small, sleeping on pine needles on his Sunday off, then Athens again, Athens . . .

"I DON'T know what's come over the lieutenant," a new voice was saying as Stais came out of his dream. "He passes us on the field and he just don't seem to see us."

Stais opened his eyes. Novak, a farm boy from Oklahoma, was sitting on the edge of Whitejack's bed, talking. "It has all the guys real worried." He had a high, shy, rather girlish voice. "I used to think they never came better than the lieutenant. Now—" Novak shrugged. "If he does see you, he snaps at you like he was General Ulysses S. Grant."

"Maybe," Whitejack said, "maybe seeing Lieutenant Brogan go down in Natal . . . He and Brogan were friends since they were ten years old. Like as if I saw Johnny Moffat go down."

"It's not that." Novak went over to his own cot and got out his writing pad. "It began back in Miami, four weeks ago. Didn't you notice it?"

"I noticed it," Whitejack said slowly.

"You ought to ask him about it." Novak started writing a letter. "You and him are good friends. After all, going into combat now, it's bad—the lieutenant just lookin' through us when he passes us on the field. You don't think he's drunk all the time, do you?"

"He's not drunk."

"You ought to ask him."

"Maybe I will." Whitejack sat up. "Maybe I will." He looked forlornly down at his stomach. "Since I got into the Army, I've turned pig-fat. On the day I took the oath, I was twenty-eight and one-half inches around the waist. Today I'm thirty-two and three-quarters if I'm an inch. The Army . . . Maybe I shouldn't've joined. I was in a reserved profession, and I was the sole support of an ailing mother."

"Why did you join?" Stais asked.

"Oh." Whitejack smiled at him. "You're awake. Feeling any better, Sergeant?"

"Feeling fine, thanks. Why did you join?"

"Well—" Whitejack rubbed the side of his jaw. "Well, I waited and I waited. I sat up in my cabin in the hills and I tried to avoid listenin' to the radio, and I waited and I waited, and finally I went downtown to my mother and I said, 'Ma'am, I just can't wait any longer,' and I joined up."

"When was that?" Stais asked.

"Eight days"—Whitejack lay down again, plumping the pillow under his head—"eight days after Pearl Harbor."

"Sergeant," Novak said, "Sergeant Stais, you don't mind if I tell my girl you're a Greek, do you?"

"No," Stais said gravely. "I don't mind. You know, I was born in Minnesota."

"I know," said Novak, writing industriously. "But your parents came from Greece. My girl'll be very interested, your parents coming from Greece and you bombing Greece and being shot down there."

"What do you mean, your girl?" Whitejack asked. "I thought you said she was going around with a technical sergeant in Flushing, Long Island."

"That's true," Novak said apologetically. "But I still like to think of her as my girl."

"It's the ones that stay at home," said Whitejack darkly, "that get all the stripes and all the girls. My motto is, don't write to a girl once you get out of pillowcase distance from her."

"I like to write to this girl in Flushing, Long Island," Novak said, his voice shy but stubborn. Then to Stais, "How many days were you in the hills before the Greek farmers found you?"

"Fourteen," said Stais.

"And how many of you were wounded?"

"Three. Out of seven. The others were dead."

"Maybe he doesn't like to talk about it, Charlie," Whitejack said.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Novak looked up, his young, unlined face crossed with concern.

"That's all right," Stais said. "I don't mind."

"Did you tell them you were a Greek, too?" Novak asked.

"When one finally showed up who could speak English."

"That must be funny," Novak said reflectively. "Being a Greek, bombing Greece, not speaking the language. Can I tell my girl they had a radio and they radioed to Cairo?"

"It's the girl of a technical sergeant in Flushing, Long Island," Whitejack chanted. "Why don't you look facts in the face?"

"I prefer it this way," Novak said, with dignity.

"I guess you can tell about the radio," Stais said. "It was pretty long ago. Three days later, the DC-3 came down through a break in the clouds. It'd been raining all the time and it just stopped for about thirty minutes at dusk and that plane came down, throwin' water fifteen feet in the air. We cheered, but we couldn't get up from where we were sitting, any of us, because we were too weak to stand."

"I got to write that to my girl," Novak said. "Too weak to stand."

"Then it started to rain again and the field was hip-deep in mud and when we all got into the DC-3, we couldn't get it started." Stais spoke calmly and thoughtfully, as though he were alone, reciting to himself. "We were just bogged down in that Greek mud. Then the pilot got out—he was a captain—and he looked around, with the rain coming down and all those farmers just standing there, sympathizing with him, and nothing anyone could do, and he just cursed for ten minutes. He was from San Francisco and he really knew how to curse. Then everybody started breaking branches off the trees in the woods around that pasture, even those of us who couldn't stand an hour before, and we just covered that big DC-3 complete with branches and waited for the rain to stop. We just sat in the woods and prayed no German patrols would come out in weather like that. In those three days I learned five words of Greek."

"What are they?" Novak asked.

"*Vouno*," Stais said. "That means 'mountain.' *Vrohi*: rain. *Theos*: God. *Avrion*: tomorrow. And *yassou*. That means 'farewell.'"

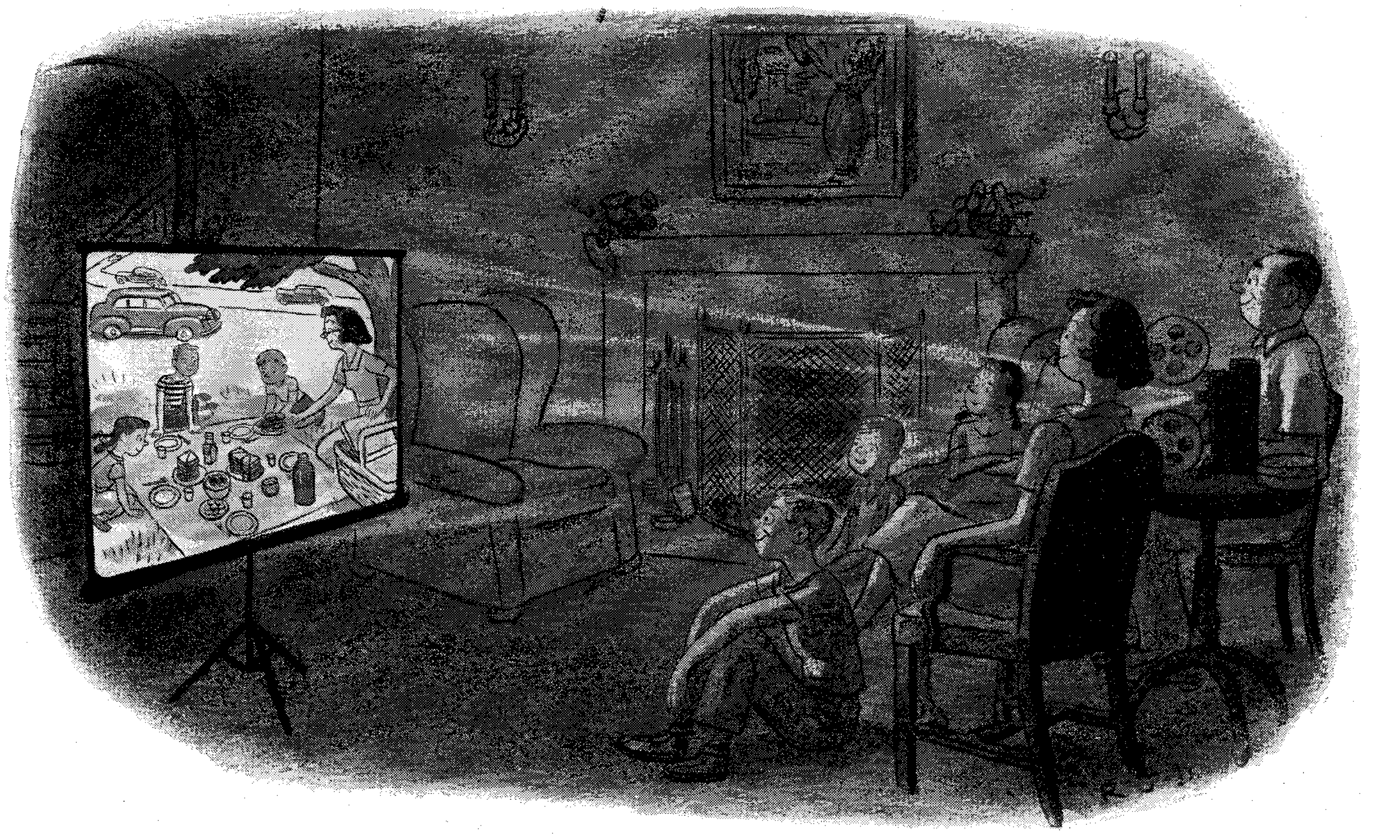
"*Yassou*," Novak said. "Farewell."

"Then the sun came out and the field started to steam and nobody said anything. We just sat there, watching the water dry off the grass, then the puddles started to go, here and there, then the mud to cake a little. Then we got into the DC-3 and the Greeks pushed and hauled for a while and we broke loose and got out. And those farmers just standing below waving at us, as though they were seeing us off at Grand Central station. Ten miles further on we went right over a German camp. They fired at us a couple of times, but they didn't come anywhere close. The best moment of my whole life was getting into that hospital bed in Cairo. I just stood there and looked at it for a whole minute, looking at the sheets. Then I got in, very slow."

"Did you ever find out what happened to those Greeks?" Novak asked.

"No," said Stais. "I guess they're still there, waiting for us to come back someday."

THERE was silence, broken only by the slow scratching of Novak's pen. Stais thought of the thin, dark



mountain faces of the men he had last seen, fading away, waving, standing in the scrub and short silver grass of the hill pasture near the Aegean Sea. They had been cheerful and anxious to please, and there was a look on their faces that made you feel they expected to die.

"How many missions were you on?" Novak asked.

"Twenty-one and a half," Stais said. He smiled. "I count the last one as half."

"How old are you?" Novak was obviously keeping the technical sergeant's girl carefully posted on all points of interest.

"Nineteen."

"You look older," said Whitejack.

"Yes," said Stais.

"A lot older."

"Yes."

"Did you shoot down any planes?" Novak peered at him shyly, his red face uncertain and embarrassed, like a little boy asking a doubtful question about girls. "Personally?"

"Two," Stais said. "Personally."

"What did you feel?"

"Why don't you leave him alone?" Whitejack said. "He's too tired to keep his eyes open as it is."

"I felt—relieved," Stais said. He tried to think of what he'd really felt when the tracers went in and the Focke-Wulf started to smoke like a crazy smudge pot and the German pilot fought wildly for half a second with the cowling and then didn't fight wildly any more. There was no way of telling these men, no way of remembering, in words, himself. "You'll find out," he said. "Soon enough. The sky's full of Germans."

"Japs," Whitejack said. "We're going to India."

"The sky's full of Japs."

There was silence once more, with the echo of the word "Japs" rustling thinly in the long, quiet room, over the empty rows of cots. Stais felt the old waving dizziness starting behind his eyes that the doctor in Cairo had said came from shock or starvation or exposure or all of these things, and lay back, still keeping his eyes open, because it became worse and waved more violently when he closed his eyes.

"One more question," Novak said. "Are—are guys afraid?"

"You'll be afraid," Stais said.

"Do you want to send that back to your girl in Flushing?" Whitejack asked sardonically.

"No," said Novak quietly. "I wanted that for myself."

"If you want to sleep," said Whitejack, "I'll shut this farmer up."

"Oh, no," said Stais. "I'm pleased to talk."

"If you're not careful," Whitejack said, "he'll talk about his girl in Flushing."

"I'd be pleased to hear it," said Stais.

"It's only natural I should want to talk about her," Novak said. "She was the best girl I ever knew in my whole life. I'd've married her if I could."

"My motto," said Whitejack, "is never marry a girl who goes to bed with you the first time out. The chances are she isn't pure. The second time—that, of course, is different." He winked at Stais.

"I was in Flushing, Long Island, taking a five-week course in aerial cameras," Novak said, "and I was living at the Y.M.C.A."

"This is where I leave." Whitejack got off the bed and put on his pants.

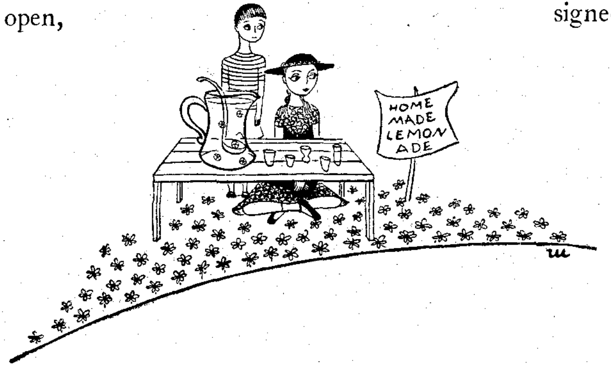
"The Y.M.C.A. was very nice. There were bathrooms for every two rooms, and the food was very good," said Novak, talking earnestly to Stais, "but I must confess, I was lonely in Flushing, Long Island."

"I'll be back"—Whitejack was buttoning up his shirt—"for the ninth installment."

"As long as you're going out," Novak said to him, "I wish you'd talk to the lieutenant. It really makes me feel queer, passing him and him just looking through me like I was a window pane."

"Maybe I'll talk to the lieutenant," Whitejack said. "And leave the Sergeant alone. Remember, he's a tired man who's been to the war and he needs his rest." He went out.

NOVAK stared after Whitejack. "There's something wrong with him, too," he said. "Just lying on his back here for ten days, reading and sleeping. He never did that before. He was the liveliest man in the United States Air Force. Seeing those two planes go down . . . It's a funny thing, you fly with fellers all over the world, over America, Brazil, Alaska, you watch them shoot porpoises and sharks in gunnery practice over the Gulf Stream, you get drunk with them, go to their weddings, talk to them over the radio with their planes maybe a hundred feet away, in the air, and after all that flying, in one minute, for no reason, two planes go down. Fourteen fellers you've been livin' with for over a year." Novak shook his head. "There was a particular friend of Whitejack's in one of those planes. Frank Sloan. Just before we left Miami, they had a big fight. Frank went off and married a girl that Whitejack'd been going with off and on for a year, every time we hit Miami. Whitejack told him he was crazy, half the squadron had slept with the lady, and that was true, too, and just to teach him a lesson he'd sleep with her himself after they'd been married. And he did, too." Novak sighed. "A lot of funny things happen in the Army when fellers've been together a long time and get to know each other real well. And then, one minute, the Mitchell goes down. I guess Whitejack must've felt sort of queer, watching Frankie burn." Novak had put his writing pad down and now he screwed the top on his fountain pen. "The truth is," he said, "I don't feel so solid myself. That's why I like to talk. Especially to you. You've been through it. You're young, but you've been through it. But if it's any bother to you, I'll keep quiet."



"No," said Stais, still lying back, abstractedly wondering whether the waving would get worse or better, "not at all."

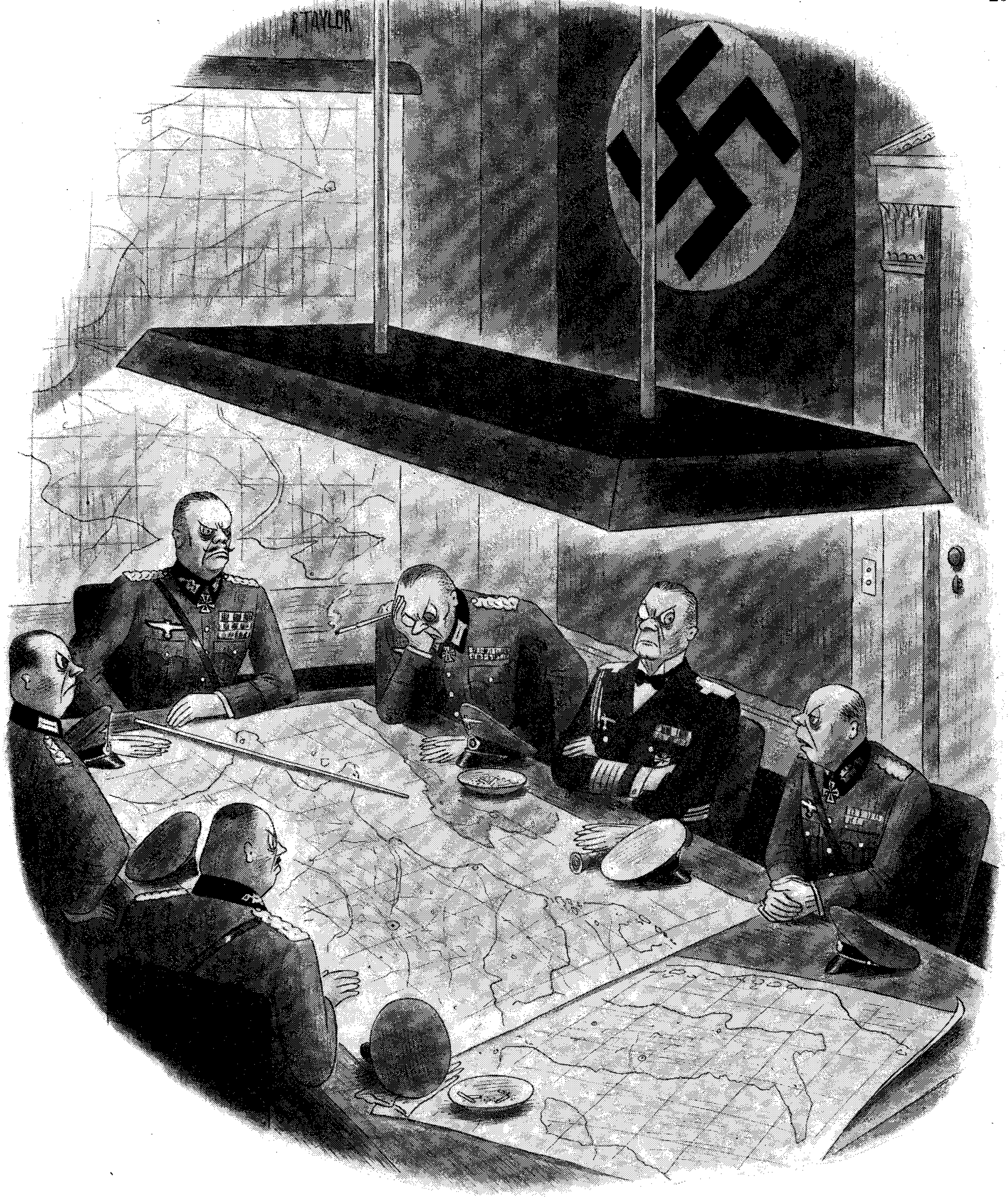
"This girl in Flushing, Long Island," Novak said slowly. "It's easy for Whitejack to make fun of me. The girls fall all over themselves chasing after him. He has no real conception of what it's like to be a man like me. Not very good-looking. Not much money. Not an officer. Not humorous. Shy."

Stais couldn't help grinning. "You're going to have a tough time in India."

"I know," Novak said. "I've resigned myself to not having a girl until the armistice. How did you do with the girls in the Middle East?" he asked politely.

"There was a nice Viennese girl in Jerusalem," Stais said dreamily. "But otherwise zero. You have to be very good, unless you're an officer, in the Middle East."

"That's what I heard," Novak said sorrowfully. "Well, it



"Of course, I'm merely thinking out loud, but why don't we just quit?"

• •

won't be so different to me from Oklahoma. That was the nice thing about this girl in Flushing, Long Island. She saw me come into the jewelry store where she worked and I was in my fatigues and I was with a very smooth feller who made a date with her for that night. But she smiled at me and I knew if I had the guts I could ask her for a date, too. But of course I didn't. But then later that night I was sitting in my room in the Y.M.C.A. and my phone rang. It was this girl. The other feller had stood her up, she said, and would I take her out." Novak smiled dimly, thinking of that tremulous moment of glory in the small Y.M.C.A. room far away. "I got my fatigues off in one minute and shaved and showered and I picked her up. We went to Coney Island. It was the first time in my entire life I had ever seen Coney Island. It took three and a half weeks for me to finish my course and I went out with that girl every single night. Nothing like that ever happened to me before in my life—a girl who just wanted to see me every night of the week. Then, the night before I was due to leave to join my squadron, she told me she had got permission to take the afternoon off and she would like to see me down to the train, if I let her. I called at the jewelry shop at noon and her boss shook my hand and she had a package under her arm and we got into the subway and we rode to New York City. Then we went into a cafeteria and had a wonderful lunch and she saw me off and gave me the package. It was Schrafft's candy, and she was crying at the gate there, crying for me, and she said she would like me to write, no matter what." Novak paused and Stais could tell that the scene at the gate, the hurrying crowds, the package of Schrafft's chocolates, the weeping young girl, were as clear as the afternoon sunlight to Novak, there on the coast of Africa. "So I keep writing," Novak said. "She's written me she has a technical sergeant now, but I keep writing. I haven't seen her in a year and a half and what's a girl to do? Do you blame her?"

"No," said Stais. "I don't blame her."

"I hope I haven't bored you," Novak said.

"Not at all." Stais smiled at him. Suddenly the dizziness had gone and he could close his eyes. As he drifted down into that weird and ever-present pool of sleep in which he half lived these days, he heard Novak say, "Now I have to write my mother."

THE SUMMER LANDSCAPE

OR, THE DRAGON'S TEETH

On the stone terrace, underneath the shade
Of the perfect maple, I watch the summer scene.
Beyond the strip of lawn, the strip of garden,
Tall flowers, yellow and blue and red and orange,
Day lilies, bergamot, and coreopsis,
Delphinium, phlox, and marigold and foxglove
And low alyssum, white against the green.

The side hill falls away, and a point of woods
Comes in from the right, and a little farther down
Another from the left; then rolling hills,
The colored counties, corn and oats and wheat,
Dark green, light green, light brown;
One or two red barns, no sign of a town,
Far to the north, the lone blue line of mountain.

I am alone, do nothing but sow my fancies;
I am alone, and the afternoon is long.

And the light darkens and the color changes,
Turns livid green or cyanotic blue.
And I am less alone now, for a throng
Of people is coming out, a twilight crew,
Who spring, like the men of Cadmus, from the ground.
I sowed them earlier in the afternoon:

The ugly and mean, who sit in grim dejection
And speak no word nor utter any sound,
Self-pitiers flinging themselves face down in tears,
Matricides and murderers in the bushes,
Cowards whose bowels loosen at every noise,
Voyeurs who watch for animals to couple,
And when the act occurs, their heartbeats pound,

Schoolgirl seducers, lovers of little boys,
Impotent suicides hanging themselves on trees,
Adulterers hunting women whose open kiss
Has a taste like that of water in a jar
Where flowers have stood too long—all of them are
Thick around house and orchard, brothers, fighting,
Slaying and slain; and I am all of these.

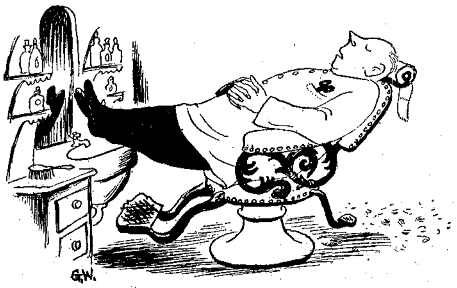
—Rolfe Humphries

• •

OUTSIDE, the Negro boy sang, and the planes grumbled down from the Atlantic and laboriously set out across the Sahara Desert.

Dreams again: Arabs, bundled in rags, driving camels along the perimeter of the field, outlined against the parked Liberators and waiting bombs; two Mitchells still burning on the shores of Brazil and Frank Sloan burning there and, circling above him, Whitejack, who had told him he'd sleep with his wife and had; the hills around Jerusalem, gnarled, rocky, dusty, with the powdered green of olive groves set on slopes here and there, clinging against the desert wind; Mitchells slamming along the gorges of the Blue Ridge Mountains, bucking in the updrafts, their guns going, hunting deer; the Mediterranean, bluer than anything in America, below them on the way home from Italy, coming down below oxygen level, with the boys singing dirty songs over the intercom, and leave in Alexandria ahead of them. The girl from Flushing, Long Island, quietly going hand in hand with Novak to Coney Island on a summer's night.

It was Whitejack who awakened him. He woke slowly. It was dark outside and the electric light was shining in his eyes and Whitejack was standing over him, shaking him gently.



"I thought you'd like to know," Whitejack was saying, "your name's on the bulletin board. You're leaving tonight."

"Thanks," Stais said, dimly grateful at being shaken out of the broken and somehow sorrowful dreams.

"I took the liberty of initialling it for you, opposite your name," Whitejack said. "Save you a trip up to the field."

"Thanks," said Stais. "Very kind of you."

"Also," said Whitejack, "there's fried chicken for chow."

Stais pondered over the fried chicken. He was a little hungry, but the effort of getting up and putting on his shoes and walking the hundred yards to the mess hall had to be weighed in the balance. "Thanks. I'll just lie right here," he said. "Any news of your boys?" he asked.

"Yes," said Whitejack. "The squadron came in."

"That's good."

"All except one plane." Whitejack sat down on the end of Stais' cot. His voice was soft and expressionless. "Johnny Moffat's plane."

In all the months that Stais had been in the Air Forces, on fields to which planes had failed to return, he had learned that there was nothing to say. He was only nineteen years old, but he had learned that. So he lay quiet.

"They got separated in clouds on the way out of Ascension, and they never picked them up again. There's still a chance," Whitejack said, "that they'll drop in any minute." He looked at his watch. "Still a chance for another hour and forty minutes."

There was still nothing to say, so Stais lay silent.

"Johnny Moffat," said Whitejack, "at one time looked as though he was going to marry my sister. In a way, it's a good thing he didn't. It'd be a little hard, being brothers-in-law, on some of the parties the Air Force goes on in one place and another." Whitejack fell silent and looked down at his belly. Deliberately, he let his belt out a notch, then pulled it to, with a severe little click. "That fried chicken was mighty good," he said. "You sure you want to pass it up?"

"I'm saving my appetite for my mother's cooking," Stais said.

"My sister was passing fond of Johnny," said Whitejack, "and I have a feeling when he gets home from the war and settles down, she's going to snag him. She came to me right before I left and she asked me if I would let her have ten acres on the north side of my property and three acres of timber to build their house. I said it was O.K. with me." He was silent again, thinking of the rolling ten acres of upland meadow in North Carolina and the three tall acres of standing timber, oak and pine, from which it would be possible to build a strong country house. "There's nobody in the whole world I'd rather have living on my property than Johnny Moffat. I've known him for twenty years and I've had six fist fights with him and won them all, and been alone with him in the woods for two months at a time, and I still say that." He got up and went over to his own cot, then turned and came back. "By the way," he said softly, "this is between you and me, Sergeant."

"Sure," said Stais.

"My sister said she'd murder me for my hide and taller if I ever let Johnny know what was in store for him." He grinned a little. "Women're very confident in certain fields," he said. "And I never did tell Johnny, not even when I was so drunk I was singing 'Casey Jones' naked in the middle of the city of Tampa at three o'clock in the morning." He went over to his musette bag and got out a cigar and lit it thoughtfully. "You'd be surprised," he said, "how fond you become of nickel cigars in the Army."

"I tried smoking," said Stais. "I think I'll wait until I get a little older."

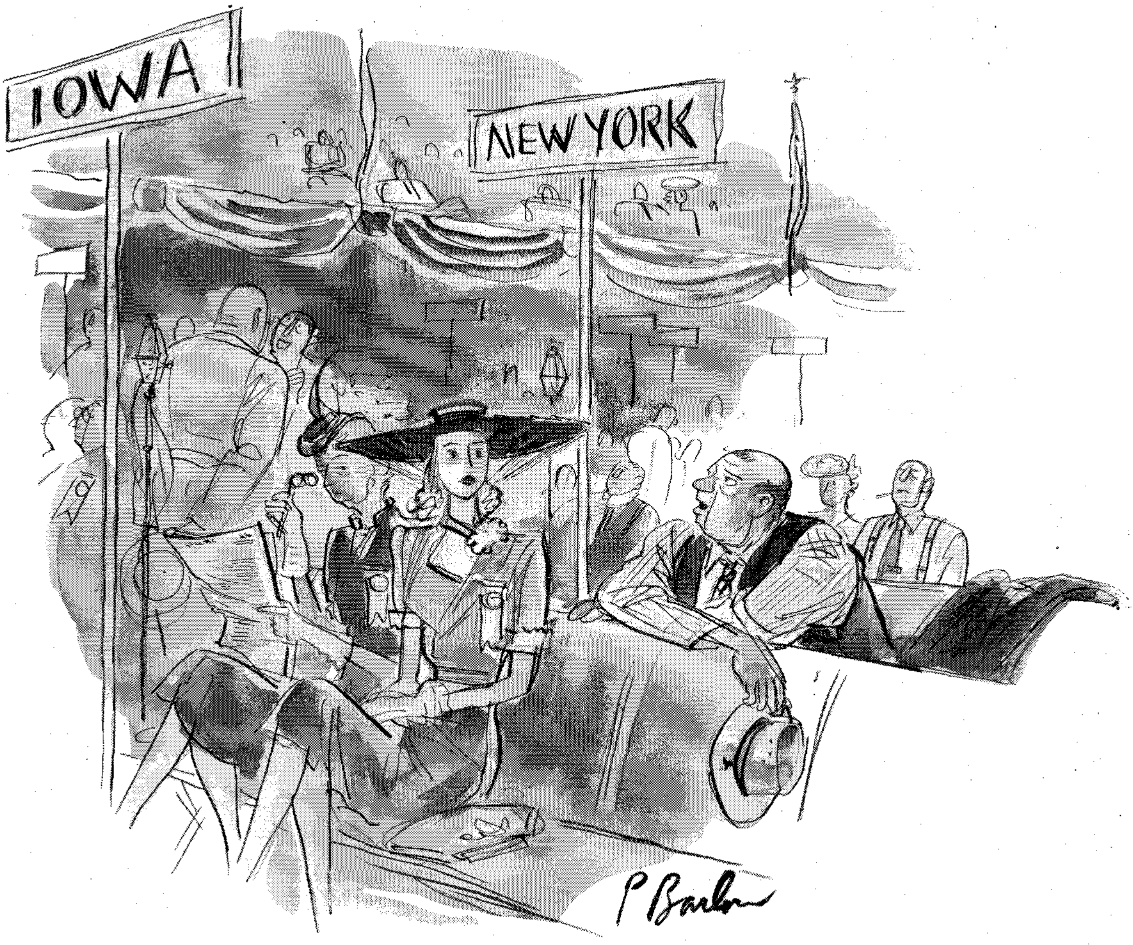
Whitejack sat heavily on his own cot. "Do you think they'll send you out to fight again?" he asked.

Stais stared up at the ceiling. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said. "There's nothing really wrong with me. I'm just tired."

Whitejack nodded, smoking slowly. "By the way," he said, "you heard us talking about the lieutenant, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I went out to the field and had a little conversation with him. He's just been sittin' there all day and most of the night since we got here, outside the Operations room, just lookin' and starin' across at the planes comin' in. Him and me, we've been good friends for a long time and I asked him point-blank. I said, 'Freddie,' I said, 'there's a question the boys're askin' themselves these days about you.' And he said, 'What's the matter?' And I said, 'The boys're asking if you've turned bad. You pass 'em and you don't even look at them as though you recognize 'em. What is it, you turn G.I. after a year?' I said. He looked at me and then he looked at the ground and he didn't say



"I suppose you folks are raising a lot of hogs out there this year."

anything for maybe a minute. Then he said, 'I beg your pardon, Arnold. It never occurred to me.' Then he told me what was on his mind." Whitejack looked at his watch, almost automatically, then lifted his head again. "Ever since we got the order to go overseas, he's been worrying. You know Simpson, in our crew. Well, he's worrying about him and his navigator."

"What's he worrying about?" For a moment a crazy list of all the thousand things you can worry about in the crew of one airplane flashed through Stais's head.

"They're not fighting men," Whitejack said slowly. "They're both good fellers, you wouldn't want better, but the lieutenant's been watchin' 'em for a long time on the ground, in the air, at their guns, and he's convinced they won't measure. And he feels he's responsible for taking the Mitchell in and getting it out with as many of us alive as possible and he feels Simpson and the navigator're dangerous to have in the plane. And he's makin' up his mind to put in a request for two new men when we get to India, and he can't bear to think of what it'll do to Simpson and the navigator when they find out he's asked to have 'em grounded. That's why he just sits there outside Operations, not even seein' us when we go by." Whitejack sighed. "He's twenty-two years old, the lieutenant. It's a strain, something like that, for a man twenty-two years old. If you see Simpson or Novak, you won't tell them anything, will you?"

"No," said Stais.

"I suppose things like this come up all the time in any army."

"All the time," said Stais.

Whitejack looked at his watch. Outside there was the growing and lapsing roar of engines that had been the constant sound of both their lives for so many months.

"Ah," said Whitejack, "they should've put me in the infantry. I can hit a rabbit at three hundred yards with a rifle. They put me in the Air Force and give me a camera. Well, Sergeant, I think it's about time you were movin'."

Slowly, Stais got up. He put on his shoes and put his shaving kit into his musette bag and slung it over one shoulder.

"You ready?" asked Whitejack.

"Yes," said Stais.

"That all the baggage you got, that little musette bag?"

"Yes," said Stais. "I was listed as missing, presumed dead, and they sent all my stuff into the supply room and all my personal belongings home to my mother."

Stais looked around the barracks. They shone in the harsh Army light of barracks at night all over the world, by now familiar, homelike, to all the men who passed through them. He had left nothing.

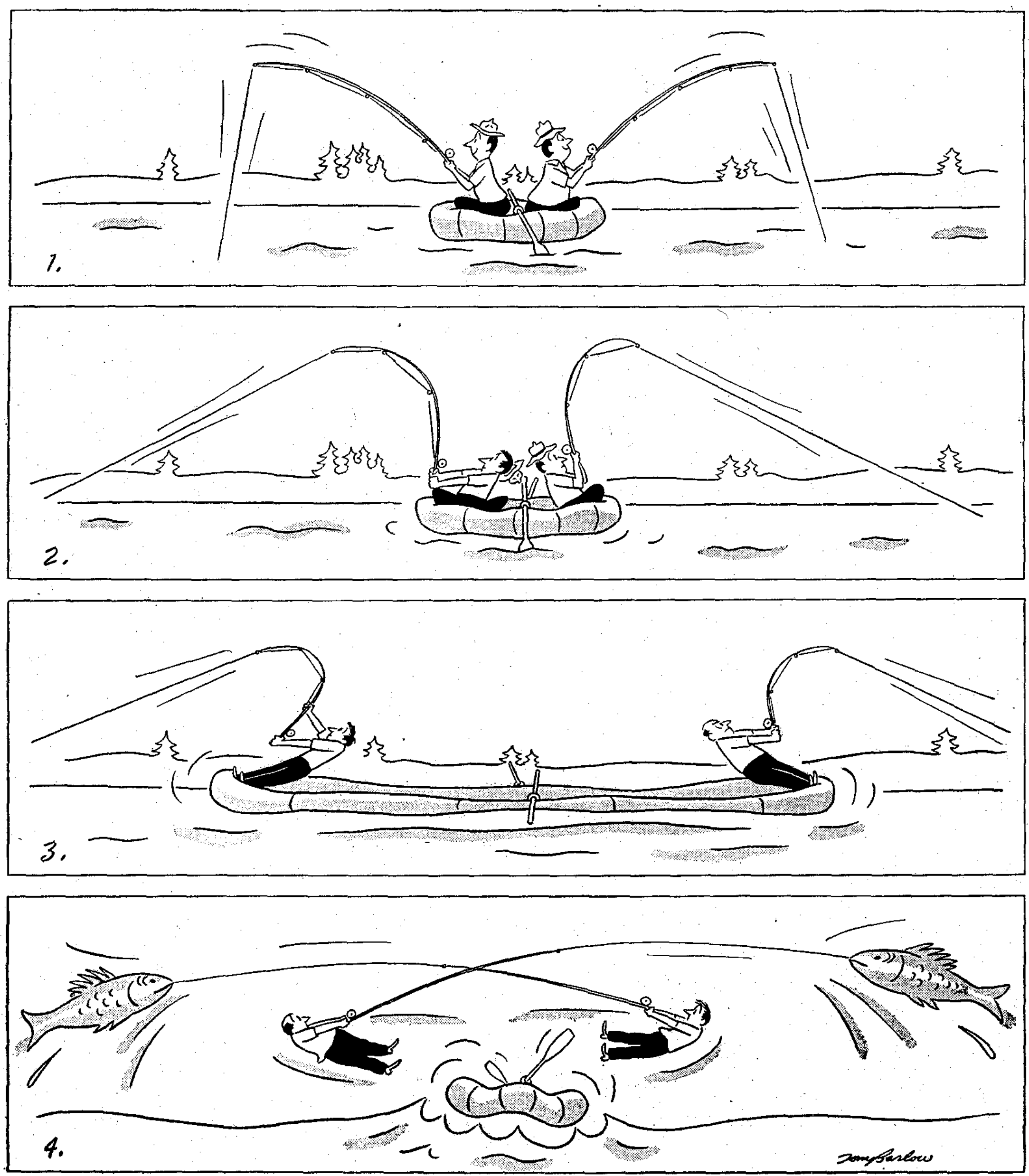
They walked out into the soft, engine-filled night. A beacon flashed nervously across the sky, dimming the enormous pale twinkle of southern stars for a moment.

As they passed the Operations room, Stais saw a young lieutenant slumped down in a wobbly old wicker chair, staring out across the field.

"They come yet?" Whitejack asked.

"No," said the lieutenant, without looking up.

Stais went into the building and into the room where they had the rubber raft and the patented radio and the cloth painted blue on one side and yellow on the other. A fat, middle-aged A.T.C. captain wearily told them about ditching procedure. There were more than thirty people in the room, all passengers on Stais's plane. There were two small, yellow Chinamen and five bouncing fat Red Cross women and three sergeants with a lot of Air Forces medals, trying not to seem excited about going home, and



"SHE'S BACK AMONG FRIENDS AGAIN"

THEY came smashing through the Jap lines and there it was — a 1941 Plymouth De Luxe Sedan in the heart of the New Guinea jungle!

On its side was painted the enemy's rising sun insignia. American bullets had drilled the machine so full of holes that the entire top had to be removed. But the motor, according to Staff Sgt. Kenneth B. Schooley, who described the incident, was "in excellent condition, despite having a few large-caliber bullets bounced off it."

After the usual rough jungle travel, he writes, "it's like riding on air."

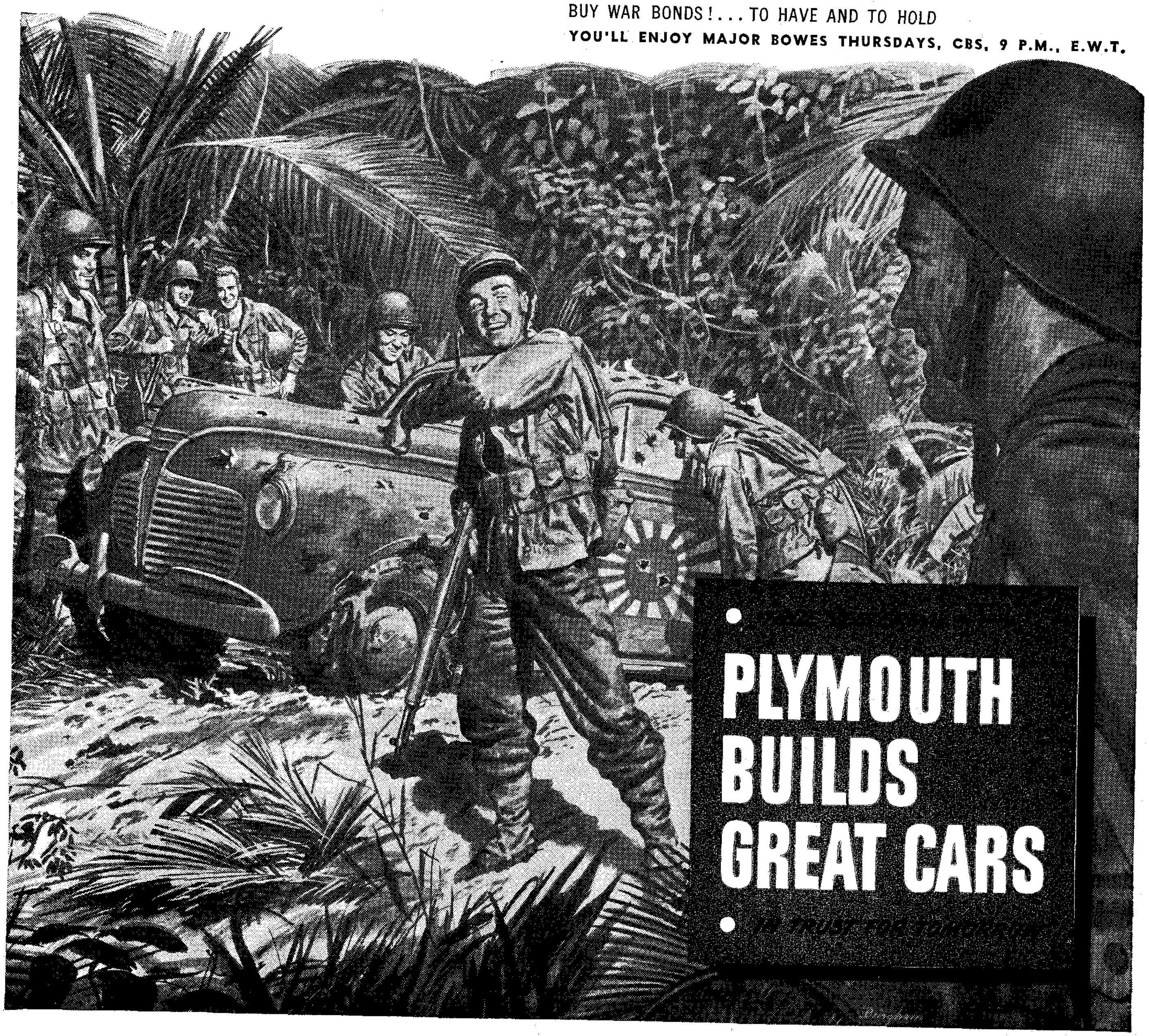
At last report, the sedan was no longer "De Luxe" but it was doing a real job on New Guinea. The medical detachment requisitioned it, took out the back seat, put in a floor, and was using the Plymouth as an improvised ambulance to transport wounded troops from the front.

* * *

Plymouth records show that this historic car went from the factory to a dealer on Guam. Probably the Japs seized it there and took it with them to New Guinea. The full story won't be known until after the war—if then.

But there's no mystery about the reason why Plymouth is a great car on New Guinea or on Main Street. Plymouths were designed and manufactured to do their job under the worst conditions and the best. That quality is now going into Bofors anti-aircraft guns, assemblies for Helldivers, many other war needs. Meanwhile, three million Plymouths are proving their stamina on the roads. They may have to last a long time. They're built to do that when serviced by experienced Plymouth dealers. PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BUY WAR BONDS!... TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.



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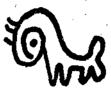
two colonels in the Engineers, looking too old for this war. Stais only half listened as the fat captain explained how to inflate the raft, what strings to pull, what levers to move, where to find the waterproofed Bible.

WHITEJACK was standing outside when Stais started for his plane. He gave Stais a slip of paper. "It's my home address," he said. "After the war, just come down sometime in October and I'll take you hunting."

"Thank you very much," said Stais gravely. Over Whitejack's shoulder he saw the lieutenant, still slumped in the wicker chair, still staring fixedly out across the dark field.

Whitejack walked out to the great plane with Stais, along the oil-spattered concrete of the runway, among the Chinamen and loud Red Cross women and the sergeants. The two men stopped without a word at the steps going up to the doorway of the plane and the other passengers filed past them.

They stood there, silently, with the two days of random conversation behind them, and Brazil and Athens behind them, and five hundred flights behind them, and Jerusalem and Miami behind them, and the girls from Vienna and the American Embassy and Flushing, Long Island, behind them, and the Greek mountaineers behind them, and Thomas Wolfe's funeral, and friends burning like torches, and dogs under treed raccoons in the Blue Ridge Mountains behind them, and a desperate twenty-two-year-old lieutenant painfully staring across a dusty airfield for ten days behind them, and the Mediterranean and the hospital bed in Cairo and Johnny Moffat wandering that night over the southern Atlantic, with ten acres of meadow and three acres of timber for his house and Whitejack's sister waiting for him, all behind them. And, ahead of Stais, home, and a mother who had presumed him dead and wept over his personal belongings, and ahead of Whitejack the cold, bitter mountains of India and China, and the tearing dead sound of the fifties and the sky full of Japs.



"All right, Sergeant," the voice of the lieutenant checking the passengers said. "Get on."

Stais waved, a little broken wave, at Whitejack standing there. "See you," he said, "in North Carolina."

"Some October." Whitejack smiled a little, in the light of the flood lamps.

The door closed and Stais sat down in the seat in front of the two Chinamen.

"I think these planes are absolutely charming," one of the Red Cross women was saying loudly. "Don't you?"

The engines started and the big plane began to roll. Stais looked out of the window. A plane was landing. It came slowly into the light of the runway lamps and set down heavily, bumping wearily. Stais stared. It was a Mitchell. Stais sighed. As the big C-54 wheeled at the head of the runway, then started clumsily down, Stais put the slip of paper with "Arnold Whitejack" written on it, and the address, in scrawling, childlike handwriting, into his pocket. And as he saw the Mitchell pull to a stop near the Operations room, he felt for the moment a little less guilty for going home.

—IRWIN SHAW

• •

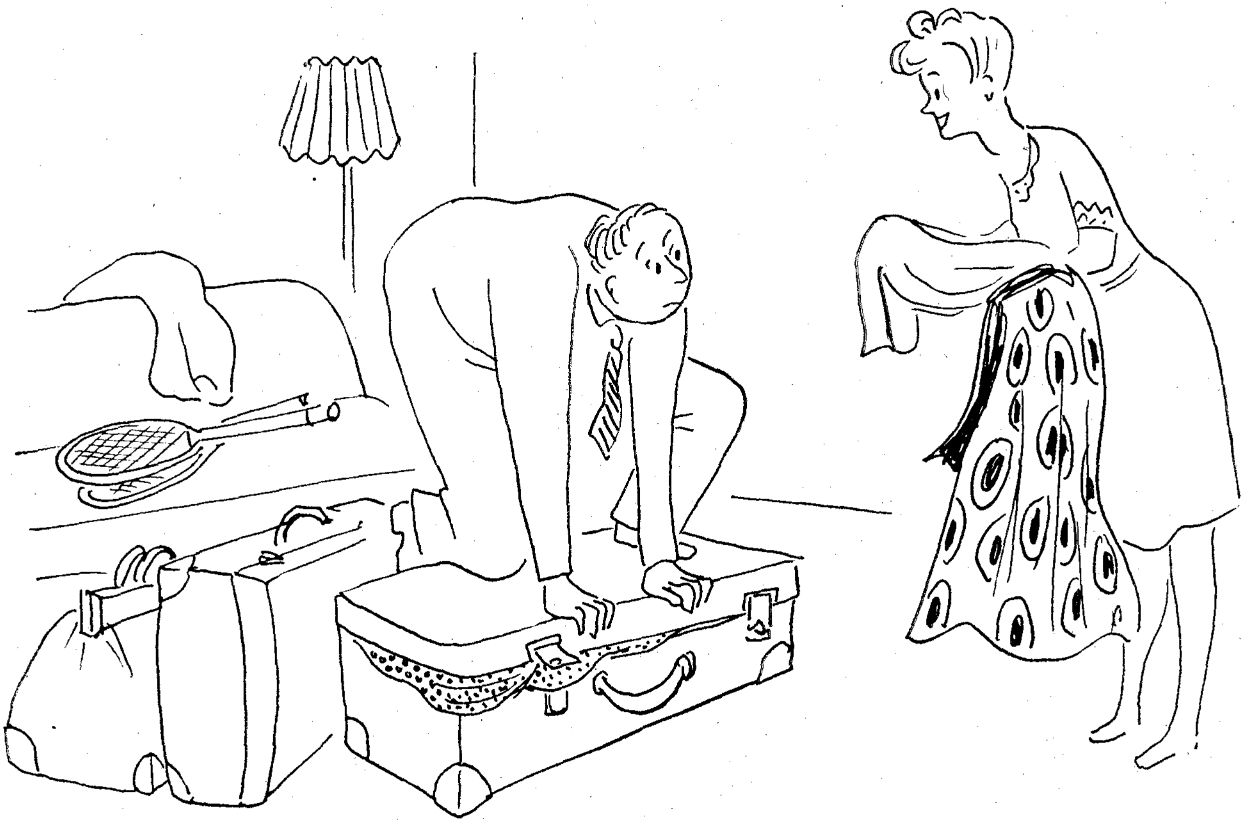
FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(PRONUNCIATION DIVISION)

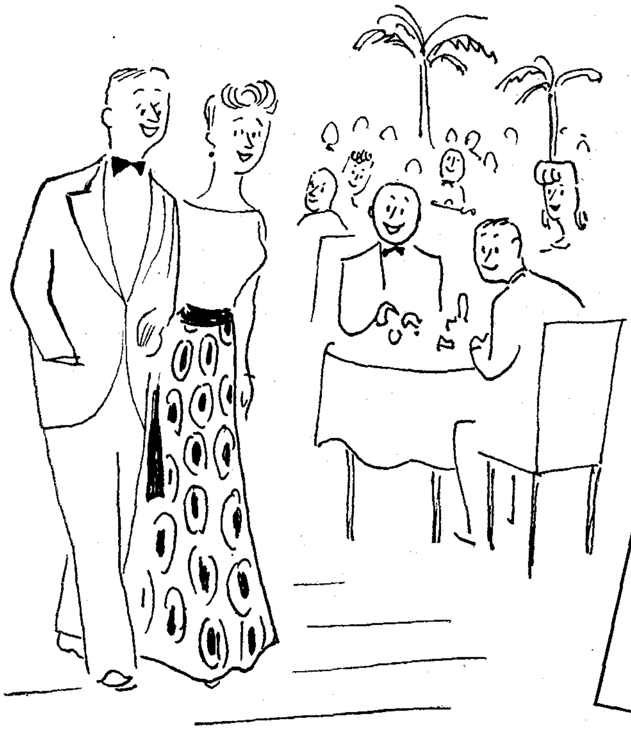
[*From Guion, Havana*]

¡Aprenda a cantar en Ingles!

As time goes by.	Pronunciacion figurada.
You must remember this	Iú most rimémbar dis
a kiss is still a kiss	e kis is stil e kis
a sigh is just a sigh	e sáig is chost e sáig
the fundamental things apply	di fúndaméntal zings apláí
as time goes by	as táim gós bái.
and when two lovers woo	An güen to lófers gu
they still say I love you . . .	déi stil séi ái lof iú.
on that you can rely	on dat iú can riláí
no matter what the future brings as time goes by.	no mader uát di fiútur brings as táim gós bái.
moonlight and love song never out of date	munláit an lof song névar áut of déit
hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate	jérts ful of péchon chilóusy and jét . . .
woman needs man and man must have his mate	uman nids man and man most jaf jis méit
that no one can deny.	dat no uán can dinái
It's still the same old story	its stil di séim old astóri
a fight for love and glory	e fáit for lof and glóri
a case of do or die	e ques of dú or dái
the world will always welcome lovers	di uúl uil óluis uélcom lófars
as time goes by.	as táim gós bái.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

War-summer style note in magazine circulations. Fewer subscriptions (by 50,000) and elimination of boy sales mean that Journal NEWSSTAND quotas have remained uncut—yet feminine demand sweeps each issue from the stands within fourteen days.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

LETTER FROM FRANCE

JULY 14 (BY WIRELESS)

FOR a year before the Allied landings here, Germans occupied a large, moated, Norman farmhouse near which I now live. Sixty of them were billeted in it, sleeping in great, pine-panelled living rooms on mattresses they had stolen from a nearby summer hotel and in the fetid warmth which is a German soldier's ideal of comfort. This atmosphere is customarily maintained by keeping all windows and doors closed tight. The owners of the farmhouse, who moved into the kitchen wing when their guests took over, listened regularly to the B.B.C. broadcasts and always harbored from two to six young men who were evading forced labor in Germany. In the evening, Madame H., the matriarch who rules the family, clipped certain items bearing on the war from the German-controlled French newspapers, or, when there was nothing worth clipping, reread old items in the collection she was gathering. A couple of nights ago, while I was drinking warm milk in the kitchen, which, because Americans are billeted in the house now, is still the family living room, Madame showed me her clippings. The first one was dated August 17, 1941. Each of them had to do either with a proclamation by a German *Kommandantur* or with a Vichy official threatening reprisal for some act of sabotage committed in northwestern France or with an announcement of the execution of hostages, invariably described as "Jews and Communists." Madame H., who had no direct contact with the resistance movement and knew nothing first-hand about the victims named in the newspapers, felt certain from the first that they were on the only decent side. Collaborationist cant never deceived her for a moment, and yet she is of the type most susceptible to Pétainolatry—rich, intensely Catholic, and in considerable fear of "Reds." Her son, a blond, broad-headed chap with a decided limp, was a prisoner of war in Germany for three years. He had served in Alsace in a French engineering regiment and right after his capture was set to work with other prisoners digging up French mines. A mine exploded, killing six of his comrades and shattering one of his feet. Even after that, he was sent into forced labor, first in Alsace and then in Germany. Officials of the local *Kommandantur* approached Madame H. some time after the armistice with an offer to have her son sent home if she would persuade him to be an informer against farmers who were withholding cattle and fats from the Germans. She said she would prefer not to have her son home. Eventually the Germans released him anyway, along with a few thousand other crippled or tubercular prisoners, when, in 1943, Vichy put on a great drive to induce young Frenchmen to volunteer for labor in Germany to "relieve" prisoners of war who had been there since 1940. These incapacitated prisoners were supposed to be the advance guard of a great mass of returning Frenchmen; actually, they were the only ones ever released. Young H., as he will be known in the countryside as long as his mother lives, although he is now over forty, came home with a great admiration for the Alsatians, who, he says, are the most patriotic French he ever met, and with an almost patronizing view of Germans. "A German is either a bandit or a decent fellow," he says. "There are no in-between Germans. The bandits run the rest. I have seen the Germans in air raids, and individually they are shameless cowards, but fantastic discipline keeps them going." He says there was enough food, but it was all starchy, and that few German workmen, even at the time he left the country, seemed to believe that Germany could win the war, whereas most French prisoners were confident even in the worst days that Germany would lose.

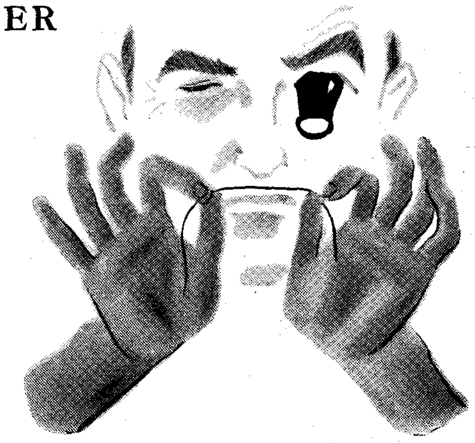
When H. returned to Normandy and saw what the German Army had become by then, he grew optimistic, too, like most of the Normans who had stayed home. The athletes in uniform who had invaded western France in 1940 had given place to a mixed lot of Georgians, Russians, Poles, and adolescent and middle-aged Germans, and the motorized equipment that had amazed the French in the blitzkrieg days had been shipped away to active fronts and been supplanted in great part by horse-drawn vehicles. The soldiers of the polyglot regiments seemed resigned to defeat and stuffed themselves in quiet desperation, consuming Norman butter and milk as if they were trying to eat enough to last them through the black years they saw ahead of them. The arrogance of the invaders had given way to the alternate fits of meekness and ill manners of the garrison troops. The Germans were so short of motor vehicles that they commandeered farmers' carriages for their officers and sometimes drafted farmers to drive them. A substantial farmer, a neighbor of Madame H., often tells about the time he drove a German major to a railroad station three miles from the officer's billet; he managed to take an hour getting to the station, pretending first that he didn't know the way and then that the horse had gone lame. The German missed his train and was furious about it, but the Norman pretended not to understand anything he said. This was the sort of thing that kept the Germans miserable; they had the feeling that they were constantly being tricked and laughed at. The German authorities knew that they were getting only a fraction of the cattle and dairy produce available, but they couldn't confiscate the herds without putting a stop to production, since they had no agricultural personnel of their own to put on the farms.

1673
AARON REVERE
LICENSE UBSIDIARY
GENERAL M ORS MFG CO
PLANT 7382
Alan Dunn

FEW of the country people in Normandy expected a landing there. The majority, in fact, thought that there would be no landing at all but that the Allies would wear Germany down by bombing. They were

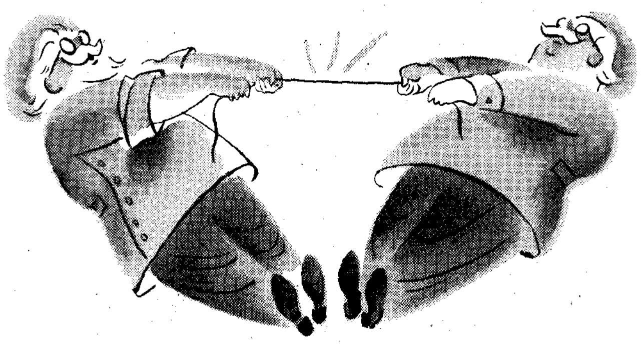
The ABC's of a Stronger Rayon

FIBER



This is a fiber. It is the fundamental unit for making textile yarns and fabrics. The better the fiber, the better the fabric. Rayon fibers, being man-made, like airplanes and automobiles, are constantly being improved. Although the improvements may not be dramatically apparent in the finished fabric, each year rayon fibers are better than those of the preceding year.

STRENGTH

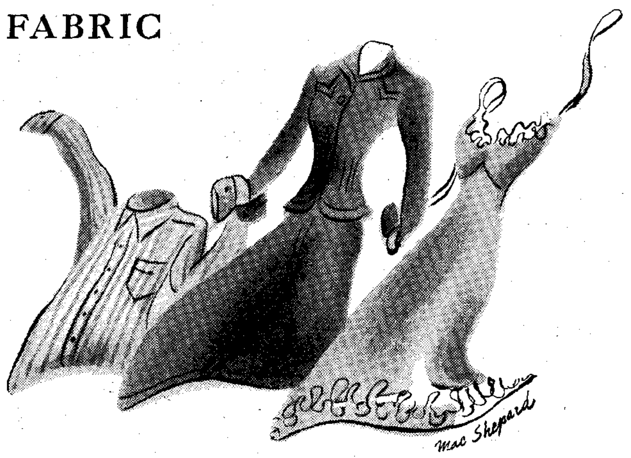


One of the constant aims in improving the fiber is to increase its strength. If a fiber could be given enough strength, it could be so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye. Through its continuous research program, American Viscose Corporation has constantly increased rayon fiber strength. Today, the new CROWN rayon fibers are almost twice as strong as they were five years ago.

SOFTNESS

Because of this new higher strength, it is now commercially possible to spin rayon fibers and yarns far finer in diameter than has ever before been practical. The more fibers per yarn, the softer the fabric. As a result, fabrics of the same weight will be softer and stronger than they are now. And sheerer fabrics will be comparable in strength to heavier present-day materials.

FABRIC



This new higher-strength rayon fiber will mean much better wearing apparel. But don't expect an immediate and drastic change in rayon fabrics, as it takes time to put these improvements into effect. This is another milestone, and a highly important one — in the trend to softer, finer, stronger fabrics through rayon research. American Viscose Corporation is proud of its role in this development.

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 36

perhaps persuaded to this way of thinking by a hope that their land would not be fought upon. But the landings, when they came, delighted them. The discomfiture of the Germans was particularly pleasing, and peasants, offering their best bottled cider to Americans, suddenly burst into laughter as they remember how the supermen scuttled off. During the first days of the invasion, there was a bit of foolish talk in British newspapers, and probably also in American papers, which I have not seen, about the Normans' lack of enthusiasm, stories evidently written by correspondents who acquired their ideas of Frenchmen from music-hall turns and comic drawings. One might as well expect public demonstrations of emotion in Contoocook, New Hampshire, or in Burrillville, Rhode Island, as in Normandy, where the people are more like New Englanders than they are like, for instance, Charles Boyer. Young men of the resistance groups did invaluable service both before and after the landing; they drew us plans of German fortifications before we landed and then went through the German lines repeatedly during the fighting in order to get information about enemy movements. Not one report of a French civilian's sniping at Allied troops has been authenticated, and relations between our soldiers and the country people are excellent everywhere, now that the inevitable misunderstandings of the early days have passed.

A common cause of misunderstanding was the farmers' habit of loitering about fields which had been requisitioned for Allied tank parks. One Armored Forces colonel was thinking of having the *maire* of a certain village shot as an obvious spy when a French-speaking American officer interrogated the *maire* and found that he was just waiting around for a chance to milk his cows. "There may perhaps be a war and you may perhaps be beating Boches," said the *maire*, with traditional Norman crypticism, raising his voice occasionally as the sound of guns threatened to drown his words, "but what I am sure of is that my horned beasts must be milked." Even the farmers who were happiest to see the Allied tanks arrive are now beginning to ask wistfully when they are going to get their pastures back again.

The French sometimes misinterpreted American actions, too. There was, for example, the *maire* of a small *commune* just outside Cherbourg who came into Army Civil Affairs headquarters there five days after we took the city and complained to a French liaison officer that American troops had put him out of the *mairie* and that now he had no place in which to carry on the affairs of the *commune*. The French liaison officer, Captain Gérard Lambert, an energetic Gaulliste, replied emphatically, "But that is against all the policy set on high levels! They have no right to commandeer a French Government building unless for extreme military necessity," and he and the *maire* immediately drove off to the *mairie*. There were no American troops there, but a sign on the door said, "Keep Out—U. S. Military Police." As Captain Lambert and the *maire*, who must have been around seventy-five, climbed the stairs to the first floor, the captain said, "This is curious. Why did they order you out?"

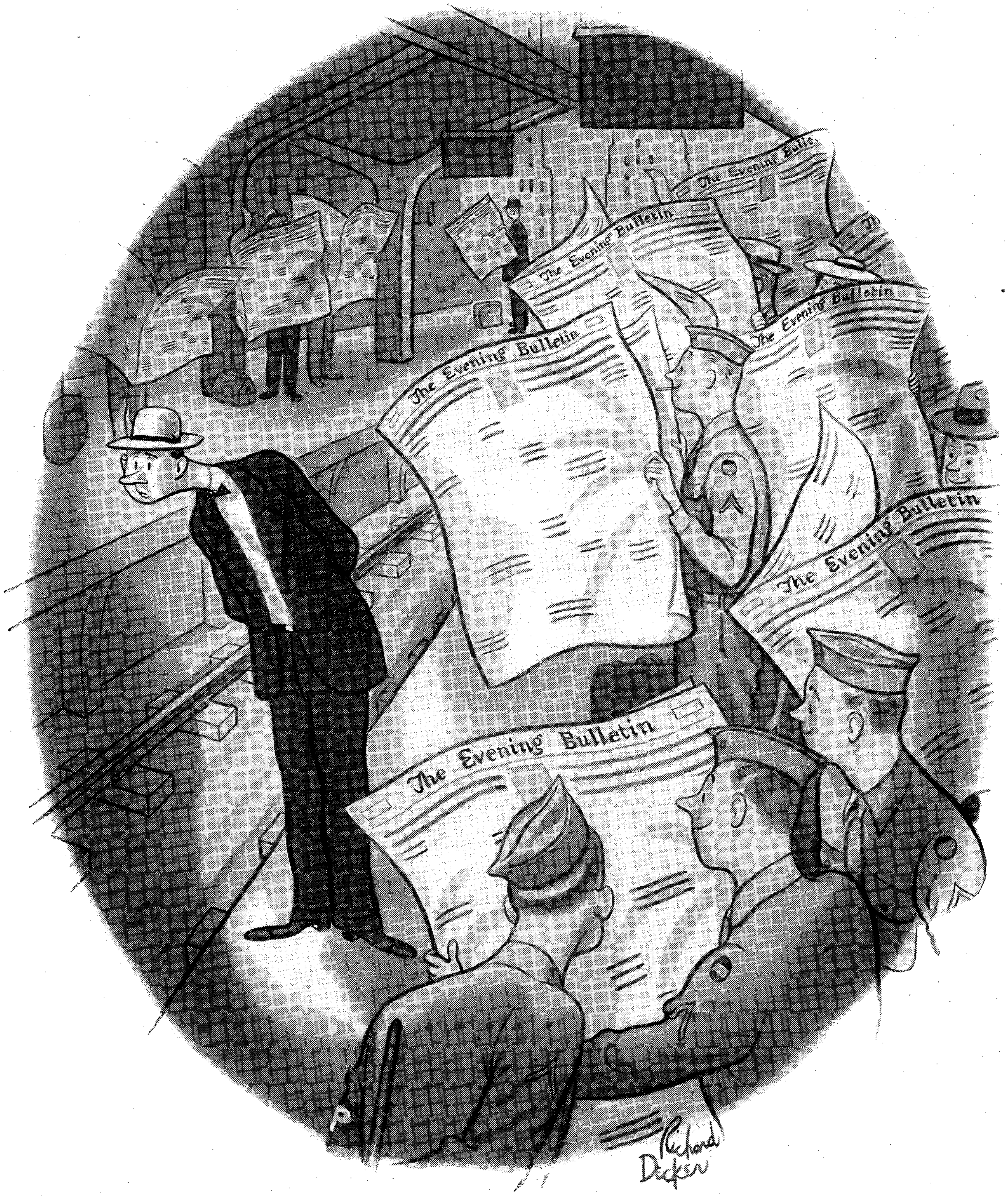
The old man answered indignantly, "Because they said there were mines in the cellar."

The captain said with dignity, "You are an idiot. If it amuses you to go up with a mine, remain."

"However, my captain," the old man said, "it is not certain there are mines in the cellar." So he did remain.

All sorts of difficulties were referred to our Civil Affairs officers during the first few days following the liberation of any city. The manager of the Cherbourg branch of the Banque de France requested Lieutenant Colonel Frank Howley, Cherbourg Civil Affairs Chief, to have a guard posted over a certain heap of rubble in Valognes, a town which had been almost completely flattened by artillery fire. The bank manager explained that he had sent a hundred million francs to the Valognes branch for safekeeping, because he had expected the bombardment of Cherbourg. A shell had demolished the Valognes branch and two adjoining buildings had collapsed on top of it, so the hundred million francs were now buried under all three. The manager seemed to fear that some casual looter might shove the ruins out of the way and unearth the money, a feat which, actually, a steam shovel will probably accomplish in about two weeks.

CHERBOURG, the nearest thing to a big city we have yet captured, was the first testing ground in France for the Allies' Army Civil Affairs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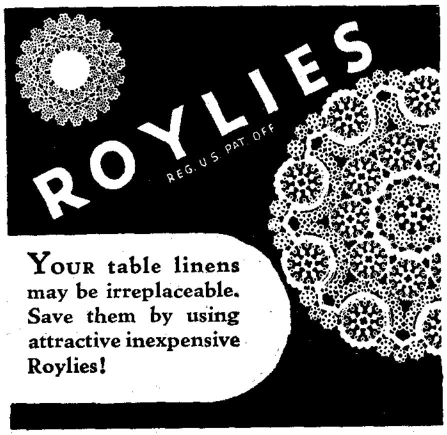


YOUR table linens may be irreplaceable. Save them by using attractive inexpensive Roylies!

Branch. When the Americans took over, on June 27th, the city had no water, electricity, gas, transportation, or government. The Vichy *sous-préfet* had fled and so had twenty-five thousand of Cherbourg's civilian population of forty thousand. The Civil Affairs team, headed by Colonel Howley, an American, and including both British and American officers, moved in before the street sniping had ended, and immediately started in on the job of resuscitation. The Civil Affairs men's task, as Howley saw it, was to get the city government functioning normally again. The Civil Affairs Branch had no enlisted personnel it could put to work policing the streets or making repairs. Cherbourg had had a fairly modern water system; water was pumped from the little Divette River to a purifying plant, from which it was distributed through mains. Bombs had broken the pipeline from the river to the plant. Major John C. Diggs, a former sanitary engineer for the State of Indiana, is Public-Works Officer in the Howley team. He got together the staff of the Cherbourg water system, who told him that the Germans had taken away all the reserve pipe. He got piping from the Army Engineers, the French installed it with their own workmen, and on July 1st the city had water again. "All they needed was a little encouragement," Major Diggs told me. "I've seen several floods and hurricanes in Indiana and the effect on local governments is always the same—they're a bit stunned, like a man suffering from battle shock. A little shove gets them going again." When it was time to turn the water on, a new problem presented itself, one that it is safe to say nobody in Washington or London had foreseen. There were hundreds of empty buildings in Cherbourg, many of them partly wrecked. The hastily departing owners had left the taps open. When the water was turned on, thousands of gallons would not only be wasted but would do further damage to the structures. Men with loudspeakers borrowed from the local American Psychological Warfare Unit were sent through the streets to warn people to turn off their taps. This expedient did not, of course, take care of the empty houses, so the British Major Palfrey, Police Officer of the team, the American Lieutenant Colonel Hensel, who is its Civil Defense Expert, and the American Lieutenant Davis, who is a former battalion chief in the Columbus, Ohio, fire department, got in touch with the French police, the Défense Passive, and the local fire department, respectively, and members of all three services went, just to be sure, to every house in the city and turned off the open taps. Two other officers, Lieutenant Robertson and Captain Westervelt, who were utilities and telephone men in civilian life, got the electric-power and telephone system restored to service in much the same thoroughgoing fashion.

On June 29th, M. Coulet, General de Gaulle's Normandy delegate, installed in office, as the new *sous-préfet* of Cherbourg, M. Le Viander, who had been chief engineer of the municipality and active in the resistance movement. He had been absent from the city when the invasion came but had made his way to the Allied lines a couple of days after the landings. Police and civil servants fell into line and took orders from the new *sous-préfet*, who was, after all, a colleague who had been in civil service a long time, more readily, in most cases, than they had taken them from his Vichy predecessor. He knew precisely which of his subordinates had collaborated beyond absolute necessity, and he sacked them. They were not numerous. After that, the *sous-préfecture* and the Civil Affairs men worked smoothly together. The same thing had already happened in Bayeux, where M. Coulet had his headquarters and where he had installed another resistance *sous-préfet*. The Civil Affairs team in the much smaller but architecturally more interesting Bayeux is headed by a Britisher and includes both American and British officers.

Coulet, a tall, thin-lipped, smooth-shaven man of slightly sombre elegance, speaks English well. He has no army behind him, but he has the prestige, in a Norman's eyes, of representing the only French government the Normans recognize, the Gouvernement Provisoire, and he proceeds with complete assurance, making contact with the resistance group in each district as soon as the Allied forces enter it, and organizing the district with the assistance he receives from local resistance leaders. It is a program which up to now has worked smoothly and bloodlessly. So far, there have been neither legal nor unofficial executions. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

WEATHER FORECAST. New York City and vicinity: Cloudy and cool with moderate winds.—*Wall Street Journal, June 21.*

WEATHER. Sunny and warm.—*Daily Worker, same day.*

OF ALL THINGS

IT now seems likely that when the British and American armies reach Berlin they will have no trouble entering the city. The Red Army will give them a hearty welcome.

•

Representative Joe Martin of Massachusetts has issued his quadrennial prediction of a G.O.P. victory. Joe is the most consistent of our prophets, if not the most accurate.

•

A German military spokesman admits that the high command made grave miscalculations on the eastern front. Perhaps the greatest miscalculation of all was having the front in the first place.

•

Governor Dewey has manfully performed the duty required of all Presidential candidates, in accordance with the American way of life. He has spent several hours before the newsreel cameras, acting out his home life.

•

The Finns are worried about the German disaster in the Baltic states. Something tells them that they are going to have a lot of undesirable boarders on their hands.

•

Any speculation about the outcome of the election should reckon in the element of habit. Probably many people will vote for Roosevelt just because they always have.

•

The economic conference at Bretton Woods has evidently made great progress. It has already reached the point where its doings are deplored by Senator Taft.

•

German prisoners brought to New York were amazed that the city had been rebuilt so quickly after being completely ruined by the Luftwaffe. The secret, of course, lies in hard work and clean living.

•

The Allied leaders are convinced that Germany is running short of oil. We have Hitler's assurance, however, that the Nazis still have an ample supply of fanaticism.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Soak up that sunshine...
out where the blue begins!

No wonder the ancients thought the sun was the giver of life . . . for now we know it holds precious gifts we all need . . . today more than ever before with the tension of wartime living, the fatigue of wartime work. Make the most of every opportunity to bask in the sunshine . . . use ELIZABETH ARDEN'S IDEAL SUNTAN OIL to keep your skin supple, healthy, while you tan in Nature's own way, achieving a beautiful color, relaxing in the open air, enjoying the glorious sun.

ARDENA IDEAL SUNTAN OIL, *1.25*

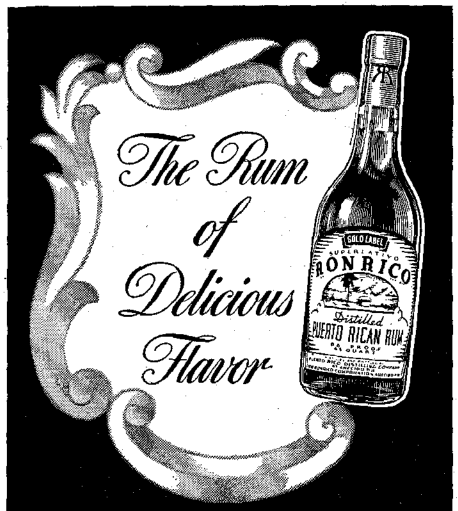
ARDENA SUNPRUF CREAM . . . helps to filter out the burning rays of the sun . . . Protect against undue exposure. Tan if you wish, by regulating applications, *1.00*

ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM . . . Top to toe protection for those who like to remain free from freckles, tan, sunburn and windburn. Use it as a powder foundation, too . . . 5 shades, *1.50*

ARDENA SPORTS GELÉE . . . to bronze deeply and retain a soft skin . . . It lets the sun through . . . . *.50* to *1.50*

ARDENA 8 HOUR CREAM . . . to smooth and cool your skin after sunning unwisely. Excellent for sun-dried hair and scalp, *1.50* and *2.50* (all prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden



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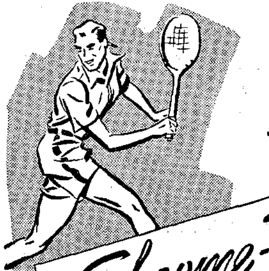
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

An Electric Fan Is Better

NO doubt the psychologist's approach to the films with music which are flowing out of Hollywood this summer like a berserk river of Pepsi-Cola would be to study the minds behind the phenomenon, but personally I don't think these pictures are man-made, and if they are, the minds behind them are lurking too far behind for a near-sighted psychologist like me to draw a bead on them. I have jotted down the names of certain producers and directors on the sleeve of my tunic. However, I have the feeling that, if subpoenaed, each could come up with six witnesses to swear he was in Barbados shooting kelly pool at the time of manufacture. Those who faced it out would certainly depose, since this is one of the principles of the industry, that hot weather calls for cool, tinkling stuff. The question then arises, was it ever hot enough for "And the Angels Sing," with Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, and other juleps in human form? Maybe so. Old-timers speak very highly of the heat wave of July 2-8 inclusive, 1877. Mind you, "And the Angels Sing" is not without its points. The picture displays a band leader who gets girls drunk, against his will, and steals their money, meaning no harm. Things proceed along these lines till suddenly, around about half time, there is an outburst of high jinks based on the theme that in Brooklyn many people say "apperntment" for "appointment" and "moider" for "murder." This will come as a revelation to millions of men, women, and children in the interior of China who have never heard of Brooklyn, or, for that matter, of Chiang Kai-shek. There is also a Brooklyn jitterbug, male, who is funny and sends the temperature down a degree and a half. But it snaps back immediately afterward.

A PICTURE called "Take It or Leave It" has the same messianic impulse toward heat victims. It has a New Twist, too, though, which the producers consider fraught with entertainment significance and potentially as surefire in December as in May, June, July, or August. They advertise "the greatest array of stars ever"—I think the count is 27—and add, under cover of an asterisk, "we won't tell you their names 'cause that would spoil the fun." Well, dammit, I don't want to spoil the fun, but I can't tell you what a whizbang it is they've got hold of without violating their confidence. Besides, I see that the daily reviewers have already turned stool pigeon and let the jaguar out of the bag. The stars are there, all right, the whole 27, or it may be as many as 29.5. They appear in singing and dancing excerpts from earlier pictures, on a screen in a radio studio, and what you get is the stars and a radio program all for the regular price of admission. The two great mediums have never been combined before—at least, not with Twentieth Century-Fox stars and the Take It or Leave It radio program, which is what the producers are trying to tell you. The Fox stars, who range from Buster Keaton to the Ritz Brothers by way of Alice Faye, are the best Fox stars in the Fox files. Take It or Leave It is the quiz program with the $64 question. On the air, under the ferrule of Phil Baker, a very despotic comedian, information never interferes with gags and nobody interrupts Mr. Baker. This holds true in the film except when the Fox stars are in there starring, and even then you do not forget whose program it is.

A MODEST picture, "Bermuda Mystery," with a pale pink B branded on its forehead and so frail that many a trout which outweighed it has been thrown back into the stream, seems better than it is, this week, because it contains no Celebrated Show-World Personalities, unless you count Charles Butterworth, who is suspected of murder from start to finish and lets it get him down pretty badly. . . . "Jungle Woman" features a girl called Acquanetta, whose right name I would help her conceal even if I knew it.

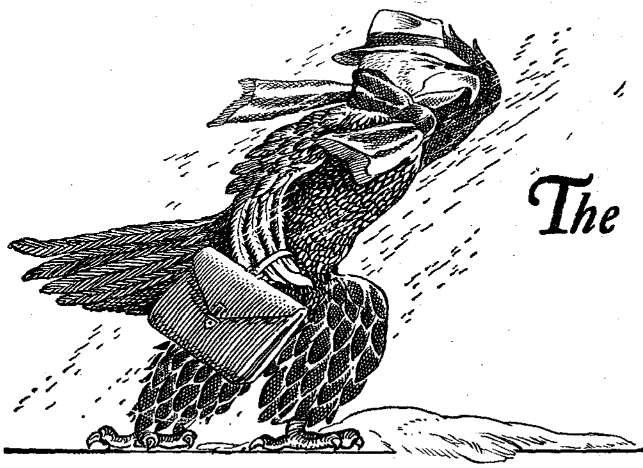
—JOHN LARDNER

•

ROBERT BROS. PRIZE WINNER

In yesterday's issue of THE NEW YORK TIMES it was reported erroneously that a Henry O. Avery Prize for sculpture had been awarded to Robert Brothers. The name of the winner is Robert Brothers of 58 West Fifty-seventh Street.—*The Times.*

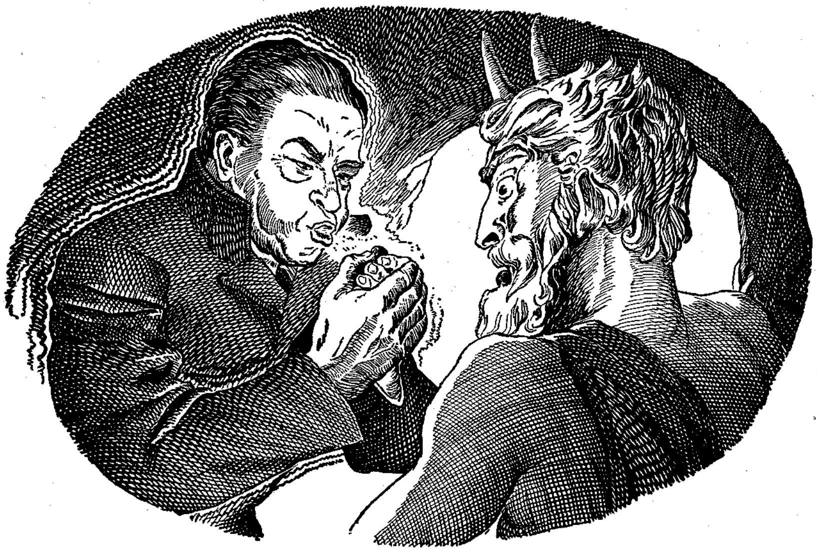
Perhaps you're too close to the subject.



ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. VII

The Shivering Salesman

and the Satyr Who Gave Him the Hot-Foot!



ONCE upon a time, a Traveling Salesman, who had no farmer's daughter to guide him, got lost in a forest, in a blizzard. Half-frozen, he was found by a Satyr, who took him to a nice warm cave.

No sooner had they entered than the Salesman put his fingers to his mouth and blew on them. The Satyr asked why he did so. The Salesman told him he did it to *warm* his hands. Taking the hint, the Satyr concocted a Hot Buttered Rum for his guest who, burning his fingers, blew on them again.

The Satyr again asked why, and this time the Salesman said he did it to *cool* his hands.

Indignant, the Satyr kicked the Salesman out into the blizzard, saying he'd have nothing to do with a guy who blew hot and cold with the same breath.

Moral: **You gotta be consistent when dealing with satyrs or sales problems. Right now, some of you advertisers and agents seem to be lost in a statistical blizzard, compounded of skyrocketing national income, manpower shortages and over-stuffed savings accounts. The latest available figures prove that the solid, substantial middle millions are, after savings and taxes, still the big buyers, to the tune of sixty per cent, or three-fifths of this nation's purchases. To reach them, use *the happy medium to America's middle millions* . . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

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THE RACE TRACK

Western Star

THE race I'd like to have seen last week but didn't, because this department isn't travelling very much this summer, was the Arlington Futurity, out at Washington Park, in Chicago. It was won by Free for All, the champion two-year-old of the West, about whom my scouts have been sending me reports for more than a month. He won his first start out there by eight lengths or so, in time that was close to the track record for the distance, and repeated the performance a few days later in the Hyde Park Stakes. However, when Flood Town, the fastest two-year-old in the East, was shipped to Chicago recently for the Arlington Futurity, certain curmudgeons in these parts were gleeful over what they were sure would befall the latest Western wonder horse. The first time the two racers met was in a minor race that one might regard as a sort of sporting preliminary, and Free for All won comfortably from Errard, a stablemate, with Flood Town third. Reading between the lines of their form charts, horseplayers predicted that there would be no such upset in the Arlington Futurity. Woolf, Flood Town's rider, would see to it, they said, that his mount didn't suffer any interference in the race for the big money. (Apparently Flood Town had a little trouble in the minor event.) But after Flood Town had led for a couple of furlongs in the Futurity, Free for All, who can toss off a half mile in less than 46 seconds, ran him down easily and won by lengths. Flood Town seemed to go all to pieces in the stretch, and finished fifth. I wouldn't be surprised if the trip hadn't been too much for him. Two-year-olds generally don't ship well.

PLACE 10757 POOL
SHOW

Free for All is a bay colt by Questionnaire out of Panay, a mare by Chicle. That, as any expert will tell you, is a stout pedigree. Yet, to judge solely by his photograph, he seems no more than a sprinter. He was bred by Walter J. Salmon, who sold him at Keeneland last August to John Marsch, a Chicago contractor with an understandable fondness for racing, for $11,000. It was a sound investment; including his Futurity purse of $48,525, Free for All has picked up $61,725 in his four starts. This wasn't Marsch's first Futurity. In 1942, his Occupation won the Arlington and the Washington Park in Chicago, the Breeders' at Lexington, and the Futurity at Belmont. Last year another Marsch horse, Occupy, a brother of Occupation, won the Arlington and the Futurity at Belmont. Marsch also owns a little full brother of these two horses. He has been named Unoccupied.

NO filly has ever won the Classic Stakes, another big Chicago race; in fact, no filly has ever been in the money. It's my guess, however, that Twilight Tear will alter that record at Washington Park this weekend. I'll be surprised if she hasn't the race pretty much to herself, for she'll carry only 114 pounds despite the fact that she's won nine times this season. The reason is that the conditions of the Classic provide for big allowances in weight to horses who haven't won a purse of $50,000, and Suzie, as they affectionately call her around her stable, hasn't. Her biggest prize was the Coaching Club American Oaks, worth $12,560. The trainers of By Jimminy and Stir Up, who have already picked *their* plums this season, at Aqueduct and Jamaica respectively, aren't giving the Classic a second thought.

WILLIAM WOODWARD says that his Bossuet has the biggest shoulders he's ever seen in a horse of that size. He might add that Bossuet must have a heart as big as his shoulders. How else could such a little fellow have run so gamely under high weight as he did last weekend, when he won the Fleetwing Handicap at Jamaica?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From "Flint," by Charles G. Norris*]

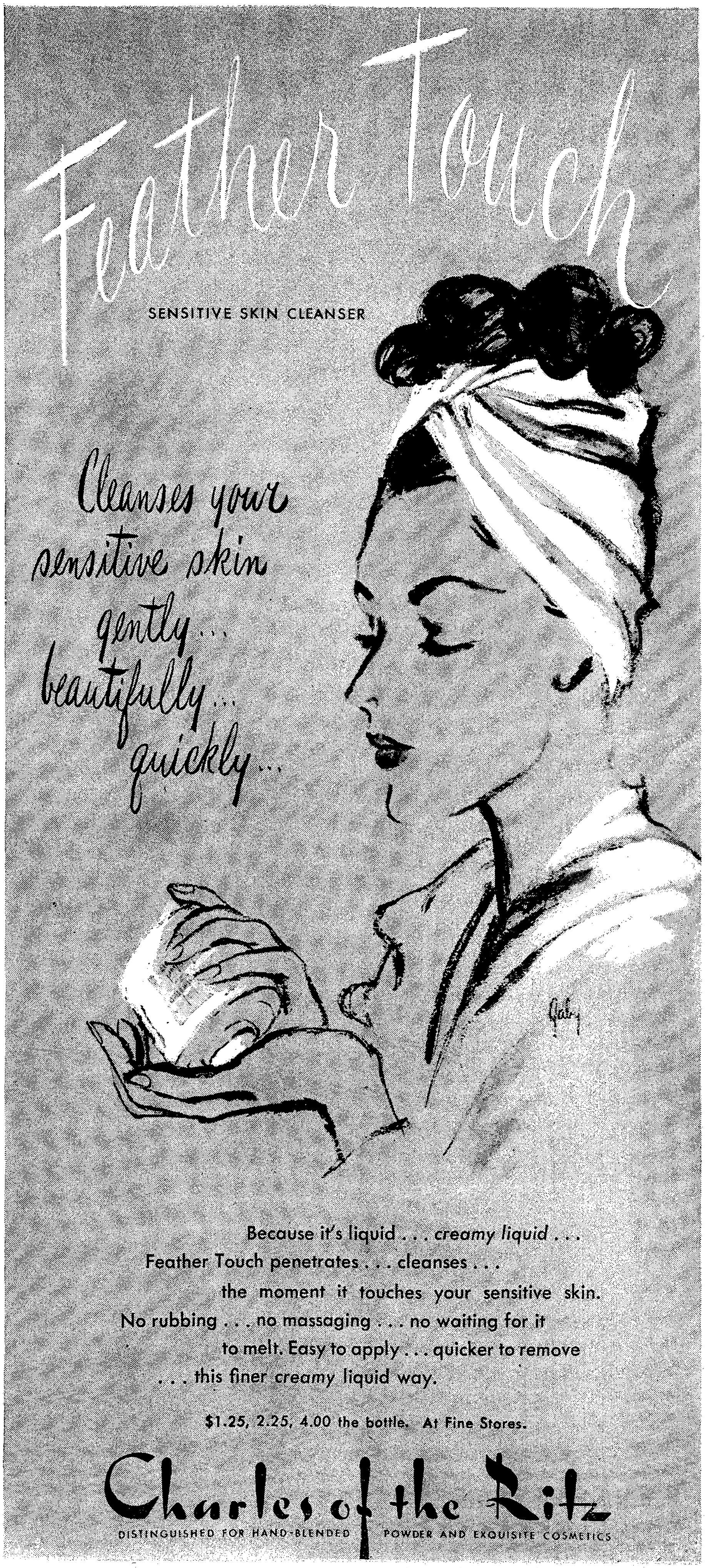
He caught her about the waist and pulled her to him, roughly handling her until she lay in his arms, her face with a tolerant, indulgent smile just below his. But he did not return the smile. He glowered at her, then kissed her savagely. She struggled to free herself, but he held her firmly and continued to scowl at her, his eyes moving somberly from one feature to another.

"Listen," he said, "there's just one more thing I want to say to you. You talk about a united labor party; you talk about labor running this nation. Never! Not in a blue moon!"

Glass Shop: old glass sugar shakers, for instance, in the customary fat shapes, and in colors such as pink, turquoise, and pale green; all at around $4 to $6. They're nice for talcum or, more practically, to keep scouring powder handy in a presentable way in bathrooms. There are even children's play services in old glass—usually a covered butter dish, a sugar bowl, a cream pitcher, and a footed cup ($8 and $9)—which could be used as breakfast-tray sets. The cup would do for either jam or cigarettes.

Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd), who always seems full of ideas, now has something which really delights me. It's a patio chair from Mexico, low-slung and with a broad, deep, natural raffia seat sloping comfortably, and a back inclined at the perfect angle for relaxation. Basket-weave raffia covers the light, blond wood frame, giving an effect which, while it may sound rustic, is really urban enough so that you wouldn't hesitate to use the chair indoors. Outdoors, it's a terrace rather than a garden chair—in other words, not to be left out in a pouring rain. The price is $32.50.

Domestic Science: Ever since, in my youth, I was knocked into a trauma by an experience with a friend's dog, which ate a generous helping of a vaunted dog-scat powder out of my hand, I have been disinclined to recommend any chemical repellents, no matter what anyone else says about them. I therefore merely report that a new one, Repelitex, a liquid which I do know will not cause rugs and upholstery to disappear with a clap of thunder, is on tap at Saks-Fifth Avenue. It is said to be a big help in housebreaking a puppy. A pint costs $1.50. . . . Dri-Dux, sixty-nine cents a quart and $1.79 a gallon at Macy, makes all sorts of things water-repellent—awnings, porch pillow covers, clothing, and hats. I don't know how it would work on people. You sponge it on, let it dry, press the subject matter with a warm iron, and that's all. . . . The extra grime in the air which is giving New York a family resemblance to that old Oklahoma Dust Bowl is just as hard on the patina of furniture as it is on curtains and upholstery. The Reviva furniture cleaner, about which you've heard me speak so often, is fine for coaxing imbedded particles of soot out of a well-waxed surface, and it will simultaneously do a job on heat and water rings, ink stains, and the like. Reviva is a polish as well as a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cleaner, but I like to give surfaces which have been dosed with it a rubdown with the wax made by the same people (Jackson of London)—an especially easy one to use, since it dries almost as soon as it is applied and you hardly have to wait at all to begin polishing. Results are good, too—a fine, hard surface, with not too bright a gleam and with plenty of resistance to smudges. —B. B.

•

MUSE AMERICANA

In celebration of July 4th, only works by American composers will be heard throughout the entire day.—*WQXR July program.*

Oh, splendid isolation this,
  Today no transatlantic muses!
Today for strictly homemade bliss,
  For local lyres one enthuses.
No Beethoven, no Bach, no Brahms,
  No Monteverdi, and no Handel;
Only domestic fugues and psalms,
  By Thomson, Virgil, Thompson,
    Randall.

At other times we'll gladly hear
  The strains of foreigner Beethoven.
On Independence Day, it's clear,
  We're pledged to Gershwin and De
    Koven,
To Piston, Copland (very good),
  Deems Taylor, Barber, and Roy
    Harris.
Today what native he-man would
  Have ears for genius born in Paris?

Oh, blessed patriotic mood,
  That lasts from dawn till evening's
    over,
Our spirits need no alien food
  While home-grown talent is in clover.
The chauvinistic fervor past,
  Tomorrow Bach will come as manna,
The world of art seems wide and vast—
  Today, hail Muse Americana!

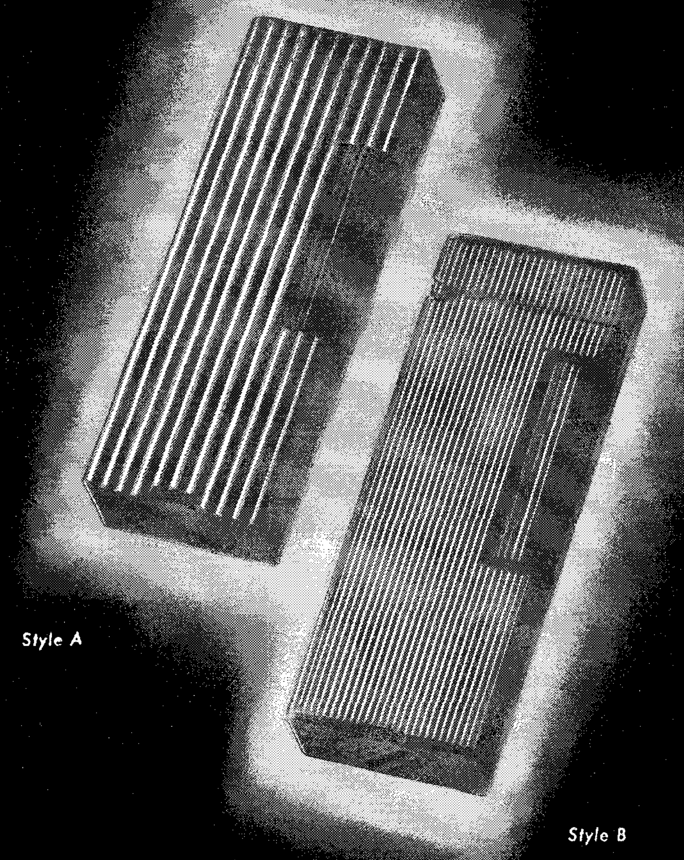
—Irwin Edman

•

"In a picture about Catherine that I did some years ago with Greta Garbo," Mr. M. continued, "I think I managed something that the stage would find rather difficult. At the very end of the picture, when Catherine has lost her love and all, you may recall that I showed Garbo standing alone in the prow of a vessel. The only thing visible about her was her face and that pale face, which the lights were centered upon and the sad features of which remained immobile, wrought a spell on audiences that they could not forget."—*George Jean Nathan quoting Rouben Mamoulian in the American Mercury.*

We can forget it long enough to remember that the picture was about Queen Christina.

"Something to remember you by"



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THE COLONEL IN THE FOXHOLE

THE siren wailed three blasts in the middle of the Bougainville night. I stuck my head outside the tent and looked up at the sky. In a few minutes, the Japanese planes came over. The searchlights picked them up and the ack-ack set up a terrific racket. The tracers, streaking all over the pitch-black sky, made a beautiful sight. It wasn't beautiful enough, however, to detain me. I stumbled out of the tent, nearly broke my left shinbone over a stump, and dived into the nearest foxhole. The foxhole was, oddly, both dry and soft.

"Hell," I said aloud, "this isn't bad."

A voice spoke up. "Would you mind getting off my shoulders?" it said.

"I beg your pardon," I answered. "My name is Jessup."

"Glad to see you, Jessup," said the voice. "Take it easy the next time, will you? I'm Colonel X."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I got to wondering. I thought it peculiar that a colonel could beat a first lieutenant to a foxhole. The way I always heard that story, a first lieutenant could beat any man alive, regardless of rank, into a foxhole.

"Looks as though Washing-Machine Charlie is fooling around up there again," said the Colonel, in a friendly voice. "I trust his aim is bad, as usual."

"Yes, sir."

WE sat in the foxhole. Sitting in a foxhole can get very tiresome after a time.

"If we had some cards and could use a flashlight," I ventured, "we could play blackjack."

"Even if we could use a flash," said the Colonel, "I wouldn't play blackjack. I never win. I always lose my shirt. Where are you from?"

"Rochester, New York, sir."

"Ah, Rochester. Were you a track man in school?"

"No, sir. I am more of an indoor athlete."

"Hmm," said the Colonel. "I had an idea you were a dash man. You certainly got to this foxhole in a hurry."

"Not as fast as you did, Colonel," I reminded him.

"True, true," said the Colonel. "You must remember that I have had a lot of practice. Only the other day the mess sergeant tried to beat me here. He was an ambitious young man. I had fallen asleep when he arrived."

I peered up. The sky was like the Fourth of July.

"I think things are getting too warm for our friend Charlie up there," said the Colonel. "He's not in the big leagues. He'll get discouraged fast. He always does."

"This place get hit much?" I asked. "I'm a sort of stranger around here."

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel. "It gets hit. The Japs, though, have an eye like a corkscrew. They generally unload their eggs in a hurry, let them fall where they've a mind to fall, and scram for home. They probably tell their intelligence officer that they got direct hits on everything but the kitchen sink, maybe even the kitchen sink. It makes a nice communiqué for Tokio."

"Are you a married man, Colonel?" I asked.

"Yes, naturally," the Colonel said. "It is the only way to live, as I remember. How about yourself, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. I have a wife and maybe a baby," I said. "I'd like to be holding her hand right now."

"What do you mean, maybe a baby?" the Colonel said.

"Well, I'm supposed to be having one right about this time. I mean my wife is expecting."

"Expecting?" said the Colonel. "A lovely way of putting it, a lovely way indeed. I have four children myself. After the first one, I stopped using the word 'expecting.' I just came right out and said, 'My wife is gonna have another baby,' and then looked around for somebody to buy me a drink."

"Not a bad idea."

"No," said the Colonel sadly. "Except that invariably everyone within hearing distance had long enjoyed the connubial state. I always wound up buying the drinks."

"Speaking of drinks—" I said.

"A dry Martini to begin with," interrupted the Colonel. "Make it two dry Martinis. Followed by a whiskey-and-soda. After that, another whiskey-and-soda. Those were the days, weren't

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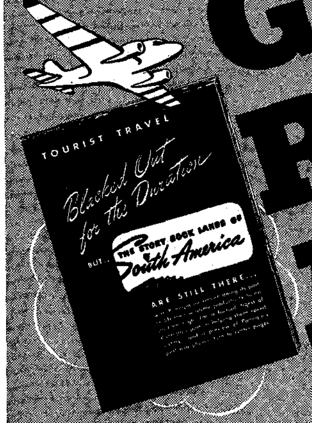

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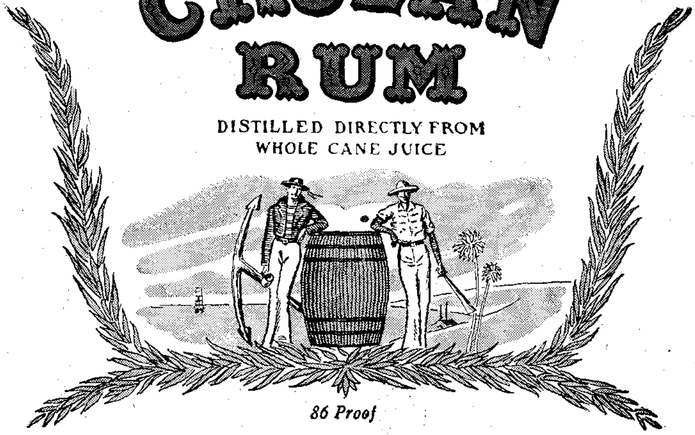

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they? Yes, those *were* the days. I wonder what the boys at the Waldorf are drinking tonight."

"I don't know," I said, "but I'm not choosy at the moment. Even a small beer would go good."

"Beer?" inquired the Colonel. "What is that? I recall it only dimly."

"Well," I said, "it has foam on top, a beautiful amber color, and it's cool."

"Dream on, my boy," said the Colonel. "You seem to have a talent for it. Following a pleasant hour of drinking, what do you think we should have to eat?"

"Baked whitefish," I said, "with French-fried potatoes. Also a salad made of fine slaw ground up with pieces of pineapple, topped with whipped cream. Then, for dessert, fresh peach pie with vanilla ice cream."

"Not bad for a beginner," said the Colonel, "not bad. But why not a bowl of clam chowder to start, followed by a thick beefsteak, boiled potatoes soaked in butter, six ears of fresh corn on the cob, crisp lettuce with a dab of mayonnaise, a mug of cold beer, and chocolate cake?"

"I'd settle for the corn alone," I said.

"Hell," said the Colonel, "I'd take a ham sandwich. Just so it didn't come out of a can."

THE night grew quiet as the ack-ack ceased. You could hear our fighter planes droning out to sea, probably in pursuit of Washing-Machine Charlie. I looked at my watch. It was a few minutes past midnight. We got out of the foxhole.

"My boy," said the Colonel, stretching his arms to get rid of the cramp in his shoulders, "it was nice to have known you. And now to bed. Good night."

"Good night, sir," I said, starting for my tent.

"By the way," said the Colonel, turning, "do me a favor, will you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Next time you come piling into my foxhole, try landing on my legs instead of my back. I got a sore back from so many of you fellows landing on it."

"Yes, sir," I said.

—LT. STERLING M. JESSUP

•

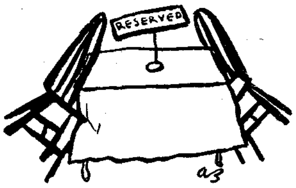
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Leland Stowe in a broadcast over the Blue Network*]

The shortsightedness of this censorship has now backfired.

TABLES FOR TWO

In the Dread Old Summertime



THE administrators of life after dark have lately made a couple of laudable attempts to arouse the interest not only of the antiquarian but of the citizen who is compelled to sweat it out in town this summer. The first of these attempts, to start off with no particular order in mind, is the opening of the gardens of the Claremont Inn. The Claremont is, of course, the last of the once glorious assortment of New York roadhouses whose charm was a delicious compound of away-from-it-all glamour and a slightly specious naughtiness. These days it is under the surveillance of Parks Commissioner Moses, and a young blossom may dine there as unsullied in reputation as if she had lunched at the Woman's Exchange. She and her escort are apt to discover that the vegetables they eat have something of the austere astringency of the Commissioner himself, but they won't have too bad a time with the rest of their dinner, and they should be pleased by the privet hedges and the trees which shut the world away, by the magnificent coolness of the place, and by the casual manner of the old-style beer-garden waiters and the dance bands which occasionally hold forth on the little outdoor stand. After dinner, you might take a turn about the Inn, whose period architecture and décor seem to have been handed down to us almost unaltered since the dim days when the establishment was one with Blossom Heath and Nikko Inn and Longue Vue.

Later still, if it happens to be Friday or Saturday, you can have a look at another stately reminder of the past—the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert, across the East River on Columbia Heights. It has to be one of those nights, because the roof is shut up the rest of the week. No one has raised an injurious hand to the Bossert, either. Everything is as it always was—the stalwart marble columns in the sedate lobby, the somnolent ascent to the roof in the tiny elevator, the roof itself, strewn with lifeboats, lifebelts, funnels, masts, and the other paraphernalia of what is easily the most implausible steamship of all time. Strewn with young Brooklynites, too, come to think of it, but Brooklynites in a reasonable state of calm. The Marine Roof really is a roof, in the nice, old-fashioned way; it has a long promenade deck which seems almost to overhang the harbor, and it has a cool, open-air platform on which you can dance with not so much as a canopy between you and the stars.

Much younger antiquarians should probably be told that Joe Marsala's band has come full circle and is back where it always should have been, at the Hickory House. Time and the ravages of war have had their way with the band, and it hasn't quite the cheerful stridency it afforded when Marty Marsala was the trumpet, Al Gold the saxophone, and Artie Shapiro the bass. But it still has Joe Marsala, whose solid, full-throated clarinet is as fine as ever, and Adele Girard, whose harp is just as expert. If anyone is going to prove that the harp, despite its innate intractability, is both a solo instrument and a useful embellishment to the rhythm section of a hot band, Miss Girard is, I think, the young lady to prove it. There is also a newcomer who may as well be mentioned. He is Chuck Wayne, who has chosen the electric guitar for his lifework. Mr. W. brings to his instrument a nice talent and considerable imagination.

LOUIS PRIMA, who has strayed a considerable distance from his native heath (Fifty-second Street), is at the moment engaged in a fairly conclusive demonstration of the axiom that four-and-twenty hunting-pink jackets and four-and-twenty pairs of neon-blue pants do not necessarily make an orchestra. This experiment is taking place up on the Astor Roof, to the accompaniment of the sort of noise made by a medium-sized atom in the process of being smashed. Mr. Prima's haunted trumpet playing and his desperate manner of demolishing a sentimental lyric are, however, eminently satisfactory, so much so that you find yourself wishing that the background for them was being provided by the small group of hot virtuosi who used to look after that job for him. Tommy Tucker's band is on hand too, and in a much sweeter vein. All told, a lot of sound for your money. The Astor Roof looks bright and fresh in its new dress, which runs heavily to American Eagles and flamboyant reds and blues, a style best described as Super, or hotel, Federal. Its air-conditioning system, unlike

Makes the
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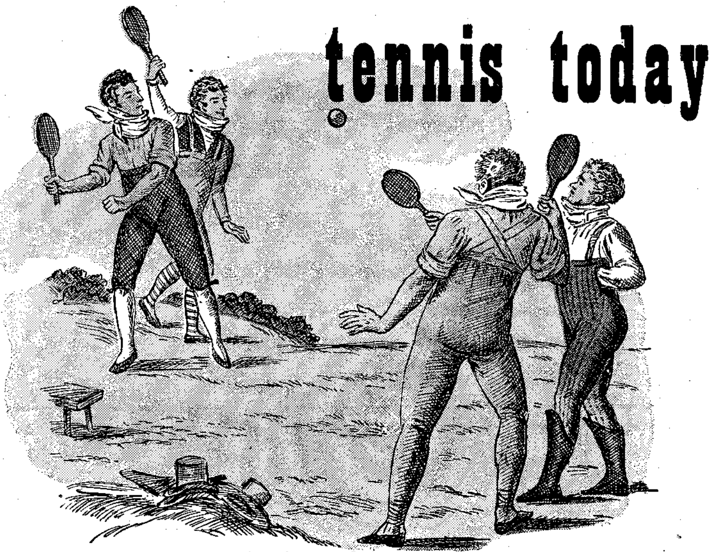

Tennis match in 1820

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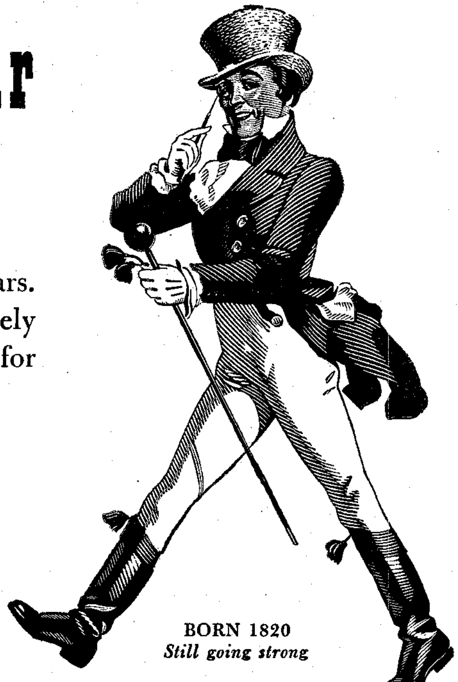

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some I could name, is of such proportions that the room stayed cool even last week.

Over at the Ambassador, you go down cellar to keep cool, for the Ambassador Garden is so subterranean that it never grows anything but mushrooms. (The greenery which ascends the trellised walls is man's handiwork, not God's.) The dance music, here merely incidental to the ritual of dinner, is provided by Jules Lande's orchestra, which has been at the Ambassador a long time and knows just which waltz to serve with the lobster and which rumba to serve with the soufflé. Both the music and the nourishment are just about right.

ONLY a madman would attempt to keep informed about everything that goes on in the realm of music-for-music's-sake, and it is much too warm for this department to be that mad about anything. It might be pointed out, nevertheless, that Willie the Lion Smith is now at the Pied Piper, acting both as pianist in Max Kaminsky's band and as soloist. The Lion's work is precise, inventive, and occasionally touched with classic overtones. It might also be added that Hot Lips Page has collected and is heading a quintet of experts, now on view at the Onyx, which includes Cozy Cole at the drums and Don Byas at the saxophone. All three gentlemen were, of course, collectors' items to begin with.

MOST of the literate sommeliers are now engaged in work of a more outdoors and pressing nature, and the wine lists in a number of establishments are less knowledgeable than they used to be. This week's honors, I believe, go to the bar of the Claremont Inn, which is offering something it thinks is called a Rum Swivel. —R. E. M. W.

•

Price of penicillin was reported by Coghill to have dropped from an initial figure of $20 per hundred thousand Oxford units to a present one of $3.25. This, he said, will go lower and soon will bring disease within the reach of all.—*Chemical and Engineering News.*

Marvellous!

•

REMARKABLE REMARKS

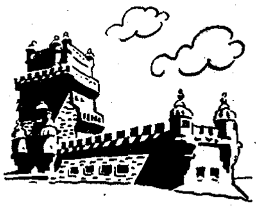
[*Jerry Gaghan in the Philadelphia Daily News*]

TAMARA TOUMONOVA, there's a dish!—A girl with a dead-leaf complexion and a pair of red lips more exciting than the news of the invasion.

LETTER FROM LISBON

JULY 14 (BY CABLE)

RIDING a morning train into town from Estoril, Lisbon's fashionable seaside suburb, invariably means that you begin your day in the company of diplomats, and some people like to amuse themselves by attempting to identify the commuting statesmen. It's a difficult game. The clues are meagre and deceptive. All the diplomats, for instance, are given to reading Portuguese newspapers in public, and they seem to be reasonably fluent in three or more languages. Even faces are not much help. A fat man with a roll of flesh at the back of his neck, a pink bald head, and a high collar turns out to be not a product of the Wilhelmstrasse but the Dutch press attaché. A lean, pale blond with a Scandinavian jaw is not a Norwegian but a member of the German Consular Office. Only an expert can distinguish one Central European from another. In fact, you can't even be sure that a sallow skin and black hair brushed back from a receding forehead are the marks of a Central European. Your man could be a Frenchman or a Greek.



The pastime becomes less difficult when the diplomats leave the train and get into their waiting automobiles. The Corps Diplomatique cars all have CD license plates, the numbers of which are assigned on a definite scheme. All CD 10 numbers are allotted to ambassadors and ministers. When you see a man climbing into a Renault with a CD 10-02 plate, the chances are that you are looking at Nicolas Franco y Bahamonde, the Spanish Ambassador. The German Minister, Baron Hoyningen-Huene, has a Mercedes-Benz, license CD 10-06, and CD 10-14 is attached to the Cadillac of our own Ambassador Norweb. The cars themselves also help identify the owners' nationality. A lot of smaller-fry German diplomats have Citroëns they brought with them from France. The Japanese seem to like Buicks. Fiats are favored, more appropriately, by the Italians.

WHAT little privacy a diplomat has does not, of course, last long. For one thing, it is part of his function to circulate as much as possible. For another, the United Nations diplomats see each other constantly at dinners and parties. As there are a hundred people in the American mission, several hundred in the British, and several hundred more in the other friendly missions, the diplomat need never dine alone. He naturally has little to do with the ordinary citizens of the country to which he is accredited. Important Portuguese families with international ties, such as the Pinto Bastos, and banking families such as the Espirito Santos (the name of whose establishment, translated, is the Bank of the Holy Ghost and Commerce), and the more gregarious aristocrats get around a certain amount among the diplomatic set. However, with a few exceptions, mostly earnest young diplomats new to their posts, who feel that they should understand the native, the Corps keeps pretty much to itself. Diplomats speak the same language in many tongues. Any other language makes most of them uncomfortable.

Many high-ranking diplomats live on *quintas*, outside Lisbon, to the displeasure of the Portuguese Foreign Office, which would prefer them to stay within the city limits. A *quinta* is a sort of country estate, and is usually ancient. A good example is the Castelo estate, at Manique, now inhabited by the first and second secretaries of the American Embassy, the Messrs. Dickerson and Rose, and their wives. The central building is a huge castle, set in rolling country. It is built of gray stone, and it has magnificent blue picture tiles in many of the rooms, Moorish gardens, and a swimming pool that was once the castle cistern. The most remarkable part of this *quinta* is the chapel, which contains the remains of St. Agatha. Remains is an understatement; the lady, completely visible through glass, is excellently preserved, reclining in an ornate case. Her face is intact and quite handsome, gold gloves cover her hands, she is clad in a thin net dress, and there are silver flowers in her dusty hair. The *quinta's* current inhabitants treat St. Agatha with a mixture of friendly nonchalance and respect. Visitors who are not accustomed to the tangible presence of saints are apt to be disturbed at the sight.

Since labor is the one cheap thing in Portugal, the diplomatic hostess has all the maids and cooks and butlers she needs to keep her house going. She can get a well-trained maid for ten dollars a month. Cooks' wages are only a little higher. The food at diplomatic dinners is usually very good, especially when the national passion for the baroque

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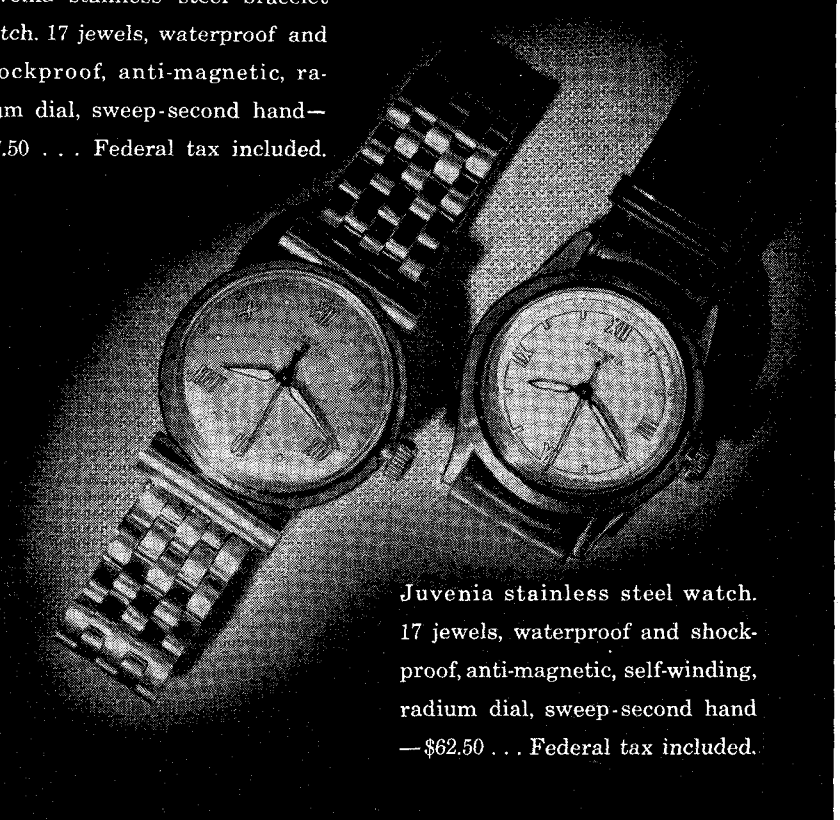
is suppressed and the cold fish is not tortured into a facsimile of the Crystal Palace. Every dinner is preceded by apéritifs, accompanied by three wines, and topped off with liqueurs. In Lisbon everyone eats too much and pays for it with either increased girth or "Lisbon stomach," an exhausting ailment.

AN agreeable change from the routine of stately dining is provided by the picnics given by the Swiss Minister, Henri Martin, a dapper and elderly gentleman who combines good works with a courtly interest in ladies. The invitations to these picnics, which take place on Sundays, are written in French verse full of mythical allusions, and he expects the replies to be in kind. Most people consider the events worth the effort. M. Martin is a superb host. Guests gather at his house for cocktails at noon. An hour later they are driven in a fleet of cars to the beach at Adraga. While the guests who feel like it bathe, a long plank table is set. There are place cards, for diplomatic informality goes just so far. Champagne is served with the excellent food. After lunch most of the guests go to sleep. When they emerge from their torpor, they are driven home, in time to dress for dinner, which in Lisbon usually starts at nine.

The British and American diplomats, who work together in constant and amicable harness, are very hospitable. Henry Hopkinson, the British Minister (soon to go to Italy), and his American wife are typical of the suave, easygoing younger group. The Spanish Ambassador, Franco, on the other hand, rarely entertains, and when he is invited anywhere is likely to arrive an hour late, if at all. If El Caudillo's brother does come, however, he is jovial and talkative. The language at social affairs, which usually include at least five nationalities, is French. This gives a note of urbanity to a gathering, but that's about all. Diplomats save their secrets for their own foreign office. Their table talk consists of chitchat and personal gossip. Lisbon is made for private intrigue, since the climate, physical and spiritual, is not conducive to work. It is all the more admirable that some diplomats do devote their time to work. Our own embassy staff is determinedly industrious; it sticks to its nine-to-six schedule (with two hours for lunch) in the face of general disapproval. Most diplomats won't do business before 11 A.M., between one and four, or after six. The British, however,



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only two degrees less eager than the Americans, start at ten.

THE German and the Spanish staffs have the finest embassies in town. They are both housed in ancient palaces. The British have the next best headquarters; their main building is also a palace, mustard-colored and sprawling, with a long history. The United States staff is scattered through half a dozen buildings, none of them historic. The naval attaché, the Press Office, and the Chancery and Consular section are all separately housed. The Ambassador hopes to find a building large enough to hold his entire staff.

Since in time of war diplomats are not encouraged to send for their families, the embassies and legations are full of unattached young men and women. These people, usually of lower rank or no rank at all, and therefore less bound by protocol, go in for more informal diversions than their elders. On weekends they swim and picnic at one of the six or eight handsome beaches near Lisbon or go to a bullfight or a country fair. In the evenings they visit Galgo's and Nina's, the only night clubs to which "nice" women can go, or the Wonder Bar of the Casino in Estoril. Galgo's is frequented by Axis and Allied folk alike, and is owned by a pair named, rather allegorically, Mr. Wolff and Mrs. Fox. The atmosphere is Portuguese, and there is string music and a tiny dance floor. Nina's, which has Imperial Russian décor, is patronized mostly by the British and Americans, plus a few Spanish and some of the more international Portuguese. The Wonder Bar, a small, conventional night club, is notable only for its pianist, a sweating, middle-aged Spaniard who swings Spanish music as if he were fighting for his life.

During the Lisbon season, which begins around Easter and ends in June, the best place to see the Diplomatic Corps in all its magnificence and diversity is at the concerts in the San Carlos Opera House, one of the most graceful buildings of its kind in Europe. The diplomats, with their wives and daughters, are on display in four horseshoe tiers of boxes. During the performance, which doesn't interest them much, the opera-glass drill goes on constantly. Fifty pairs of lenses on one side of the horseshoe are levelled at fifty pairs on the other side. In order to survive this inspection, the diplomat's wife must have a vast wardrobe. The ordeal, however, is not nearly so trying as the necessity of arriving in formal dress in broad daylight. Portugal has double daylight-saving time, so the sun does not set until nine.

BY now the German diplomats have almost entirely dropped out of the social life of Lisbon. The Japanese were never in it. The Vichy French have lost what little prestige they had and are in the mortifying position of not wishing to be seen even with their allies. The German Minister, Hoyningen-Huene, is an aristocrat of the old school, respected even by enemy diplomats, who do not believe that he has ever been an enthusiastic Nazi. He and his wife, a daughter of the industrialist Borsigs, have retired from public life, possibly because they prefer to consider their country's trouble in private. The only German diplomats who are now visible are in the lower ranks, and their appearances are apparently more a matter of defiance than of pleasure. A Japanese seldom appears in public with anyone but another Japanese.

De Gaulle and the Provisional Government of France are represented by a small mission headed by Armand Duchayla, an experienced diplomat in his early fifties. Duchayla is dry, hard-headed, serious, and rather grimly absorbed in physical culture. He is a bachelor, neither smokes nor drinks, is an excellent boxer and horseman, and still does actual double somersaults while his colleagues are performing merely political ones. Among the Italians there are a few violent reactionaries who will not accept the new turn of events. Terragni, the former military attaché, is one of them. The tone of the legation, however, is set by the pro-Ally chargé d'affaires, the Marchese Lanza d'Ajeta. D'Ajeta was formerly *chef de cabinet* under Ciano in Rome. Before the Italian armistice, he and his beautiful wife were never asked anywhere, but now they are at every Allied party. The Rumanians are extremely embarrassed by their position and are looking wistfully at the bandwagon, which, naturally, has not yet offered them a lift. The Hungarians are split—the Axis-controlled legation on one side, a Free Hungarian group on the other.

The situation is almost as confusing for the diplomats themselves as for the observer. It is comparatively easy for an adroit statesman to avoid representatives of major enemy governments. It is not so simple to fail, with seeming innocence, to acknowledge the

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presence of lesser diplomatic colleagues, men with whom he was on friendly terms in prewar capitals. Thus, a British diplomat must check his hand before it waves a greeting to a Rumanian he knew in Bucharest, and an American formerly posted in Budapest cannot even smile at a Hungarian with whom he once had daily business.

THIS diplomatic charade in a neutral capital often seems unpardonably trivial at a time when most of the world is at war. In many respects it is a life as remote from reality as it is from illusion. The diplomat of necessity has no roots, and he often knows the people of his own land no better than he knows the plain men of the country he is accredited to. The century of the common man will most certainly not be born in Lisbon. A league of nations, on the other hand, might be. There are men in a number of the embassies whose fundamental concern for the world does not dissolve in wine or talk, men who think in broad terms and plan to act on broad terms if they can. But they may never have the chance. The old forces of cynicism, anti-Semitism, and fear of Russia, testimonials to the success of German propaganda, are, tragically, still strong. —MARYA MANNES

•

She [Clare Luce] was at that 1932 convention only as an onlooker, one of the party of guests who came with Mr. Bernard Baruch, including Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the late Cond'e Nash of Vague and Variety Fair and some others.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer.*

Indistinct little group.

•

Dorothy has many enthusiasms. One is her son, Capt. John Gibson, stationed at Camp Siebert, Ala. Another is George, her handsome, six-footed husband now engaged in raising soybean sprouts commercially in the basement of their large home.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Woman of catholic tastes, apparently.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Post*]

This looks complicated but it is very simple. Say you are the average man of the height of 5 feet, 7 inches and you measure 32 inches about the lower end of breast bone. The 32 is divided by 4, leaving 8; the 8 is multiplied by itself, leaving 64. Your height is 67 and you multiply the 64 by 67, resulting in 4288. Dividing this number by 27 gives about 158½ pounds, which is the weight that a man 5 feet, 7 inches in height with a girl of 32 over the xiphoid should weigh.

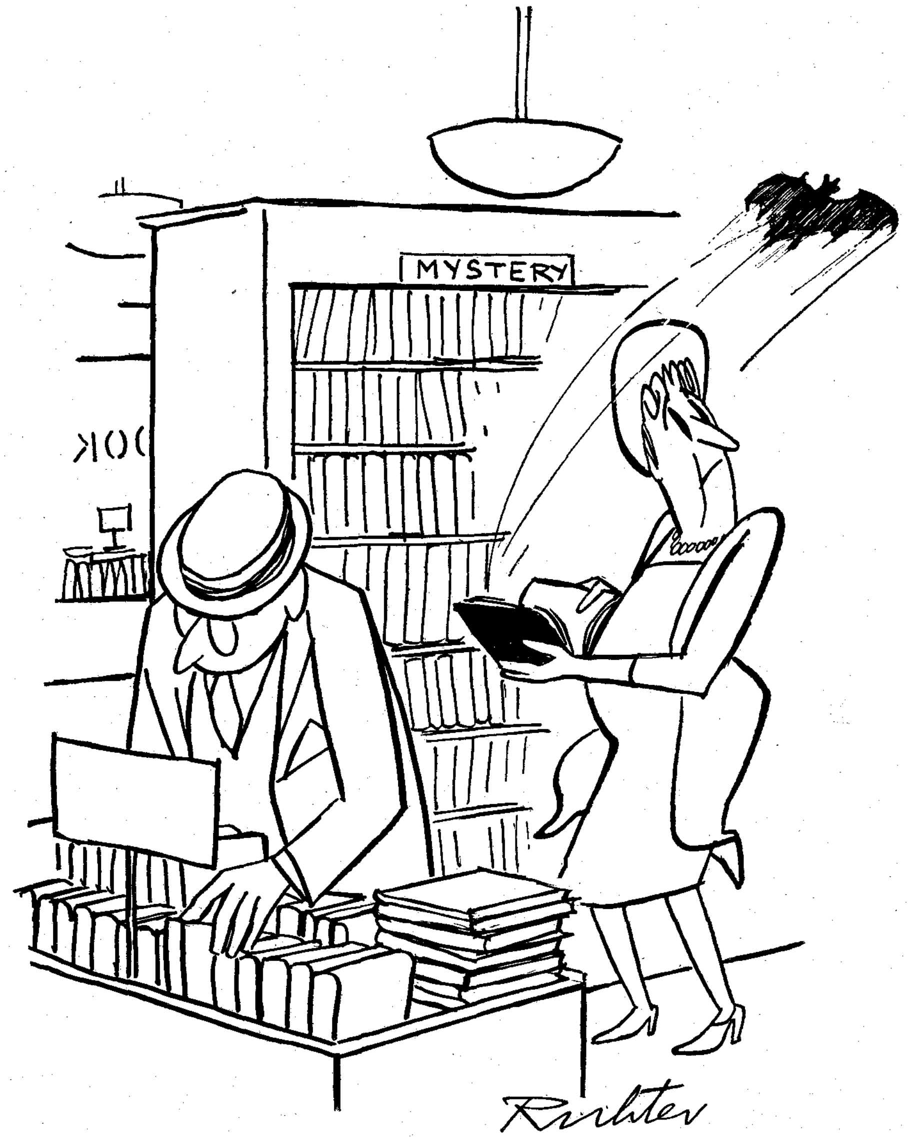
BOOKS

Tonio Kröger in Egyptian Dress

I HAVE just come from reading Thomas Mann's tetralogy about Joseph and his brothers, all two thousand and eleven pages of it (the final volume, "Joseph the Provider," is just off the presses), and while I am perfectly willing to admit that it is one of the more remarkable literary performances of our time and an amazingly sustained effort, I find that I still like the Genesis version better. The original Joseph story may be but "a drawn and salted and embalmed remnant of the truth," as Mr. Mann has said, yet that strip of Biblical pemmican, sparse and lean though it happens to be, contains as much of truth's flavor, if that is what we are after, as the highly condimented and exotically garnished dish that Mr. Mann, after eighteen years of labor, has finally served up. Mr. Mann may, in all sincerity, believe that he has told the true story of Joseph, exactly as it happened, but the fact remains that he has simply written, in the light of modern information and with many flashes of insight and genius, his own version of one of the stories of the Old Testament. His Joseph may possibly come to be *the* Joseph, just as the Cassius and Brutus and Caesar of Shakespeare have come to be more vivid in some imaginations than their actual selves, but this Joseph, from where I sit, bears a much closer resemblance to the second son of Johann Heinrich Mann, a merchant and senator of Lübeck, than to the eleventh son of Jacob, a shepherd of Haran. Mr. Mann has followed the outline of the original version faithfully enough, but his Joseph, like so many of his other heroes, is not so much the young dreamer of the Bible, with whom was the Lord, as a modern intellectual. The fabric of his story, furthermore, is largely woven with the strands of certain preoccupations which have gripped Mr. Mann ever since he wrote "Buddenbrooks" and which are most apparent in the short story "Tonio Kröger," where, in what amounts to a self-portrait, the author explores a theme that is identical with that of the Joseph series—the relation of the artist, or the man of unique endowment, to the world at large.

This theme, which also runs through "The Magic Mountain" and appears, with variations, in such short stories as "Mario and the Magician" and "Death in Venice," as well as in the unfinished novel "The Confessions of Felix Krull," is made to serve, in "Tonio Kröger," as the subject of a long conversation between Kröger, who is a successful writer, and a woman companion. "A properly constituted, healthy, decent man never writes, acts, or composes," Kröger is made to say. "Don't talk about 'calling,' Lisabeta Ivanovna. Literature is not a calling, it is a curse, believe me! . . . It begins by your feeling yourself set apart, in a curious sort of opposition to the nice, regular people; there is a gulf of ironic sensibility, of knowledge, skepticism, disagreement, between you and the others; it grows deeper and deeper, you realize that you are alone, and from then on any rapprochement is simply hopeless. . . . When these worthy people are affected by a work of art, they say humbly that that sort of thing is a 'gift.' . . . They never dream that the 'gift' in question is a very dubious affair and rests upon extremely sinister foundations."

Joseph, like Tonio Kröger, is a man with a "gift" and, again like Kröger, he constantly broods about his proper relation to the rest of humanity. In "Young Joseph," the second volume of the series, Mann tells us that even as a youth "Joseph had long known how to enchant his hearers," that his indulgent father granted him a great deal of free time for his intellectual activities, that his brothers looked upon him as an "inky-fingered fool," and that his superior talents "set him apart." The episode of the pit, as Mann tells it, becomes a symbolic representation of the terrible fate which the author seems to consider part of the birthright of the intellectual man, for, while Mann has created a long line of "gifted" protagonists, he inevitably calls down the worst kind of punishment upon them—Hanno Buddenbrooks is too sensitive and



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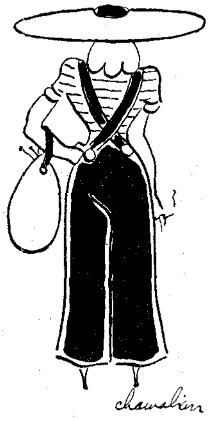
sickly to live, Tonio Kröger wanders in miserable solitude over the face of the earth, Gustave Aschenbach goes to pieces in Venice, Felix Krull becomes a criminal. Joseph, it is true, comes to a happier ending, but all his misfortunes are traceable to his unique attainments, his "set-apartness," and we feel that he is saved in the end only because Mr. Mann was compelled to follow the original tale. If he had written this chaper of Genesis instead of rewriting it, Joseph would probably not have got out alive.



The great load of learning and philosophical inquiry with which Mr. Mann has burdened his story, and which some reviewers have found enchanting, enchants me almost not at all. I have, possibly to my discredit, never been particularly impressed by Mr. Mann as a thinker, and while I share the general opinion that he is one of the greatest living writers, I also find him an extremely clumsy one who at times comes very close to being one of the greatest living bores. I am not able to discover anything brilliant or profound in the celebrated opening line of his preface to "Joseph and His Brothers," which intones that "Very deep is the well of the past," and I found the prelude to his final volume, "Joseph the Provider," almost impossible to read. In this prelude, for reasons best known to himself, the author undertakes to investigate the mind of no less a person than the Almighty and, for extra good measure, the psychology of the person known cozily to most people as the Devil but whom Mr. Mann, who frequently gives the impression of writing in a dress suit, prefers to call by his formal name, Shemmael, or by a specially invented abstract title, the Pit.

"By chance, or not by chance," the author writes, "it came about that the particular stock chosen and dedicated for a folk-embodiment was so constituted that the World-God, in that He became its corporeal deity, not only had to surrender His superior rank above the other folk-gods of this earth and become like them but actually in power and honor fell considerably below them—at which the Pit rejoiced. In the second place, the whole declension to the state of folk-god, the whole experiment of biological sense-enjoyment, was from the very beginning against the better knowledge and deeper insight of the chosen stock itself. Indeed, it was not without the intensive spiritual coöperation of the chosen seed that God thought better of His plan, was converted and turned back to His superior otherworldly and beyond-the-worldly rank above all other gods. It was this that tickled Shemmael's malicious soul."

There may be those who, as easily tickled as Shemmael, will be left holding their sides at this, but I suspect that most readers will use the same hop-skip-and-jump method I did to get past such chunks of dubious profundity and give their attention to Mr. Mann when he is tending to his proper business of being a novelist. "Joseph the Provider," however, is less of a novel and more a vehicle for philosophic inquiry than any of its three predecessors. It begins with Joseph as a captive in Pharaoh's prison, traces his story to its climax, when, after interpreting Pharaoh's dream of the seven fat and the seven lean kine, he is lifted to favor and becomes "Lord over Egypt," and ends with his reunion with his father and brothers. This, at best, is a very slender thread, and it simply doesn't have the tensile strength to support the six hundred and eight pages of ponderous dissertation Mr. Mann hangs onto it. The author, however, is most interested in the dissertation, not the story—a preference that might better have been turned the other way around. It is possible that Mr. Mann's pages are as full of profound wisdom as some people say they are, but I suspect that the Joseph books will be remembered for reasons quite apart from wisdom—for the story of Jacob and Rachel in "Joseph and His Brothers," for the chapters that tell how Joseph was cast into the pit and sold into slavery in "Young Joseph," for the episode of Potiphar's wife in "Joseph in Egypt," and, in the final volume, for the description of Joseph's meeting with his father. It is in these episodes that Mr. Mann once again demonstrates his genius as a novelist, and it is almost impossible not to wish that in the Joseph books he had been more the novelist and less the prophet and seer. Anyone who has read Mr. Mann carefully, particularly his biographical essay, "A Sketch of My Life," knows how closely he identifies himself with Goethe; I wonder if, in recent years, he hasn't carried this identification too far. His greatest novel, of course, is "The Magic Mountain," but his most interesting one, as far as I'm concerned, is "Buddenbrooks," the

Filming landing operations with a Magazine Ciné-Kodak in North Africa.

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TOUGH GOING IN THE ALEUTIANS. Wind, rain, snow, dense fog . . . Our operations in this sphere were as difficult and hazardous as any our forces have undertaken.

But Ciné-Kodak worked right along with the Army—showed it could stand up to the severest tests. Remember that superb film, "The Aleutians"? It was largely filmed with Ciné-Kodaks.

TOUGH GOING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, when our Marines are moving in on one of the Jap bases. Remember Tarawa—the hardest fight and greatest victory in the whole 146 years' history of the Marines? Ciné-Kodaks were called into service to film that battle, too.

"The Aleutians" largely filmed with Ciné-Kodak Specials.

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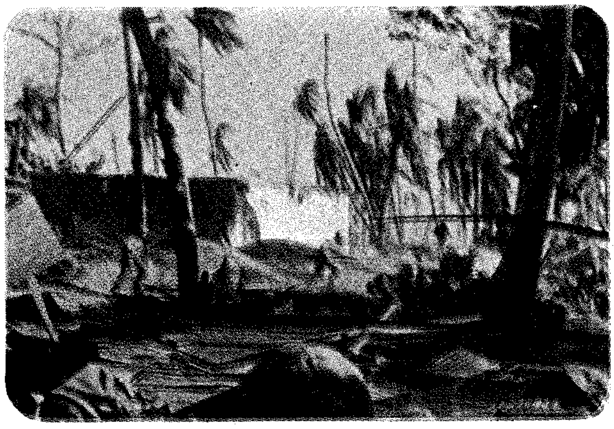
TOUGH GOING IN NORTH AFRICA. All equipment had to take a terrific walloping . . . from sandstorms, the heat and cold, the jolting, the terrific concussions of bombing and heavy artillery. But there again Ciné-Kodak "came through"—when, amid bursting shells, 42 photographers of the U. S. Army Signal Corps and 15 to 20 U. S. Navy men, armed with tommy guns and hand grenades as well as cameras, made "At the Front in North Africa."



Magazine Ciné-Kodaks were used in the battle at Tarawa.

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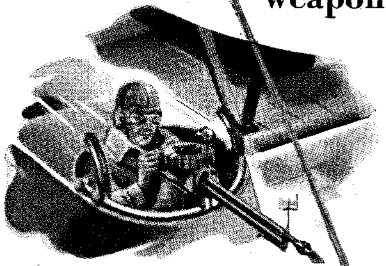
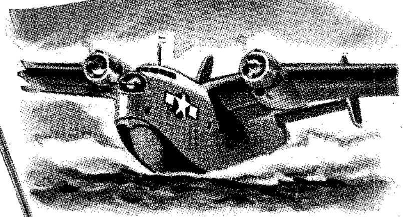
Plastic Bubble

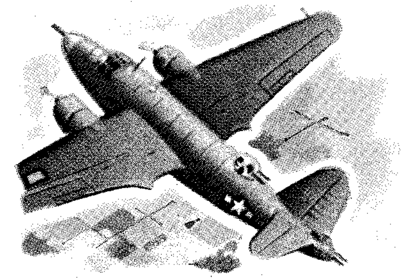
spells trouble for Jap and German aircraft
It's the MARTIN Aerial Gun Turret
. . . one of the most destructive weapons of the war



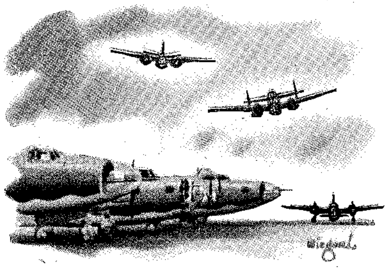
Thrust a broomstick from the window of a car doing 60 miles an hour and you'll have an idea of what aerial gunners were up against before the advent of power-operated turrets. With a wind of two to three hundred m.p.h. pushing against their gun barrels, accuracy was impossible.



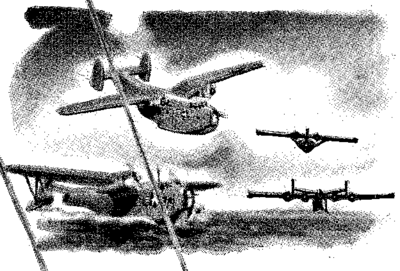
Realizing that lack of accurate defensive fire made our bombers vulnerable, Martin, in 1937, developed America's first power gun turret, a hydraulic model for the Navy's PBM-1 patrol bomber. Accurate, responsive to the slightest touch, it mounted heavy machine guns.



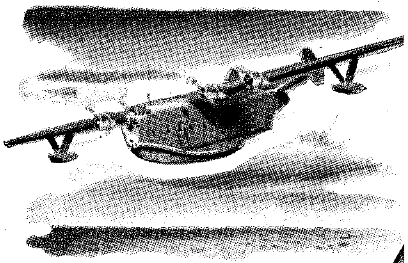
Then in 1940 General Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, proclaimed power-operated turrets a "must" for Army bombers. Again Martin was first to respond, with a new electric powered turret. Mounting two .50 caliber machine guns, it's one of the war's most lethal weapons.



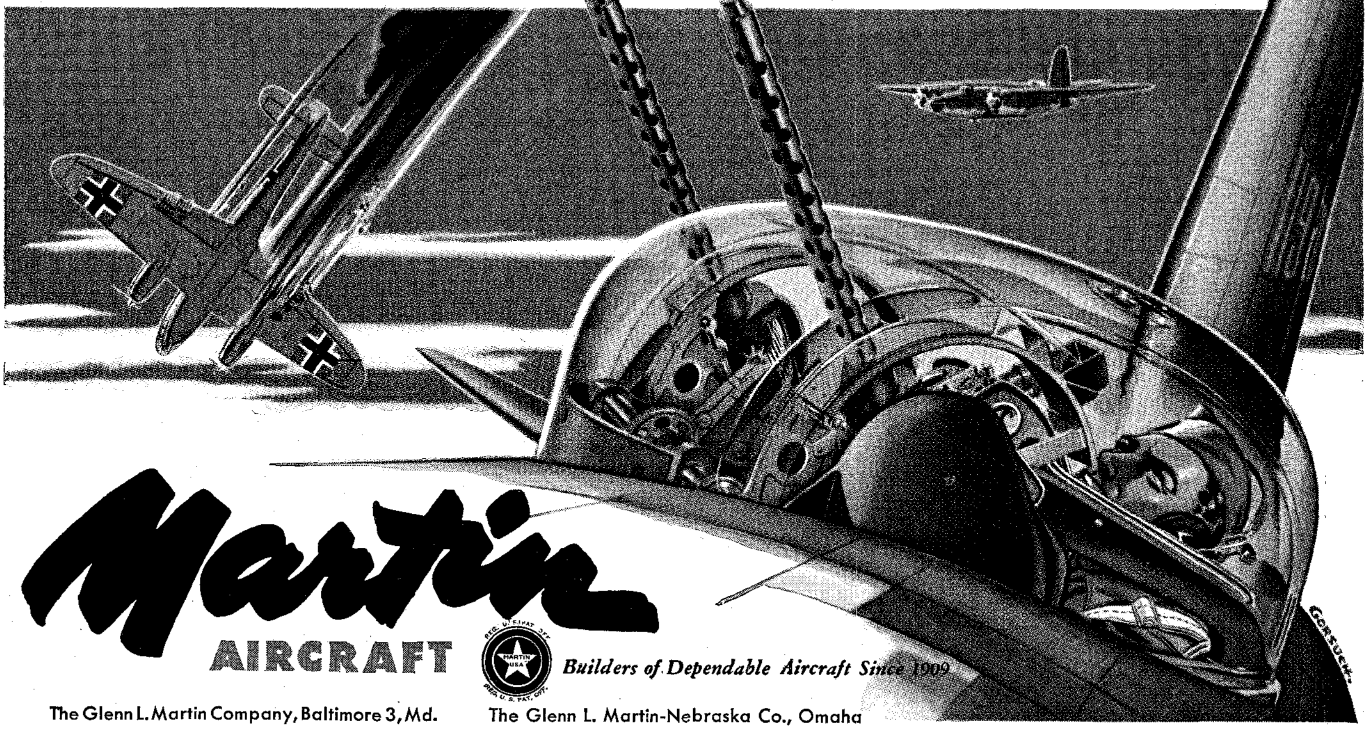
Blasting the Axis on every front, Martin electric turrets are mounted on Martin Marauders, Liberators, Martin Baltimores, A-20 Havocs, a series of Flying Fortresses, Vega Venturas. Allied gunners in Martin turrets have shot down an estimated 3,500 enemy aircraft, and are adding to the score every day.



On bows and decks of Martin Mariners, PB2Y4 Coronados, PBM-1's and PB2Y3's, the Martin hydraulic turret is in action the world over. German subs have felt its blast, Jap ships been set afire or sunk, enemy installations raked, Axis aircraft destroyed. Martin turrets are doing a job for the Navy!



The same engineering skill that produced these great gun turrets also gave America the 72-ton Martin Mars. Now in regular over-ocean service with the Navy, this giant transport will soon be joined by 20 sisterships. She's the plane of tomorrow, flying today!



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finest story ever written about a family and one in which Goethe is left strictly to Goethe, prophecy to the prophets, and seering to the seers. I don't say that that is where they should necessarily be left, but I do say that Thomas Mann is at his best when he leaves them there; when, instead of being a philosopher, or a God-seeker, or a latter-day Goethe, he is simply a novelist—the best novelist, when he wants to be, who is writing today. —HAMILTON BASSO

VERSE

YVOR WINTERS, whose selected poems, "The Giant Weapon," has recently appeared in the New Directions series "The Poets of the Year," has held to unpopular modes of expression in poetry and criticism for many years. He has clung to what often seemed crotchets, in a time particularly unfriendly, really, to displays of determined individuality. His poetry, which at the start adhered to the severest tenets of Imagism, refused to break up and deliquesce when Imagism went into a decline. It turned back, instead, to the stylistic severities of the seventeenth century. There it settled and there it developed, slowly and very nearly without listeners, let alone friends and admirers. The fashion for what Winters himself has called "chaotic reverie" spread on all sides, but Winters went on writing and translating, and in 1940 he printed, on his own press, all of his work he had decided he wished to keep, some hundred poems in all. The new volume is much smaller; it contains thirty-three poems, written in the past fifteen years. "It clearly shows Winters to be one of the really significant poets of conservative tendency now writing in America," his publisher says. That this conservative tendency has become so rare that it is again almost *avant-garde* is an interesting fact in itself.

How stern and dry, how sharp and narrow these poems look on the page! Some readers, to whom the looseness of modern verse has become a norm, will be ready and waiting to pin the word "neo-classic" to Winters' style and attitude. But when we examine this close-grained, coolly detached writing, we come upon many delicate yet firm effects which elude this small classification. Winters' general form and tone lend themselves to the didactic poem and the elegy, and didactic and elegiac poems are here, but with a difference. This poetry's light, undercutting observation, its tenderness, which keeps it on the side of life and joy even when it seems most grave, its total avoidance of cliché, its lack of sentimentality, its deep interest in themes of truth and justice—these elements separate it completely from dead formality and generalized emptiness. Gradually we realize that Winters is revealing to us flashes of insight into the relationship between man, nature, and man's artifacts (between, for example, the airplane and the night sky and the human watcher who experiences them both)—flashes so unexpected that we understand rather tardily that what we are reading gives us more of the future than of the past.

Several poems have a power of evoking atmosphere and tension that more "romantic" poets might well envy. "By the Road to the Air-Base" is one of these, and "Before Disaster, 1932-3" is another. Winters teaches English at Leland Stanford, and his subjects are often drawn from his professional life. The limp and leaden academic tone has not touched these subjects, however. His passion for integrity comes to have a searchlight intensity. He loves the classic bases of life; he suffers when he finds these bases absent or broken. His interests appear to be limited only because he has made choices; his treatment of his material makes up in height and depth for what it has abandoned in breadth. But are his subjects actually so limited? We examine them a second time and find them surprisingly numerous. And the problems he deals with, whether abstract, as his insistence upon the worth of learning and discipline, or concrete, as his defense of a friend on trial for murder, are real problems. Winters has that rare sense: the cool power to appraise evil. He does not reject evil, or try to laugh it off, or attempt to streamline it into acceptable form. He looks it in the eye and brings a sober sense of compassionate justice to bear upon it.

His poem "To a Military Rifle, 1942" will, I feel, turn out to be one of the fine poems produced by the war. It is as far removed from the ordinary war poem as a poem can possibly be and still deal with its subject. That Winters should have written this poem, which is a poem of the future, that he should continue to exist at all, that he should have persisted in his way of writing until the turn of the wheel brought him back as "modern"—these facts should delight us. They are proof that as a people we can produce un-

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If The Homestead had been willing to reduce its standards of service this year, we could have accepted many more guests.

But with lowered standards it would not be The Homestead known to thousands of our friends as the finest of resorts.

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Delicious BETTER-TASTING SANDWICHES!
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DRESS IT UP WITH
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So easy to do, too! All you need is a bottle of Durkee's Famous Dressing...the delicious dressing that adds so much pep and flavor to meat sandwiches, tomato sandwiches, egg sandwiches—all kinds of sandwiches. Rich, golden, mellow Durkee's pours easily, has plenty of body and tang! Write for NEW, EASY-TO-DO SANDWICH RECIPES to Dept. N7A, Durkee's, Elmhurst, N. Y.

MEMO TO MEMBERS
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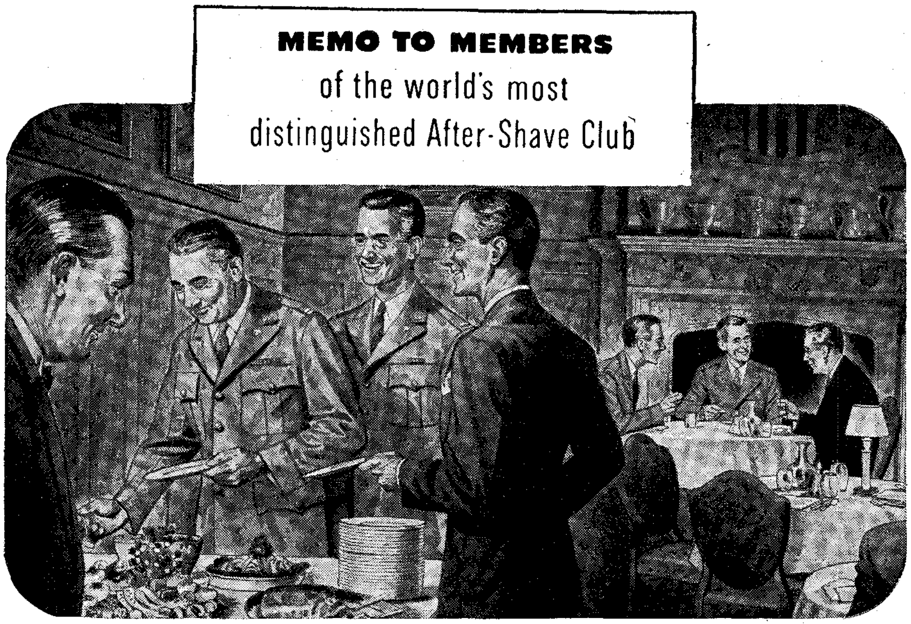

THE URGENT needs of war production have curtailed the supply of Aqua Velva. To meet a constantly increasing demand from men in the armed services as well as civilians, there is now less Aqua Velva to go around.

Avoid waste. Please use Aqua Velva sparingly. Refreshing as an ocean plunge, it takes only a few drops to leave your face feeling smoother and softer after shaving. Clean, pleasant scent. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion.

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AFTER SHAVING

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

Ely Culbertson
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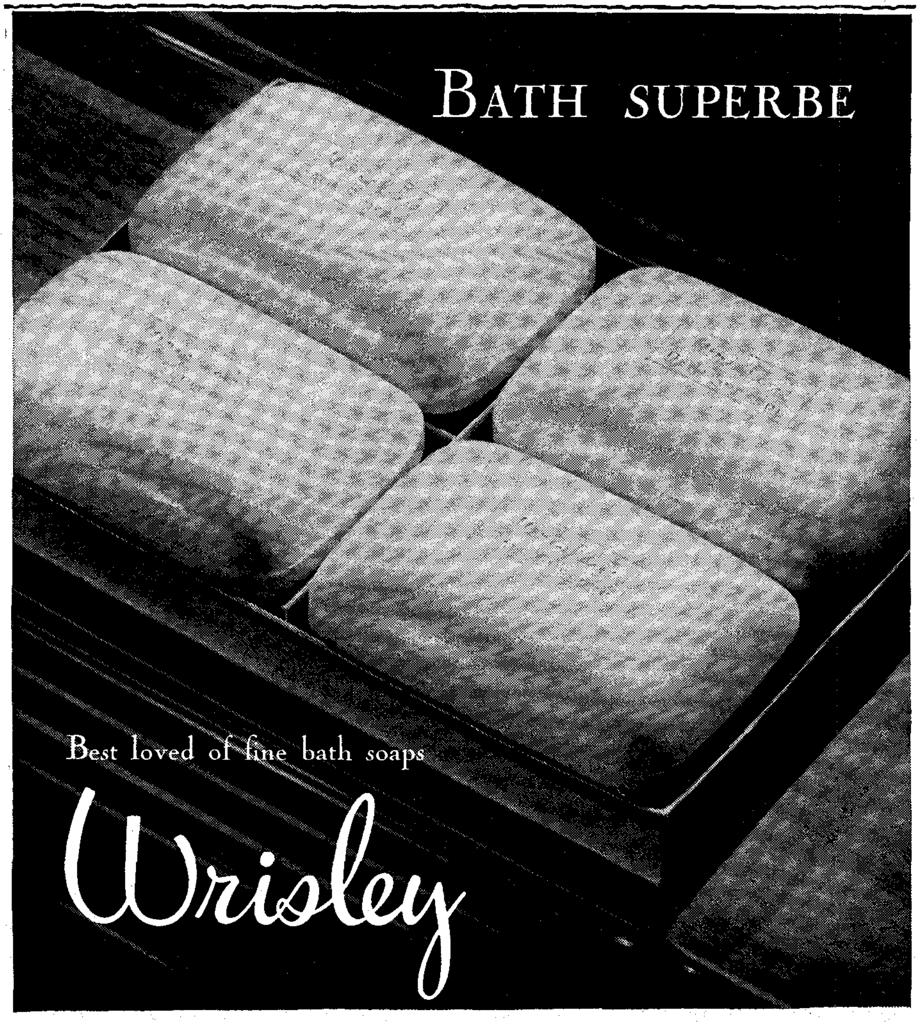
George Biddle



touchable probity and distilled power in the most unlikely times.

IT is becoming apparent that we may get no full-dress war poet. Genuine war poetry, as distinguished from the vain, silly, or blown-up factual verse always around in quantity in periods of general upheaval, is being written, however, often in unexpected places and in unexpected forms. The Englishman John Pudney, in his "Flight Above Cloud" (Harper), has long moments of undistinguished verse and passages of propaganda; he has moments, too, when he breaks away from this background in a surprising way. And William Justema, an American, in a set of imaginative notes on his experience as a soldier—"Private Papers" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)—succeeds in throwing certain difficult-to-render situations into high relief. Justema has what would be called in some quarters an "original" approach to the matters at hand. But it is an originality without affectation, as readers of two delightful poems, "Of Summer to Come" and "Unfriendly Garden," first published in this magazine, may remember. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW, by Ward Greene (Random House). The sympathetic, readable, and not too penetrating story of a likable, middle-class family in suburban Long Island during the war. Mr. Greene isn't as amusing in the company of nice people as he is with drunks and ladies of uneasy virtue, but he is funny enough, and to his humor he has added sufficient warmth and mellowness to give his book a certain charm.

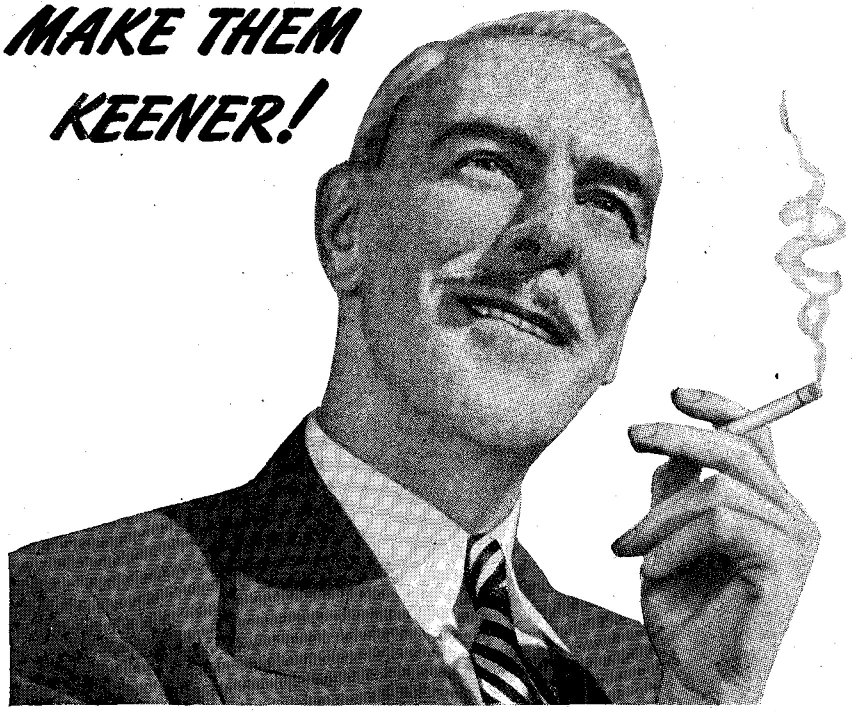
GENERAL

U. S. WAR AIMS, by Walter Lippmann (Little, Brown). Mr. Lippmann, standing Woodrow Wilson on his head, develops the argument that we should seek to preserve the existing political states and that, instead of trying to forbid the regional groupings of such states, we should approve and encourage them. The primary war aim of the United States, he holds, must be to make it impossible both for Germany to hold the balance of power in Europe and for Japan to hold it in eastern Asia, and it is his contention that this can be brought about only by the coördinated action of groups, or communities, of national states. One such group, comprising the countries of western Europe and of North and South America, he christens "the Atlantic Community" because, even though the influence of the civilization which prevails within these states reaches all the way to Australia and New Zealand, its main source is in the region of the Atlantic. Russia, as Mr. Lippmann sees it, will form the nucleus of another such community, and a third will group itself about China. It is his belief that any lasting peace must depend upon the continued coöperation of these three "great communities," as he calls them, but he does not regard a world federation as either a likely development or a practical plan. The true constituents of a universal society, he argues, instead of being "seventy-three political molecules, likely to split up into no one knows how many atoms," are actually to be found in "the association of the great communities of mankind." He is aware of the many arguments that could be raised against the arrangement he proposes, such as the possibility that his three great constellations may someday become engaged in a conflict so gigantic that it would make the present one seem tame, but he stresses the fact that he is, after all, suggesting a minimum program and that there is always room for improvement. Mr. Lippmann has set all this forth with the clarity for which he is so widely syndicated, and builds up a reasonably convincing case for his somewhat geopolitical point of view, but his book, in all likelihood, is going to start far more debates than it is going to end.

THE TIME FOR DECISION, by Sumner Welles (Harper). Mr. Welles, in proposing his plan for a global organization, also rejects the Wilsonian idea of a world federation and, like Mr. Lippmann, asserts that the security of the postwar world will depend upon the coöperative enterprise of regional communities of national states. He does not go so deeply into the question of regionalism, nor does he propose the same groupings, but the two programs have more points of resemblance than of difference. The former Under-Secretary of State, who has long insisted that the United Nations should band together more closely, suggests the immediate creation of a United Nations Executive Council, under which the major powers will carry out their purely military tasks and which will

WITH PLEASURES FEWER—

MAKE THEM KEENER!



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Private Pringle's Thoughts Drift Homeward

It is Sunday in a Fred Harvey restaurant. Private Pringle of the American Armed Forces has just ordered his dinner. His thoughts drift homeward . . .

"Sunday . . . Sunday dinner. Funny how clear it is. About now Dad would be settling down in the front room with the paper . . . his coat off . . . but still looking kind of glorified, after ushering in church . . .

"And Mom . . . you'd catch a glimpse of her in the kitchen, her face flushed . . . and glowing happily. Under her feet would be Buddy and Joan, faces freshly polished . . . still glistening a bit behind the ears. Then we'd sit down together . . .

"It wasn't just a meal . . . that Sunday dinner back home, clear across the continent from here. It was more of a tradition. It stood for the family and the way we felt about one another . . . for all the feelings we didn't talk about . . .

"Guess I took it all for granted . . . but I can understand it now. Maybe it's because it might be a long time before I'll be sitting down to one of those Sunday dinners again.

"But wherever I am . . . whatever I'm doing, when Sunday comes, I always imagine being back there at home with Mother and Dad . . . Joan and Buddy . . . sitting down to Sunday dinner.

"Some day I will be. Maybe it will be a long time . . . but it will be worth it . . . if I can do my bit to help the folks back home . . . and people everywhere . . . to sit down together . . . without fear, or hate or sorrow . . ."

★ ★ ★

We serve meals to tens of thousands of Private Pringles daily. That's our most important wartime job, situated as we are along America's continental travel routes. We print the above message because we want you to see these men as we see them . . . as they move ever outward toward the seas.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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also afford the other members of the United Nations full right to share in all other decisions. Mr. Welles' book, besides being a discussion of the problems of maintaining global order in the postwar world, is in addition a record of the author's career in diplomacy, with emphasis on the trip he made to Europe in 1940 as President Roosevelt's emissary, as well as a restrained defense of the conduct of the State Department during prewar years. He does not completely exonerate the State Department of some of the charges brought against it, but he does demonstrate that a lot of its critics were, as often as not, more excited than informed.

WOODROW WILSON, by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper). In Woodrow Wilson's corner this week, just to prove that he still has a corner, is Gerald Johnson, who, in collaboration with the editors of *Look*, has assembled a collection of photographs which cover the major events of Wilson's life from 1909, when he was president of Princeton, to his death, in 1924. Mr. Johnson's introduction and captions are adequate, despite an emotional content that occasionally gives his prose the choked quality of a prolonged sob, but it is the photographs, which have something of the cumulative effect of a newsreel, that make this a book worth having.

AAF: THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES (Simon & Schuster). All about the Army Air Forces in a complete, compact, excellently arranged almanac that should serve not only as a useful guide to the operations of the A.A.F. in the various theatres of the war but as a valuable reference book. It contains sixty-four photographs, a hundred and seventy-five drawings, charts, and maps, and, best of all, an excellent index.

•

As we nosed back into port at the end of the day, Capt. Williams pulled alongside a tug and we went aboard to mooch some food. Right away we were in, because the tug's cook was Frederick Dixon Jr. of Brooklyn, who said he was a reader of The News from away back.

Subsidized Ice Cream

Dixon said he'd give us some ice cream if I put his name in the paper so his wife, Ella, who lives at 1921 Ocean Ave. could see it. I promised to put it in boldface, so here it is: **Frederick Dickon Jr.**—*The News.*

Cough up that ice cream!

Mellow as moonlight

There's a smoothness about Schlitz that captures the devotion of true beer lovers. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops to bring you rare delicacy of flavor, coupled with that famous Schlitz quality known all over the world.

Copr. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

ONE look at the twin Belter sofas which are the current treasure in Bonwit Teller's second-floor antique shop, Corner on Gifts, and I knew it was all over between me and T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chippendale." It may seem churlish to take issue with anyone who has provided as much entertainment as is to be found in this book, but, however sound the author's logic about the absurdity of antiques in this modern world, his crusade has run up against one serious obstacle: people, including me, like the damn things. The twin sofas, which are what this morning's lecture started out on, are real and handsome Victorian affairs, radiant in new coverings of satin in an American Beauty hue, and as comfortable to sit upon as anyone could ask. A certain amount of comfort, I admit, is no more than should be expected of small sofas costing $395 each.

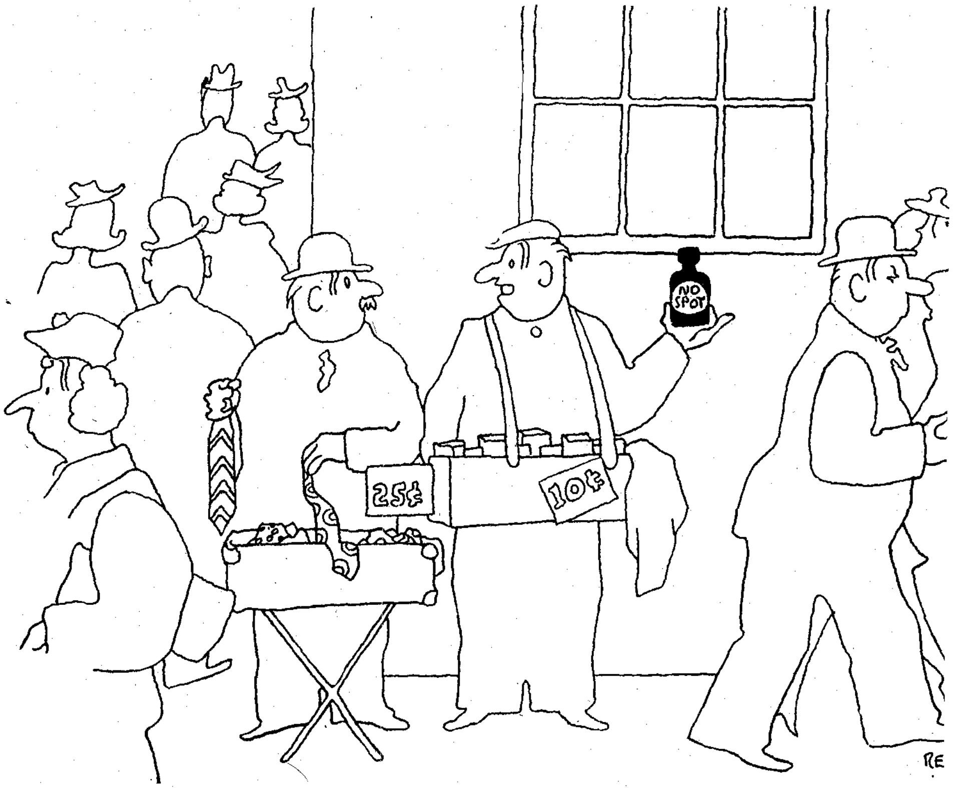
The rest of the furniture in the shop maintains, in a less spectacular way, the standard set by the Belter sofas. A mahogany dining table, dated 1830, has the biggest tilt-top I've ever seen; it's oblong and is intended to seat six, but I should say that eight could gather around it in a pinch. This immense top rests upon an Empire pedestal and has a handsome inlaid border; $195. An old square piano in pale mahogany, just about the color of maple, has lost some of its delicate fretwork and it can't be played any more, but someone who knows about such things looked it over a while ago and said that the cost of restoring it, inside and out, would run to about $400 and that it would be worth somewhere between $1,000 and $1,500 when finished. The piano is $195; I'll leave the rest of the mathematics in your hands. Of course, the restoring may have to await the end of the war. A mahogany gaming table of the Federal period has a bafflingly intricate three-layer top. The layers are hinged together on one side, so that they can be turned over like the leaves of a book. The top layer is plain, the next one has depressions for chips, the third is inlaid for chess and backgammon, and underneath everything is a compartment; $175.

The shop has, furthermore, taken some old mirrors and added legs to make them into coffee tables. A big one, in a heavy mahogany frame, is a lot of table for $69.50; an oval, ornately gilt-framed Georgian mirror, mounted on slender black-and-gold legs that look like bamboo, is $195. A collection of wired oil lamps includes several perfect pairs: twin lamps of deep turquoise hobnail glass, for instance, with globes to match, at $79.50 for the two; a pair of magnificent fluted brass lamps, each with a side arm supporting a frosted globe from which long crystal prisms dangle, at $195. Then there are découpage pictures in shadow-box frames, from $39.50; endless elderly knickknacks of all sorts; and a great deal of old china, including teapots (the Derby Rose one, at $49.50, is a sweetie) and tureens in Lowestoft, Worcester, and other fine porcelains.

THE Old Pattern Glass Shop, at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), is another place which makes me feel that I should write a best-seller called "Goodbye, Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings." Nothing there is new and almost everything is beautiful. There are many furniture pieces (pine cupboards in both the Dutch and Welsh styles; drop-leaf tables, in beautiful condition, of walnut, maple, cherry, or pine), and there is plenty of old china too, but the collection of pressed, or pattern, glass which has the title rôle is the stuff you really should see. The Thousand Eye pattern in clear glass is what the shop has most of; there is enough of it to let you select fairly complete table services. Lacy American Sandwich and English Waterford pieces, and American glass in the wonderful colors in which pressed ware used to be made (emerald, vaseline, amethyst, and so on) are less plentiful, but that isn't likely to worry collectors on the prowl.

You don't have to be a collector to fall in love with the shop's old oil lamps in pattern ($25) and Bristol glass ($35). These have *not* been wired and most of them haven't even the wicks and collars and things they were born with. If you insist upon using one as it was intended to be used, you'd have to take it to someone like Thomas Adams, 12 West 46th Street, to have it fitted. Adams also wires old lamps, and can provide shades and globes for lamps which haven't any.

There are also smaller things at the



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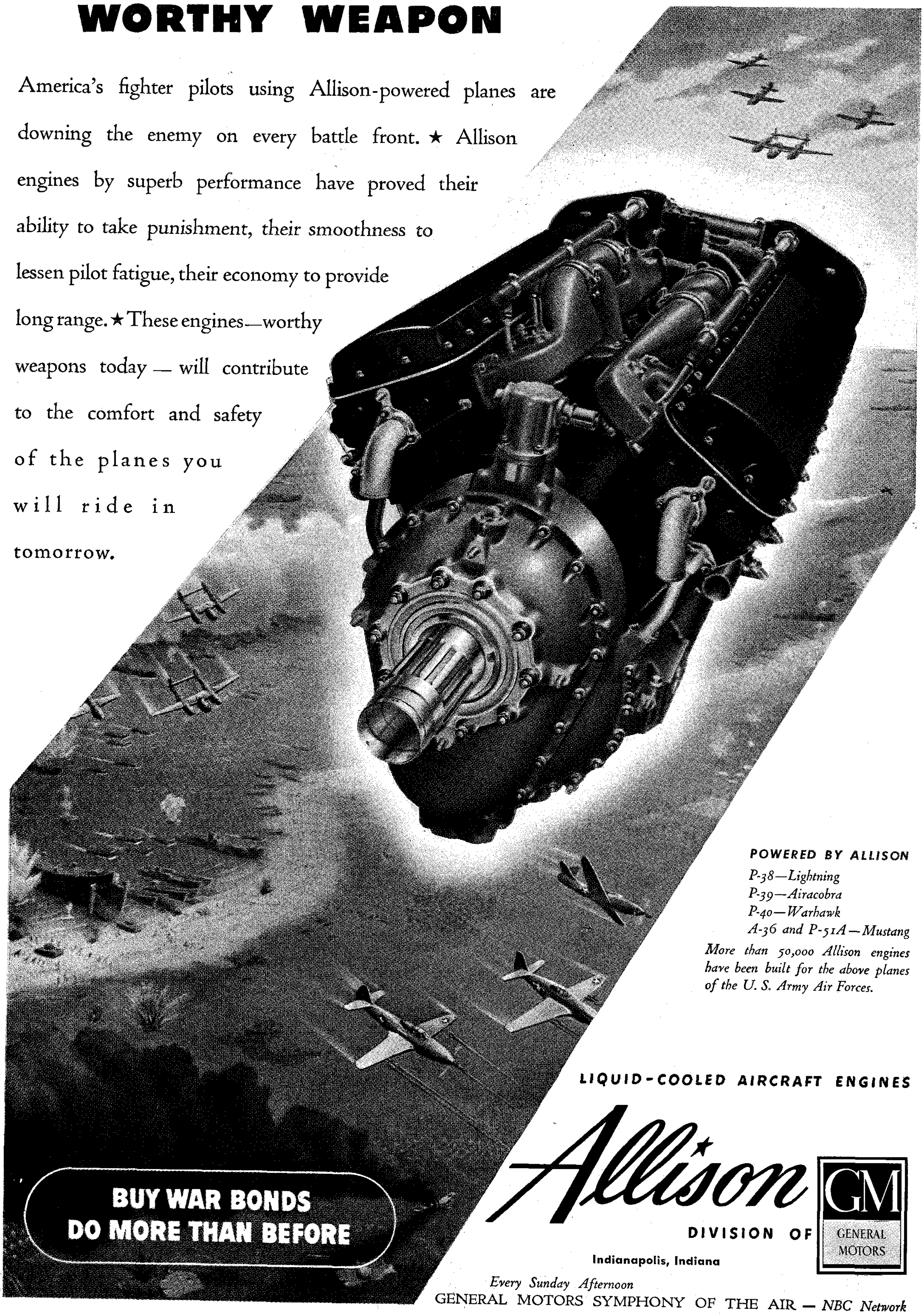

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